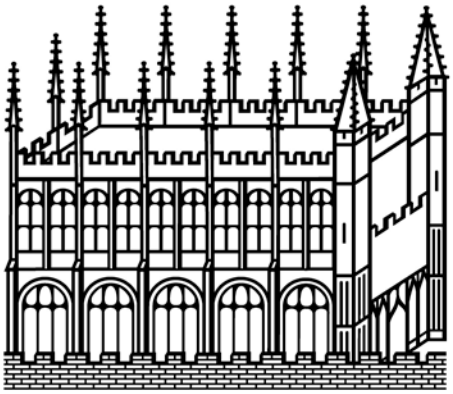

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RECOLLECTIONS

GEORGE MELLY.

G. M.

18C
Bt. from Rosenthal, Oxford.

211 c. 1075

L 4405

M C Gittins

In remembrance of No 1
Queen's Gate Place
with the affectionate
regards of the Author.

Christmas 1893

George Mellen

1892

RECOLLECTIONS

OF SIXTY YEARS

(1833-1893)

POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND SPORTIVE.

GEORGE MELLY.

(Privately printed.)

Coventry:

CURTIS & BEAMISH, PRINTERS & PUBLISHERS.

—

1893.

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TO MY CHILDREN.

THIS is not an autobiography, still less a Political History of my time.

It is merely a few "Recollections" of scenes and episodes in which I have taken part, and of tales I have heard, during a long life, full of interest and happiness, to which you have each contributed your quota.

To write it has beguiled many an hour of tedious illness, and I hope it may amuse and interest you and yours when I am gone.

I have included, with your cousin Edward's permission, some passages (pages 4 and 8, also 10—20) which I contributed to his Memoirs of my brother, Charles Melly.

I dedicate this little book to your dear Mother, the best of wives, the best of mothers, and, as I have lately had occasion to learn, the most tender of nurses.

G. M.

Abercromby Square,
Liverpool,
Christmas Eve, 1893.

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CHAPTER I.

OF YOUTHFUL DAYS.

I HAVE often been interested and amused by discussions as to early recollections, and certainly some people's remembrances seem to date from the earliest month, but I can boast of no precocious memory.

My first recollection is of crawling on the dining-room floor at Quarry Bank towards an arm-chair in which sat a beautiful white-haired old gentleman, my grandfather, Samuel Greg, who enticed me towards him with the contents of a mosaic box from Tunbridge Wells, which contained little squares of Spanish juice. This was in 1833; I was three years old. I have early recollections that all old gentlemen, and even gentlemen of middle age, were in those days always provided with boxes of "goodies" of one sort or another, and not intended for children only, while smokers especially provided themselves with little boxes of strong aromatic comfits.

My second recollection is of my fourth birthday. We were at Burnage, in Cheshire, a beautiful country house, of which the gardens and fields are now invaded by villadom. I staggered into my father's dressing-room the proud bearer of an enormous parcel. After unpacking carefully many folds of brown and silver paper, I found a morocco case containing a Bible and Prayer

Book, presented to me by Miss George, my Irish god-mother. It appeared to be of great size, but it now lies before me in two small volumes of an Aldine edition.

My third recollection is of an accident which laid me low for many years, and has in many ways affected my whole life. In my seventh year, at Christmas, I broke the funny bone of my right arm against the bronze door-handle of the drawing-room at Quarry Bank, and for more than five years I became a cripple. My arm was in a sling. In two or three years the disease spread to my right foot, and I kneeled upon a wooden leg, the upper handle of which was buckled round my waist. I learned to write with my left hand, and had no education such as other children had, played no games, mixed with no other boys, and lived entirely with grown-up people till after I was twelve years old.

I became, in consequence of these events, a left-hand bowler, field, and thrower up—unique in those days—but my father insisted upon my batting with my right hand, so I escaped the commination I once heard from W. G. Grace, who declared that left-hand bats should be strangled at birth.

I shoot like other people, from the right shoulder, but can only use a rifle from the left, as some little ruffian hit me with a stone at my first school, since when I have never been able "to wink the other eye."

I was under the charge of Sir Benjamin Brodie, the great London Surgeon of the time, and later on will thereby hang a tale. I lived at New Brighton, Malvern, Clifton, Bath, Buxton, Brighton, and many seaside resorts, in charge of my aunts, Marianne Greg and Sally Greg, and later on with a governess and nurse.

I underwent six or seven operations in the arm, and two or three in the foot, during those five years, and there were no anæsthetics in those days. Nothing is more curious than the excellent memory of the nervous system. Although fifty years have elapsed since I was perfectly cured, I have never willingly allowed anyone to take my right arm, and to this day I shrink from the passer-by on the right side.

I had a narrow escape of being crippled for life. Sir Benjamin Brodie wanted to amputate my arm. He drove up to Suffolk Place, Haymarket, where I was staying with my father and mother at the house of Mr. John Prevost, in a gorgeous yellow chariot, with assistant and case of instruments complete; but my father had promised me that my arm should not be cut off without my consent, and I had had a vivid dream the night before on the tragic end of my love affair with Miss Pork should I present myself as a one-armed boy.

I shall never forget the very righteous indignation of the Baronet, or what I felt while the decision trembled in the balance, and I remember how he shook his fist at me as he climbed into the great yellow chariot, while I watched him from the balcony.

Twelve years afterwards I met Sir Benjamin Brodie at an evening party during the Great Exhibition, and introduced myself to him. He asked me to dinner, took me into his room, and examined me. He was rather grumpy, and said all German baths were quackery. I think he would have liked to have cut off my arm there and then, but "it was time to join the ladies."

Miss Pork was my first love. She was a little lady ten years of age, with very black hair and very black eyes.

I made her acquaintance in the Square on the East Cliff at Brighton. I was not allowed to go out of the Square and she was not allowed to come into it, but there was room between the railings for those two little faces. Our acquaintance lasted for a summer. I have never heard of her since. I wonder how many piggies she is responsible for now! Anyhow, her wraith saved my arm!

We must have been a funny little couple. The costume of the period was ugly in the extreme. From three to six years of age little boys wore a sort of tunic of linen and wool, and cotton drawers finishing with a stiff frill at the ankles, white socks, and shoes with a strap and button. From six to twelve the small boy was disfigured in a combination suit, in which a pair of trousers were visibly buttoned over a kind of waistcoat, a long cloak took the place of a great coat, and the general effect was anything but picturesque, though somewhat redeemed by the hair, which was always worn long. It was not till the Rugby days that the Eton jacket and white collar of to-day became *de rigueur*.

The little girls of the period were even more grotesque. They wore very short dresses, white trousers with a frill over the ankles, and little bronze shoes with sandals. On party nights, book muslin was the only wear. Their hair was in many plaits, if it was not in many curls. The picture of the little Miss Kenwigs in "Nicholas Nickleby" is not a caricature, but a portrait of my little friend outside the Square at Brighton. But love laughs at fallals.

I was cured of my long illness by two sojourns at Creutznach, near Bingen, under the care of Doctor Preigler—baths which deal with diseased bones and other grievances of that description, and have since become extremely popular and successful.

THE QUEEN.

The first time I saw her majesty was under parlous circumstances. She was driving in an open carriage, and four horses with postillions, along the Steyne at Brighton, in 1838—of course before her marriage, and immediately after her succession. She was returning to the Pavilion, and was accompanied by two gentlemen on horseback, possibly Lord Melbourne and Lord Grey. There was a great crowd and rush to see the beautiful young Queen. I recollect seeing her perfectly, as indeed I have reason to. She was dressed in white, in a gown no school-girl would wear to-day, with a coal-scuttle straw bonnet, full of pink roses. I got separated from my nurse, and ran across the road between the outriders, determined to see the Queen, who at that time greatly interested me. As I ran across, the strap which buckled my wooden leg to my waist broke, and I fell down just outside the carriage. There was a great deal of shouting, and the Queen stood up in her carriage and asked if the poor little boy was hurt. My nurse says that I shouted "God save the Queen," and that I was not hurt, but I believe this to be embroidery. It is wonderful how a story improves as it travels; there will be many instances of this in these pages.

THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA.

Whilst I was at Creutznach a great part of the then only hotel was occupied by the Princess of Prussia, who had quarrelled with her husband, who, though he died in the opinion of his people a religious saint, was a sad dog in his day, and led his young wife a very sorrowful life. She was low, unhappy, and *désoeuvré*, and she proposed

to my nurse, Mary Downes, that she should teach me German, and that I should teach her English. We had lessons for an hour or two every morning for many weeks during those two seasons. Ten years afterwards I came into the town of Courmayor with Benson Rathbone, carrying our knapsacks, which contained a suit of very light dress clothes, specially manufactured for such a contingency, and found we could get no room, as the hotel was occupied by the Princess of Prussia and there was a great ball that evening. I think she was still separated from her husband. I have never liked being left out or finding myself excluded from any gaiety which was on the *tapis;* I therefore wrote a note to Her Royal Highness, reminding her of the little lame boy of Creutznach and the German and English lessons. Rooms were found at once, and we spent a very pleasant evening, and were most graciously received in the ball-room.

Thirty years afterwards I told the story to Doctor Ihne, with whom my son Hugh spent some time at Heidelberg, and who came to dine with us in Chatham Street on his way home from Abergeldie, where he had been staying with the Prince of Wales, whose sons, Albert Victor and George, had also been his pupils in Germany. Doctor Ihne was raving about the virtues of the sacred Wilhelm, hero of Sedan, while I maintained that he had once treated his wife abominably, and that the religious telegrams to "Augusta" were a fraud. Doctor Ihne was very angry, and treated the whole story with indignation. He said that it was easily refutable, as he was engaged to dine with the Empress at Coblentz the following week, and would ask her. A short time after he sent me his humble apologies, as the Empress, perfectly remembering

the episode of her experiences as a nursery governess, had confirmed all my story. I was considerably relieved, as I have told the story so often that I had ceased to believe in it myself. It gives me confidence, and encourages me to continue jotting down my recollections.

I do not know if there is anything of interest in my reminiscences of the next few years, so also it would be the telling of a twice-told tale.

It is difficult in these days to realize the difficulties of locomotion or communication even as late as 1840; perambulators, bicycles, trams, omnibuses and hansoms did not exist; the hackney coach was cumbrous and costly. The lanes were full of deep ruts, of dust in dry, deep mud in wet weather, or paved with cobbles gathered on the sea beach. The coach traffic was disorganized by the inception and partial completion of the first lines of railways. My brother and sister and I spent some Sundays at a lovely country house, standing in its own grounds on the slopes of Everton, belonging to Mr. Patry, the father of Robert Patry (Patry and Pasteur, Mincing Lane, London, 1889). From his residence there was a beautiful view, uninterrupted by a single house, of the river and seashore. The river wall, the Clarence Graving Dock had not yet been commenced. On other Sundays a visit to Green Bank, of which the older part of the house, the grounds and yard, remain to this day unchanged, was a happy moment, as it still is to a third generation.

In 1842 my brother Charles and I were sent to school at Brighton. The journey was long and expensive. We travelled by the Birmingham and London Railway—then

the Grand Junction. The carriages were built to look like the bodies of three mail coaches joined on two sets of wheels. The luggage was piled on the top, covered by a tarpaulin, and the guard sat on a seat behind, as in a coach! The train stopped an hour for dinner at Birmingham. Near Rugby the passengers and luggage were transferred to four-horse coaches, for the Great Crick Tunnel was not completed. The journey took twelve to fourteen hours. To be taken to the pit of the Haymarket to see Webster and Buckstone in Paul Pry was a happy climax to an exciting day. The journey to Brighton was by the Lightning or Harkaway coach, 52 miles in $4\frac{3}{4}$ hours. Like David Copperfield, we little lads were put between two gentlemen to prevent us falling off, and on arrival at Brighton no doubt the guard cried out, "Is there any one here for two youngsters booked in the name of Melly, from Liverpool, Lancashire?" I suppose we were claimed, and so entered a Preparatory School.

The old schoolhouse, with its green Venetian blinds, standing in its own grounds, with its own cow, and the bunshop in the corner by the road from Brighton to Shoreham, has lately passed away, swallowed up in the new squares and terraces of East Brighton. The playground was on the sea side of the high road, a ghastly square, surrounded by a high wall of flints and plaster, flanked by summer-houses, where the implements of games, and of torture for the small boys, were kept.

It was such a school in every respect—in morals, teaching, gentlemanly training—that the story of it would be absolutely incredible to the pampered young schoolboys of 1893, with their carpeted bed-rooms, their luxurious baths, their superfluity of charming young

assistant masters, with the ample table, the caps and the colours, the flannel trousers and the cricket shoes. But the story of my first school, is it not written in the "School Experiences of a Fag?"

I remember a little story which Lord Granville told me a few years ago with great gusto. His son, Lord Levison, was at school (as were William and Heywood) at Wixenford, with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, my wife's cousin. During the holidays he attacked his father, in the middle of dinner, in these words, and with that affectionate *camaraderie* and delightful want of filial respect which distinguishes the modern school-boy: "I say, father, your cook's a fraud. I saw him this morning, and he does not know how to make a roley-poley pudding!" "And this," said Lord Granville sadly, "to the man who prides himself on having the best cook in Europe."

From Brighton to Rugby was a change such as a man might experience who stepped in an hour from a London slum in a London fog on to the shoulder of the Col St. Theodule, and saw below his feet the lakes and plains of Italy. But are not all these things written in the second part of "School Experiences of a Fag?"

From the marriage of my grandparents till the death of my father's mother, Madame Theremin (who had married a second time), in 1848, hardly a year elapsed without a visit to Geneva, and in those days these journeys were a long, expensive, and wearisome affair. We talk glibly to-day of the grand old coaching days, and the glory of the chaise and four with its gay post-boys; but I can well recall my early recollections of those long and weary days.

The family carriage was kept at Dessin's Hotel at Calais,

and there was an exciting and interesting time while the English packages were transferred and repacked on the imperials on the roof and the boxes in the boot; when the night clothes were stowed in the sword-case and the seat-boxes, and the hammers, ropes, nails, and horse-shoes secured in the leathern case which hung by the slipper. It was, no doubt, a gay moment when the great barouche, with the courier and nurse in the rumble, and the little boys on the dickey, rolled out of the courtyard with the five short-tailed Norman horses driven by the Postilion de Languedoc on the near wheeler. But we can remember how slowly the long twelve hours passed away; of the dust and the heat; the miserable accommodation at night; and the very French food by day. It took eight days hard posting to reach Geneva. The calculation of the posting charges beguiled the way. We boys took it in turn to act "courier." It was a "bon moment" when a restive horse, the loss of a shoe, or a row with a postmaster, broke the dull monotony. But if the long straight line of interminable poplars, stretching from Calais to the Jura, depressed the little schoolboys, the warm welcome of the Genevese cousins made up for all the agony of the journey. Still the Rugbeians of to-day, who arrive at Château Banquet in eighteen hours from Calais by a "train de luxe," may congratulate themselves upon the march of civilization.

The "train de luxe" of those days was the "Malle Poste," which started from the Rue Vivienne at midnight every night for all parts of France and the Continent. It was an enormous black box on high wheels, surmounted by three hooded seats in morocco cushions, up to which you climbed with difficulty. One seat was occupied by

the officer in charge of the mail, the other two seats, for which I think five pounds were charged for the journey to Geneva, were occupied by travellers who had secured them many days in advance. In front of the three travellers was a little seat, from which the postillion drove five-in-hand. Provided with "le poulet roti," loaf of bread a yard long, and a bottle of Macon, you took your seat, from which you were never allowed to stir till the end of the journey, which was performed at the rate of ten or eleven miles an hour, the horses being changed with extraordinary celerity every eight or nine miles.

In August, 1850, my brother and I proceeded on a knapsack tour in Europe, which was to last until the sum of £80 was expended. We sailed from Liverpool in the Cunard steamer Camilla as steerage passengers to Havre, visited the numerous constituents of the firm in that town, and thence proceeded by boat to Rouen, and afterwards by the river to Paris. After having seen all the lions of that city, we travelled to Geneva *summa diligentia*, and in the top of the banquette spent three long and weary dusty days. At Contamines, Mr. Forget's country residence, we were joined by Benson Rathbone, and my father sketched out a pedestrian tour for the three young men, including the Alps, the Italian Lakes, and principal cities of North Italy.

Taking steamer to Vevey, we walked thence *via* Martigny, the Tête noire, and the Col de Balme to Chamounix, where the celebrated guide Balmat was to meet us. While running down the Col de Balme my brother fell and cut his knee open in a most dangerous manner. His knowledge of surgery, obtained when

attending the University lectures, enabled him to bind up the wound, and so bandage his leg as to be able to limp along for seven or eight long miles. It is related that he was kept from fainting by the fear that he would be bled the wrong way. His skill, courage, and endurance are still remembered by his companions. We reached Chamounix after midnight in a storm of wind and rain. Here he was compelled to lay up, and when he could travel he returned to Geneva by diligence. The rest of the party sadly continued their tour.

In October, 1850, my brother having completed his apprenticeship with Messrs. Morris, Prevost & Co., in London, my sister Louisa having left school, and I myself having been for two years in the Water Street office, the time seemed to have come to carry out a long-projected plan—a tour up the Nile to the second cataract, and if it could be arranged, even as far as Khartoum, a *terra incognita*, as yet unvisited by any European ladies.

Our family connection with Egypt was of old standing. My father was for many years from 1824 the sole agent of the Egyptian Government in England—the first bale of Egyptian cotton, the first bag of Egyptian beans, was imported by him, and through his hands passed the early exports of manufactures, while the furnishing of the Palaces of the Pasha Mahomet Ali was confided to his firm. Independently of his interest in its commercial affairs, my father expected the valley of the Nile and Central Africa, if it could be reached, to add largely to his entomological collection, and as a naturalist, he had long been desirous of making this then novel journey. His splendid collection of beetles was subsequently presented by his family to his native town of Geneva in 1861.

The arrangement of the outfit for a long sojourn in an unknown land took much time and thought. Tents, provisions, medicines had to be provided, books selected, and all packed in packages which could be carried by camels. Everything connected with sport—guns and pistols for use or gifts, ammunition, &c., &c., was the special care of my father.

The party of five—father, mother, daughter and sons—left on the 27th September, and reached Cairo on the 6th October.

We were provided with every possible credential from the Foreign Office, and were received with much cordiality by the Egyptian ruler Abbas Pasha, who placed every facility for our trip at our disposal, issuing quite exceptional *firmans* in our favour to the Governors of Upper Egypt and the Soudan.

The story of our travels has been so fully told by my father and by myself,* that but a few words need be added here. Leaving Cairo on the 20th October in two dahabiehs, we reached Wadi Halfa on the 26th November. We two brothers lived together on our boat, manned by a cook, a dragoman, and eighteen Nubian sailors, and my brother occupied himself chiefly in dissecting and in preparing the skins of the various animals we shot, for we both landed daily for the purposes of sport, and rejoined our boat at the nightly halting spots. He also spent much time in sketching the many temples and in taking measurements of tombs and other ruins. (The two drawings of the brick temples of Meröe, lithographed in my father's letters, are by his hand.)

* "Lettres de Nubie." A Melly. Edited by Mr. George Prevost and Mr. Henry Romilly. "Khartoum, and the Blue and White Niles." By George Melly, 1851.

From Wadi Halfa we proceeded with a long caravan of camels, carrying tents, beds, food, water, and every description of baggage to Khartoum, taking a more direct and westerly course through the desert of Bayouda than that afterwards followed by the British army for the relief of General Gordon. It is remembered how the Arab Sheik suggested that we should make a detour of a day's march, so as to replenish our store of water at the wells of Abu-Klea (the scene of the great British victory, and of the death of General Stewart in 1885), but it was held wiser to push on, though the water was becoming most unpalatable. During the long desert journeys the party depended entirely upon the two young sportsmen for any change from the very monotonous food they were able to carry with them, and my brother and I shot for the pot with much energy and occasionally great success,—partridges, doves, pigeons, and deer, which made a welcome variety.*

The family reached Khartoum on the 28th December, and were warmly welcomed by the half-a-dozen Greeks and Italians who then formed the whole European society of the town. The Governor, Latiffe Pasha, placed at our disposal the very house afterwards occupied by General Gordon, and in this whitewashed mud palace we entertained the Governor and his suite at dinner on New Year's Eve.† Himself in honourable exile, as were

* Charles et George continuent à tuer plus de perdrix que nous n'en pouvons manger, et nous trouvons cette nourriture exquise.—(Lettres de Nubie, page 120.)

† Notre cuisinier Abessiz avait fait un excellent potage de pâtés de Génes, du saumon d'Ecosse (apportè de Liverpool) sauce piquante, un hachis, pâté de pigeons, roti de mouton, plum pudding, omelette aux confitures, outre légumes, pillau, &c. Après le Champagne la conversation s'est animée, et deux verres de grog ont achevé de rendre le pacha heureux.—(Lettres de Nubie, page 137.)

all his entourage, hoping to buy his recall to Cairo by the amount of the tribute he forwarded to the Egyptian Government, the English family were witnesses of a fair sample of Turkish misgovernment and oppression. The slave trade flourished in its worst features of chained slave caravan and boat transit. The taxes were farmed, collected, and re-collected from the villages by the use of the courbash. Date trees, the sole sustenance of the people, were cut down to punish tardy taxpayers, and camels, their sole means of transit, confiscated or destroyed. Thus thirty-five years ago the seeds were being sown which led to Mahdism and the revolt of the Soudan against Egyptian rule.

Leaving Khartoum on the 1st of January, we descended the Nile in the state dahabieh of the Governor to Berber, where, after a few days' stay, a camel caravan for the desert journey to Korosko was got together under the personal superintendence of the Vice-Governor of the Soudan, who commanded the troops at Berber. The head Sheik of the Hadendowahs took charge of the party, and undertook to deliver us safely to the Egyptian Governor of Korosko, his head paying the penalty should any harm befall any one of the white travellers. Three or four days after leaving Berber, and while travelling northwards on the banks of the Nile, which is here unnavigable for boats by reason of the third and fourth cataracts, my father was suddenly attacked with severe illness. He appeared to have had a sunstroke, and all the symptoms of Asiatic fever speedily showed themselves. The tents were pitched under a shady clump of palm trees on the banks of the river near the village of Gagee. In spite of all that could be done, and my father had a perfect knowledge of

the nature of his illness, and of the medicines necessary, which he had with him, he rapidly sank. On the last evening, after only five days' illness, he called for my brother, and noticing that for the first time in his recollection his watch had stopped, not having been wound up, told him to fix the right hour (6.15 p.m.) by the setting of the sun, which proved afterwards to be perfectly correct. He then gave him his final instructions to take command of the caravan, and to leave at once for Korosko, where the boats awaited us. On the following morning before dawn, 19th January, 1851, he passed away in his sleep. He was only forty-eight years of age. At twelve o'clock the two brothers laid their father in a deep grave in the native cemetery of Gagee. The camel drivers and Bedouins, and the servants who had borne him to the spot from his tent, stood around, and my brother read the burial service.

A few years afterwards, Captain Petherick took out from England and erected a tablet which the family had entrusted to him. Later on, Abbas Pasha caused a mosque, with a fountain, to be built over the tomb, and a well to be dug in memory of the white traveller. In the disturbances which afterwards took place in the country we heard that these memorials had been partially destroyed, and General Earle, an old friend of my brother's, promised to visit the tomb on his way to Berber, in command of the body of British troops. He fell at the battle of Kirbekan, which took place on the 10th February, 1885, a few miles north of the Arab burial place, while nobly leading his men to victory, and the two fellow-townsmen thus rest near together in that distant land!

My brother thus found himself suddenly left in charge of his widowed mother and bereaved sister, and of the great

caravan on the borders of the great desert of Korosko, 280 miles from the boats, and twenty-eight days' journey by camel and by water from any chance of European assistance or protection. Within a few hours his courage and firmness were put to a severe test. On our return from the grave we found the camp in much confusion, and from the observations that were translated to us by the dragoman it appeared that in the absence of the Cavaghi, or leader, there were signs of great reluctance to proceed.

My brother gave orders to strike the tents at dawn, load the baggage on the camels, and fill up the water skins at the river side. It was intended to make a half-day's journey by the river, and encamp fifteen miles further North, under some low hills which could be seen in the horizon. In a few hours the caravan was ready to march. The Arab chief who acted as leader and guide of the caravan, and with whom the safe delivery of the family had been contracted for, refused at daylight, when all was ready for a start, to mount the camel and lead the way. In vain was it explained to him that the party must proceed at once towards their boats and to Cairo. He was obdurate and obstinate. He had engaged to deliver five white travellers to the Governor of Korosko. There were only *four* now—he would lose his head on his arrival at Korosko; he insisted upon returning to Berber (five days' journey) to have his instructions renewed and his contract altered. The moment was critical; the Sheik squatted on the ground, covered his head in his blanket, and would not obey the orders of the dragoman to lead the way North.

At last my brother held a pistol to his head, and the dragoman explained to him in Arabic that he would be

shot if he did not order the drivers to proceed. He may have replied, It is the will of Allah, a man can die but once; but he submitted, and agreed to start, when our faithful dragoman, mad with indignation, rushed upon him, rolled him up in his turbans, and positively kicked him along in front of his own tent, and in full view of his own servants, who afterwards respected my brother, and not their own chief, as leader of the party. The deed was done, but at some cost, for the shock was very great, and my brother never forgot how very near he had once been to taking human life with his own hand.

Across that flat and dreary desert the bereaved family wended their sad and weary way for thirteen long days, and the Sheik rode on alone at the head of the line of camels, and never exchanged one word with any of the party till we reached the river side, nor was he consoled for the blow to his dignity by the present of a fowling-piece when he left us with our boats.

We made the best of our way home, reaching Cairo on the 18th February, and Trieste by the next steamer, where we found our travelling carriage, and posted *via* Vienna, Dresden, Cologne and Calais, reaching Liverpool in the middle of March, 1851.*

From that day to this I have been deeply interested in Egyptian affairs, and have kept myself well informed and posted up in all that regards our important interests there. So also I have been often consulted by our Government on our policy in Egypt. I am a Mahdist. No revolution was ever better justified than the revolt of Nubia, the Soudan, and the tribes of the White Nile, against the Turko-Egyptian misgovernment, taxation amounting to

* Contributed to "Memoirs of Charles P. Melly," 1889, by G. M.

robbery, and harem slavery of these provinces. The revolt of Arabi was the last struggle of the Pashas and officials of Cairo to maintain the power they saw slipping away from them under British influence, but the Madhist revolution is and was a legitimate protest against long-continued and outrageous despotism.

I was strongly opposed to the second and fatal mission of General Gordon. He went forth with a light cane in his hand, confident in his personal influence to quell the revolution against Turkish rule. Unfortunately, at Cairo he asked for and obtained the title of Governor-General of the Soudan, and thus became, in the eyes of the revolted provinces, the successor of the Turkish rulers, who had brought on the revolution by their misconduct.

General Gordon pledged himself never to ask for a British soldier, or for any help from our Government. I well knew that an army would have to be sent to Khartoum to rescue him, and so did some of those who permitted his adventure; but at the moment Society, political and military, was under the influence of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Mr. Stead understood Mahdism and the Soudan question better than anyone else, which is the normal condition of that brilliant fanatic.

When the attempt at rescue was decided upon I saw General Wolseley, and approved of the advance through the desert of Bayiouda, and by the wells of Abu Klea, which, even then, were pointed out as the spot where the Mahdi would fight. The fall of Khartoum and the killing of Gordon were the direct consequence of the British advance to Metemnah. Had we never attempted the rescue he would probably have never been murdered, as he was held in high honour and respect. The whole business was, from first to last, a tragedy of errors.

PRINCE CONSORT.

In 1851, when I was a clerk with Morris, Prevost & Co., I was sent by that firm, in April, to the great Exhibition to represent the Swiss Commissioner in preparing for the opening of the great Exhibition, and at twelve o'clock each day we were gathered together to receive our instructions, and to conduct the business of the Exhibition under the supervision of the Prince Consort, into whose bad graces I was destined to fall.

An order was issued that all the empty boxes, cases, and packages were to be gathered together and removed from the Exhibition for fear of fire. And as regards the larger packages I obeyed the order; but having charge of some thousands of little cases of watches, clocks, and objects in carved wood, which I knew I should never see again at the end of the Exhibition, I packed and numbered all these articles, and placed them under the counter where the contents were displayed. The Prince Consort, in his constant rounds of inspection, remarked to me that all empty cases were to be sent away, and a few moments afterwards the official order was pasted all over my department. Hoping that the Prince would forget our little section, I took no further steps; but the next day H.R.H. paid me another visit, and with his cane lifted the drapery of my counter, looked underneath, and perceived the compact little stacks of boxes from the different cantons of Switzerland. He made no remark, but half-an-hour afterwards an army of sappers and miners came tramping down into my section armed with large trucks, and in a moment more my carefully-organized arrangement was nullified. I never saw those boxes again. This happened

to be of no importance, as we not only sold every single article, but before the close of the Exhibition had received orders for three or four times as much more; and thereby hangs a tale of how I got into another scrape.

The Royal Princes were sent each morning to make a scientific tour of the Exhibition, accompanied by their tutors and nurses, and with limited powers of purchase. The Prince of Wales fell in love with a musical box, one of the first I ever saw with drums, and, like a child, was most anxious for its immediate delivery at Buckingham Palace, to which like a fool I acceded, as there was a strict rule that no article should be delivered before the close of the Exhibition. The next morning, however, the box was returned with a very stiff note, after the manner of F.M. the Duke of Wellington; but I think I was forgiven later on. Certainly the brilliant success of the first Exhibition was due to the untiring energy and industry of the Prince to whom its inception was due.

CHAPTER II.

OF ELECTIONS.

I THINK it was in 1859 that the idea was first mooted of my entering Parliament, by Sir William Hayter, who suddenly ordered me to give him a cheque for £2,000, leave London that night, cross to Ireland, and arriving at an obscure little fishing town in the South-West the day before the nomination, be returned by an overwhelming majority in a constituency numbering, I think, two hundred and fifty electors, and which has long since been swept away. Having the cheque in view, it appeared that this constituency had no objection to a young, unknown Unitarian. I demurred, pleading the suddenness of the invitation, which rendered it impossible to consult my wife and friends. Also I did not see my way to become a mere Government nominee, or an Irish member, or to purchase a seat in a manner so barefaced. So I hesitated and was saved, but Sir William Hayter, the great Palmerstonian whip, always said I had showed the white feather, and he would knock me off his list. This is how things were done in the pre-Reform days. A young flour miller, also curiously enough a Unitarian, was returned by a handsome majority the following week.

My first Parliamentary venture was at Preston, for

which I stood in 1862, against Sir Thomas Hesketh of Rufford, a near neighbour—the battle being thus between Commerce and Agriculture, the local man and the carpet-bagger. This contest was not meant, I was taken in, and my expenses were £2,550. But I had what the Americans call "a high old time," and what I called a "great moral victory." My meetings were crowded with enthusiastic thousands, and at the show of hands in the market-place on nomination day I had probably twenty to one in my favour; but these men and boys had no vote, and I was beaten by 1,527 to 1,014.

Those were indeed the *bad* old times, and bribery was perfectly open, while the poll being declared every half-hour, the waverers could vote to win and the corrupt could wait till ten minutes to four o'clock, when the poll closed. I remember about half-past ten, while the votes were pretty equal, seeing two young Tory mill-owners trying to force a handful of sovereigns on one of my voters, and three or four coins fell in the gutter. "Never mind," said one of these active young electioneerers, "There are plenty more where these came from." It was no question of "the man in the moon" that day at Proud Preston; it was all done in the sunlight, and no one was ashamed, or dreamt of a petition.

On the clear understanding that the next election was to be pure, I was selected for the vacancy, as Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, the Liberal member, was intending to resign. But two years afterwards the Hon. Edward Stanley (the present Earl of Derby) was invited by the Tories, and it was useless to persevere against the Derby influence. So it was arranged that a friendly canvass should be taken, and on hearing the result I retired, having at that time

received an invitation to contest Stoke-upon-Trent at the General Election, against Mr. Beresford Hope.

In 1865 I canvassed Stoke-upon-Trent with the sitting Liberal member, Mr. Henry Grenfell, and we had a most spirited contest: but the old borough constituencies were almost everywhere extremely corrupt, and the shopkeepers had a predilection for returning a Liberal and a Conservative, so as to keep friends with all their customers.

The contest degenerated into a trial of purses, and an enormous sum of money was spent on both sides. On our side £3,650 was spent, much of it, no doubt, in bribery and beer, while Mr. Hope's friends admitted to an expenditure of four times that amount. I was beaten by 184 on a poll of 2,740, but I had laid a foundation among the non-electors of popularity, I may even say of affection, which endured for ten years, and would have secured me the seat any time from then till now, had I been able to seek their suffrages again.

I look back upon these two elections, and indeed upon all elections in which I took part before the Ballot Act was passed, with feelings of shame and of disgust.

The selection of candidates, and the management of the elections, rested entirely in the hands of self-appointed committees, generally of a committee of one, in whose hands the miserable candidate was a puppet. He had nothing whatever to do with the conduct of the election or the expenditure. His part was to spend his mornings in the preparation of speeches, his evenings in the delivery of them, and to be harried every hour of the day with deputations and interviews from the Licensed Victualler and the Teetotaler, the Anti-Vaccination people, the Vivisectionist doctors, and every other faddist in the

district, including the Bi-metallist. His days passed like a bad dream, and the only hour of consolation was during the successful public meetings in the evenings. If he asked to see the canvass books he was informed that they were locked up in the bureau of the chairman. Surrounded by a conspiracy of victory, he always believed he was going to win, until the poll began, when he found the whole affair had been a fraud from the beginning, and he compelled himself, though with a sore heart to present a smiling countenance while he returned thanks to the minority who had supported him, and out of the open window of the "Black Bull," or the "Saracen's Head," made the well-known oration which commences "Beaten, but not disgraced."

In my case a millionaire mill-owner conducted my first election, and a Radical brewer presided over my second. Both were forlorn hopes, although—owing to the enormous extension of the suffrage, which afterwards more than quadrupled the electorate, and the Ballot and Corrupt Practices Act, which made elections pure—I can never regret the disgraceful election which introduced me as candidate to Stoke-upon-Trent.

In 1868, at the by-election in February, of which early notice was most courteously given me from Knowsley, I fought a perfectly pure and honourable battle with Mr. C. Minton Campbell, the head of the firm of china manufacturers, whom I defeated by 69 on a poll of 2,909.

We had arranged that each side should audit the election accounts of his opponent, that the committee rooms should all be held in the various town halls and public buildings, that no solicitors (that bane of elections) should be employed. In fact we anticipated and carried

out the Corrupt Practices Act. I always attributed my success to Mr. Alfred Billson, who acted as my amateur agent, and who was afterwards election agent for Mr. Gladstone in Lancashire. He is now member for Barnstaple, which long may he continue to represent.

We won the election by two little expedients which both had much success. The night before the poll we sent a private note, on cream laid note paper, with crest, etc., in my own hand, to my 1,500 promises, thanking them for their support, and asking them to vote early. We thus secured a majority of over one hundred from the first hour. The second expedient was the establishment of a pony post which brought in the state of the poll every hour from all the town, the constituency extending over nine miles by three. We thus secured the electors who sit upon the fence anxious to vote for the winner, but it was anxious work while our majority was gradually reduced till it only stood at forty.

I shall never forget how at half-past three, the poll closing at four, I sat in a little private parlour in the house of a Wesleyan Elder, who, in company of ten or twelve of the elect, though ardent Liberals, could not bring themselves to vote for a Unitarian. There we sat for twenty minutes, calmly discussing the most difficult abstract points of Theology with commendable reverence, but, on my part, with concealed impatience. Just before four these excellent persons proceed to the poll, as I had converted them by appeals to "Civil and Religious Liberty." *Magna est veritas et prevalabit.*

Great were the rejoicings, while the enthusiasm and the ovation I received from the non-electors can never be forgotten.

In the following session of Parliament the Reform Act, admitting almost all these non-electors, was passed, and on the 16th of November I was re-elected with Colonel Roden (Lord Granville's partner) as my colleague, without opposition. Nay, more, with the exception of one or two speeches and on the day of election, they gave me leave of absence, and requested me to devote myself entirely to Mr. Gladstone's election for South-West Lancashire, which I conducted.

In January, 1874, in consequence of dissension in the Cabinet and dissatisfaction in the country—which arose, according to the *Times*, from the Liberal legislation, which had disturbed every trade and harassed every interest—Mr. Gladstone suddenly dissolved, and a General Election took place, which was most disastrous to the Liberal Party, who were returned in greatly reduced numbers, chiefly owing to the unconcealed dissatisfaction of the Dissenters, whose political conscience was greatly disturbed by Mr. Forster's compromise on the Education question, while the plurality of Liberal candidates lost our party thirty-seven seats.

I was again elected for Stoke-upon-Trent, but Colonel Roden, my colleague, was most unfortunately opposed by a Labour candidate. It was a most disagreeable election, although I appeared to have lost no popularity, but Colonel Roden was defeated, in consequence of the split, by a local ironmaster, while I was returned by a majority of 1,502; but no less than 11,898 electors voted for the three Liberals, against 6,180 for the Tory.

In the following November, 1874, owing to the illness of my brother Charles and of my cousin, Charles Forget, I found myself sole partner of my firm, and my retirement

from political life, for what I believed would be only a few years, became absolutely necessary. On the 1st of January I therefore issued the following address to my constituents at Stoke-upon-Trent :—

TO THE ELECTORS OF STOKE-UPON-TRENT.

Gentlemen,

I have to inform you that in consequence of the illness and retirement of both my partners in the mercantile firm with which I am connected, I shall be compelled for some time, by my responsibility to others, to devote my whole attention to business.

I might have appealed to you to allow me to neglect my political duty to you during the coming Sessions, but this would have been a poor return for the confidence you have for seven years accorded me, and I believe I best consult your interests by resigning my seat.

I have, therefore, to-day applied for the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and beg to announce to all sections of the Electors, that there will shortly be a vacancy in the representation of your Borough.

In bidding you "Goodbye," I heartily thank you for having enabled me, as one of your representatives, to take a humble part, under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, in the disinterested legislation of the five Sessions, from 1869 to 1873, and for the happy years I have spent in your service. Still more am I grateful for the kindness and courtesy shown to me alike by friends and political opponents, since I first came among you, a stranger, ten years ago.

It is to me a very painful task to sever the pleasant ties which have so long existed between us, but I am consoled by the remembrance that at the close of the present Parliament you may want a Liberal Candidate, and I trust that I may then—as in February, 1868—be the means and have the honour of securing to the party of Progress and Reform, which includes two-thirds of the electoral body, the undivided representation of Stoke-upon-Trent.

Hoping that the New Year may be fraught with every blessing and happiness to you and your families,

I remain, Gentlemen,
Your faithful and grateful Servant,
GEORGE MELLY.

Abercromby Square, Liverpool,
New Year's Eve, 1874.

In Stoke my resignation was greatly deplored, and, in consequence of party divisions arising out of the late election, Dr. Kenealy, of Tichborne notoriety, was returned; and in the course of the next few days I received a great number of letters of condolence from my Parliamentary friends, both Liberal and Tory, including nearly all the members of the late Liberal Administration. I annex copies of the letters of the Speaker, and Sir Erskine May, the Clerk of the House, the Leader of the House, Mr. Gladstone, and others.

SIR STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE, M.P.

Pynes, Exeter,
Christmas Day, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. MELLY,

I am very sorry to hear that you are about to leave the House of Commons. I had rather hoped for your assistance on the Friendly Societies Bill. But I do not doubt the necessity for man's making a decided choice between the management of a large business and a seat in Parliament.

I believe that Mr. Lowe decided two years ago that the Chancellor of the Exchequer could not, ought not, to grant the Chiltern Hundreds to anyone during the Parliamentary Recess. You will have to write me a letter, officially requesting that I will submit your name to Her Majesty for the Stewardship of the Hundreds, and I shall as a matter of course comply, and signify the same to you. But as I cannot, in conformity with Mr. Lowe's ruling, do this before the fifth of February, it must rest with yourself to consider when you will make the application.

I shall, of course, regard your letter as strictly confidential until I receive your formal application.

Believe me,

Yours very faithfully,

STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE.

THE SPEAKER.

House of Commons,
February 4th, 1875.

DEAR MR. MELLY,

I am sincerely sorry that you should be obliged to withdraw from this House, even for a time, and let us hope that it may be but a short time.

I can well understand that to a man like yourself, who has taken an active share in the life of the House, severance from its daily labours must be a sore trial.

I wish you a speedy termination of your restraints in business, so that you may be restored once more to the active service of Parliamentary life.

Yours ever truly,
"H. BRAND."

CHIEF CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

House of Commons,
January 30th, 1875.

MY DEAR MELLY,

It is very hard upon us, but as if the late disastrous dissolution had not made havoc enough among my friends, the few who survived that calamity accept the Chiltern Hundreds, and retire into private life. You are now leaving us, and how shall I know the chances of a division or the strategy of party? Who is to tell me the leader of the Liberal Party, the length of Disraeli's tether, or any other mystery of the future?

In sober earnest I much regret your retirement; and pray why did you keep Stoke in hot water for a month, and bring down Kenealy to make things pleasanter, instead of applying for that lucrative office of which Stafford Northcote has the patronage?

You retire with your old leader, Mr. Gladstone. Have you followed him in his Theological diversions?

Fare you well; I trust private affairs and a Liberal curiosity may some time bring you to the fore in town.

Yours very truly,
"T. ERSKINE MAY."

MR. GLADSTONE.

Hawarden Castle, Chester,
January 1st, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. MELLY,

I cannot let pass the circular which I received this morning without expressing the lively feeling of regret which it produces in my mind, as it will, I think, in many others. Not that I pretend to say or think you will lose much in withdrawing from the public arena at the present time, but because I think the party and the public interests will be all the worse for your retirement.

I hope it will be only temporary, but even for a time your high spirit and intelligence, your activity, and liberal patriotism, will be much missed from the benches of the House.

I wish you a most happy New Year, though you have not mended mine, and with our kind remembrances and much regard,

I remain,

Very faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER (LORD SELBORNE).

Athenæum Club,
February 18th, 1875.

MY DEAR MELLY,

The extraordinary choice your late constituents have made of a successor to so good a representative reminds me that I have allowed too long a time to slip by before fulfilling my purpose of writing to you upon the occasion of your retirement from the House of Commons.

If I had been still in the House of Commons (as I sometimes wish I were), I should have regretted your loss on my own account, as well as on that of the public whose interests I think you well served, by uniting with a quite sufficiently broad profession of Liberal opinion a practical moderation, good sense, and good humour, which, if all other advanced Liberals had been like minded, might have saved our party from falling into its present shattered condition.

As it is, I do very much regret that the public should lose the benefit of such services, though it may be only "for a time," and if we have a less chance of seeing you frequently when we are in London we shall also regret it still more on our own account.

But I suppose business must still occasionally bring you to London, or at least leave you some leisure to visit London, and whenever you so come I hope you will remember that it always gives us all great pleasure to see you. I should hope that your prospect of resuming your seat, when you are enabled again to find time for the House of Commons, will be carried out.

What did you think of Gladstone's persisting in retiring, and of the choice of Hartington to lead?

Ever yours truly,

SELBORNE.

CARDINAL MANNING.

Archbishop's House, Westminster,

January 6th, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. MELLY,

Among your many friends who will have received your announcement of retirement, few will have greater or more sincere regret than I have. I am glad to see that you say "for a time," and I hope you will before long return to Parliament.

I fear that this may make your visits to London fewer, but when you come I hope you will always come and see me.

With my regards to Mrs. Melly,

Believe me,

Always faithfully yours,

HENRY E. ARCHB. OF WEST.

LORD SANDON, M.P. (EARL OF HARROWBY).

Bournemouth,

January 12th, 1875.

MY DEAR MELLY,

I have just read in the Liverpool papers of your retirement from Parliament, and I cannot let the day pass without writing to tell you, what I am sure you will well know, how very sorry I am to lose you from among us, and how much I shall miss the constant friendly intercourse which, notwithstanding our opposite benches, has been unbroken, even at the hottest political moment, ever since we have been in the House together, and which has been a constant source of pleasure to me.

Many a good and generous turn which you have done me, and

many a pleasant talk and walk on the terrace, come vividly to my recollection, and I cannot also forget your ever ready and noble advocacy of all that is elevated and good in Parliament; so that not only do I much regret the absence of my old friend, but I also much regret the loss of the public-spirited politician and talented speaker.

It is indeed sad to think that next session we shall no longer meet in that busy lobby, but we will look forward, if all's well, to many pleasant meetings at any rate in Liverpool. With every good wish for the New Year,

I am very sincerely yours,

SANDON.

W. VERNON HARCOURT, M.P.

14, *Stratford Place, Oxford Street,*

January 7th, 1875.

DEAR MELLY,

I was very sorry to receive the official note of your temporary retirement from the House of Commons, of which I had heard rumours, which did not justify me in writing to you, and I am extremely sorry for the domestic matters which have led to this conclusion, but I am glad to know from other sources that they are not of a serious character.

As the truly pious will say, you are mercifully removed from the wrath to come. When you re-appear, as I trust you will in a few years, you will find a few grey-haired old men like myself, who will represent the wreck that ancient history will record as the remains of what was once the Liberal Party. I am preparing to chant "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

It is strange that the Parliament and the leader of 1868 should have annihilated in five years a party which had survived the shock of two centuries, so great is the price of earnest gunpowder.

To me your retirement will be a source of great personal regret. Though we did not always agree (who does?), your keen and intelligent knowledge of men and things has relieved many a weary hour in that tiresome place. Now you are gone I shall have no one to fall back upon but Dizzy and Jim Lowther, for men cannot live by *hommes serieux* alone.

Having discarded seventy Catholic votes, I suppose our good G. is to return leading a forlorn hope of about sixty Disestablishment Radicals. Such is the state of what was once a great party. For my part, I have made up my mind for three years, ever since

I saw what G. was bringing us to, that I will stick by the old principles of the Liberal Party, and I shall hang on to this to the end. They will remain *debout* when these new mushroom lights have rotted on their stalks.

Write me a line and tell me how you are getting on. Pray remember me most heartily to your wife and daughter.

Yours, etc.,

W. V. HARCOURT.

After a lapse of eighteen years these letters, which show the utter demoralization into which the Liberal Party had fallen, require a word of explanation.

After six years of brilliant legislation, in which Mr. Gladstone's Government had disestablished the Irish Church and Land Acts, extended the suffrage to all householders in the Boroughs, passed the Ballot and Corrupt Practices Act, closed the public-houses at ten and eleven o'clock at night—which had previously been kept open until four a.m.—laid the foundation of a national system of Education by establishing Board Schools in all our large cities, he appealed to the country. Gratitude is an unknown factor in politics. Pique, revenge, and self-interest are a motive power. A combination of Irish Landlords, the Church of England, the Publicans, the Election Agents and "Men in the moon," and all the other "disturbed and harassed interests," was formed against the Government. The Nonconformists, outraged by Mr. Forster's compromise on the Education question, abstained from the poll, there was a plurality of labour candidates here and there, and the Liberal Party was utterly defeated. Mr. Gladstone retired from the leadership, and Liberal prospects appeared gloomy indeed. But others beside Sir William Harcourt stuck by the "old principles" and the Liberal Party, and

six years later they returned to power with an even greater majority than ever, and with Sir William Harcourt as Home Secretary.

So again history repeated itself in 1886, after which Sir William Harcourt again led the opposition when Mr. Gladstone was absent. Once more, in 1892, the old principles of the Liberal Party, under new developments, achieved a great victory against enormous odds, and Sir William Harcourt, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, now often leads the House against Mr. James Lowther. But I have said that these "Recollections" were not to include political essays, and I have only recorded this bit of history to explain the gloomy tone and allusions in these letters.

During the next fifteen years I was often asked to return to Parliament, but was on each occasion prevented by commercial or domestic circumstances.

I must here record how, in the early weeks of 1875, I received a most curious and inexplicable visit one morning at my office. Three staid old gentlemen presented themselves without giving their names, and on Temperance grounds urged me to re-consider my retirement. (It had fallen to me to move the rejection of Mr. Cross's Bill, which was largely drawn in favour of licensed victuallers, and I had written seven letters on his Bill to the *Times*, which had been reprinted as a pamphlet by the Alliance authorities.) After some conversation, these gentlemen asked if no financial arrangements could be made by which I could retire from business and re-enter Parliament, and they named a very large sum of money. This was, of course, impossible for a hundred reasons, but the suggestion appeared perfectly *bonâ fide*.

Of letters like these I received many in the following years.

Ashton-under-Lyne,
July 21st, 1879.

DEAR MELLY,

Will you be able to sit for this borough? I know you voted on the Lawson, and would vote for Scotch Disestablishment. We have a majority.

Very sincerely,
HUGH MASON.

But I had long made up my mind that I would never stand for any place but one of the boroughs in the Potteries, and each time the chance appeared I was unable to avail myself of it.

Mr. John P. Heywood once said to me no man who has not a clear income of £5,000 a year independent of business, robust health, and no wife or children, should be a member of Parliament. It is a hard saying, but there is truth in it.

In the spring of 1892 I was still under engagement to stand for Newcastle-under-Lyme, of which half the electors had formed part of the Borough of Stoke; but when the General Election drew near I retired in favour of Mr. William Allen, a most accomplished young undergraduate at Cambridge, son of a former member. I stayed with him at Newcastle, and helped to regain the seat, which we secured by a majority of 1,131, after a most exciting contest, amid the enthusiasm of my old friends and quondam electors.

CHAPTER III.

OF STATESMEN.

LORD PALMERSTON.

I ONLY met Lord Palmerston once or twice. He sent for me in 1851 to discuss the Suez Canal, which I had just seen in partial progress. I remember he was very furious and positive about the Canal, and said he was advised by the best engineers that it was impracticable, for as fast as you took out one basket of sand, three would be blown in. "It cannot, it will not, and it shall not be built," said he; "and if it ever is we shall have to annex Egypt, and that will involve a war with France." When it was a question of appraising the powers of any other country to do anything, Lord Palmerston, being an Englishman, was at fault. When the duties and interests of England was the question, Lord Palmerston never made a mistake.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

I saw Lord Russell on several occasions, and I do not agree with the doggrel bard who wrote

> "Yet whoe'er is no lickspittle,
> Still says Little John is little."

Earl Russell was a very great man, and bore his few inches with much dignity. He was also a thorough Liberal, in advance of the light of those days. But he made a terrible mess of the "Alabama" matter, and deliberately allowed that pirate to escape to her terrible work of depredation, which cost us some years afterwards three millions of money. Never did a Government sin with their eyes so wide open. They were perfectly informed, and William Rathbone and I predicted, in our various private interviews with Earl Russell, exactly what took place afterwards. But here again Society, under London influences of club and coterie, betrayed the nation. Earl Russell hesitated to quarrel with the Southern States because Pall Mall and St. James' Street, "mostly fools," as Sydney Smith once said, were confident that the South was going to win. Earl Russell was more sensible, but he was over-ruled. It is of the Nemesis of fate that the law officers of the Government, who pointed out the legal difficulties in stopping the "Alabama," were afterwards employed to defend our indefensible case, and to listen to the unanimous verdict of the arbitrators, by which we were mulcted in such enormous costs.

LORD GRANVILLE.

I always regarded myself as Lord Granville's member, for he was the largest employer in the Potteries and gave me most active support, and in all my contests at Stoke and during my Parliamentary career he showed me the greatest courtesy and hospitality.

In 1889 a vacancy arose at Stoke, and my friends were very anxious that I should stand to avoid a contest, as it

was understood that the Tories, in recollection of my former services, would not oppose my return, while they would fight anybody else. On the other hand, I found at the last moment that George Levison Gower was anxious to stand. After much negotiation, and having regard to the position in which I stood towards Lord Granville, I decided in favour of Lord Granville's young nephew, who had previously represented North Staffordshire, and it was arranged that I should assist Mr. Gower in his election, and agree to stand for the neighbouring town of Newcastle-under-Lyme at the coming General Election, a safe seat.

When this was arranged, Lord Granville wrote to me as follows :—

Holmburg, Dorking,
April 24th, 1889.

DEAR MELLY,

Your letter only reached me this morning. I opened it with some alarm lest it would oblige me to argue the claims of my nephew against those of an old friend in whose victories I had taken a great interest.

It is certain that you are right that a candidate unanimously selected is in a better position as to the poll.

Mr. Gladstone, ever since the General Election, has expressed a very strong desire that George should find a seat in Parliament, but I know his appreciation of yourself, and of the value of your cheery and unflagging support.

I will take an early opportunity of conveying to him the friendly substance of your letter. I am staying with my brother—he desires me to thank you warmly for your friendly and considerate conduct towards his son. I trust you will soon be sitting next to him in the House.

Yours very sincerely,
GRANVILLE.

I stayed a fortnight at Stoke, and Mr. Gower was returned by a majority of twelve hundred and thirty-one.

The last time I met Lord Granville was in 1891. He had just come from Hawarden, where Lord Spencer and he had been trying to persuade Mr. Gladstone to give up tree cutting, which Sir Andrew Clarke had at length prohibited. Mr. Gladstone argued vehemently, (as when does he not?) in favour of the fresh air, the muscular exertion, and the judgment and skill involved in the cutting of great timber. Lord Spencer gravely proposed to make Mr. Gladstone a present of a coach and four-in-hand complete—horses, grooms, &c. He pointed out that driving a four-in-hand equally involved the fresh air (of Hyde Park), muscular exertion of fingers, arms, and thighs, and as for judgment and skill, he said driving down St. James' Street in the height of the season, into and out of Hyde Park or Hurlingham, would find him opportunity to display both. Mr. Gladstone gravely sucked all this in, and expressed his gratitude for Lord Spencer's very handsome and generous offer, which he seemed inclined to accept. He asked if his maimed finger would incapacitate him, and then added, "But I am sure I could learn." It has been asserted from time to time, by Southron scoffers, that Mr. Gladstone never could see a joke.

DISRAELI (LORD BEACONSFIELD).

Certainly the most interesting and impressive figure in the House of Commons in February, 1868, was Mr. Disraeli, the Prime Minister of the Queen, as he loved to style himself.

In physique most striking, tall, over six feet, broad in the shoulders, with a high forehead in the centre of which

rested one single black curl, last remembrance of the magnificent *chevélure* of the days of Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay. He was habitually dressed in a black frock coat, black waistcoat, grey trousers, turn-down collar with much expanse of white shirt, and black silk tie. He never wore his hat in the House, but lay back in his chair, his eyes closed with masked imperturbability of stern indifference to all that was going on, waking up at rare intervals with a sardonic or amused smile. I omitted to mention his eye-glass, hung with a broad black ribbon round his neck, which played no small part in the by-play of this great actor.

During the next seven years I never but once saw Disraeli really angry, though I have seen him sham indignation a hundred times. That was when Mr. Bright charged him, on a memorable occasion, with "shielding himself behind the petticoats of a woman, and that woman the Queen."

He appeared to be an isolated being, and led a solitary life. I do not think I ever saw him walking with anybody, not more than once or twice on the arm of "Monty Corrie" (Lord Rowton). Nor did he often speak to his colleagues. In fact he more often threw them over, without informing them he was about to do so. His imperturbability was a great force, his repartee and adroitness remarkable, but his eloquence was often turgid, and he left the impression on my mind—which, as he once said himself, was full of faith, earnestness, and zeal—that he was never sincere and always an actor.

I had, during the following seven years, five passages with Mr. Disraeli which were of great interest to me.

On the first occasion I was speaking, with the vehemence

and energy of a new member, on the Compensation of Cattle Disease Bill, which the Tory Government were trying to force through the House. In the course of my speech I taunted the squires and landed gentry with being nothing but merchants of beef, mutton, and cereals, and asked why, because their trade was bad, my constituents at Stoke-upon-Trent were to make good their losses. It was very late in the evening, the white tie brigade was very noisy, and so was I, as I had not come from the platforms of Stoke to be put down by the young Tories. In the middle of one of my sentences, Disraeli woke up from what appeared to be a sound sleep, and putting his eye-glass into his eye, stared at me, as his manner was, and then, leaning over to Mr. Gladstone, said in a stage whisper, "Have you any more young men like him?" Mr. Gladstone replied, "Certainly, many." "I don't believe it," said Mr. Disraeli. "Put another one up." This is the sort of levity which annoyed Mr. Gladstone intensely, but it amused his great rival and delighted the House. As for me, I was in the seventh heaven, as Disraeli had scored me a success.

A few months afterwards, seeing him struggling with his greatcoat in the cloak-room, I ventured to help him on with it, an attention which was most graciously received with an old-world courtesy. He made me a full dress little speech, said he had never seen anyone who enjoyed the House so much, asked me what I thought of its manners and customs, and gave me advice as to speaking often and briefly, but on subjects only on which I had something to say. I remember he said that the House of Commons was at the same time the most critical and the most just of judges.

The next occasion on which I came into collision (*sic*)

with Disraeli was during the passing of the Irish Church Act, when the object of the Liberal Whips was to maintain a majority of 100 in every division, which entailed serious inconvenience to those to whom the love of Irish Church Disestablishment was in rivalry with the pleasures of Society. Coming down to the House in a swift hansom at ten o'clock, to which hour I was paired, I heard the third division bell ringing, and rushed up the deserted stairs. On my way I cannoned against a stately personage who was quietly ascending the stairs. It was Disraeli, and I heard his mocking voice, and it said, "Does it sting?" and I shouted back, "What?" and the voice said, "The Government Whip." A moment afterwards I dashed against the closed door of the House; I was shut out from the division. When Disraeli arrived he thus solemnly addressed me, "I am afraid, my dear Mr. Melly, you will come to great grief with Mr. G., and I would not be in your shoes for an Under-Secretaryship of State; but I will do what I can to save you from your merited fate. When the door opens we will go in and write down a pair." And the gossips and the "Quid Nuncs" ran about and said one to another, Dizzy has paired with George Melly, and some said he had never been known to pair before.

My fourth passage of arms with the great Sphinx was in 1874, when he was again Prime Minister. I was leading the opposition to a Bill that had been brought in by Lord Sandon to modify in some degree the Forster compromise of 1870 on Education. To secure the passing of a clause at two o'clock in the morning, Disraeli undertook to make some concessions in my direction. But on the following day Lord Sandon continued to conduct the Bill as if no such

promise had been made. Disraeli remained quiescent, with his eyes closed; upon which I indignantly charged him with breach of faith, and generally committed myself past recall. In the middle of my most bitter words the eye-glass was brought into requisition, and my friends assured me when I sat down that I should undoubtedly be pulverised and annihilated, and have attached to my name some stinging epithet—"a highly superior person," "full of Batavian grace," "master of flouts and gibes," or some such well-merited castigation. But Disraeli got up, and after a joking allusion to my earnestness and zeal, leading me to indiscretions which he rather liked, conceded my point, and threw over Lord Sandon, to his great disgust. Then, after the manner of candid friends, my advisers turned round upon me and said I had called Dizzy a liar, told him that I would never believe another word he said, and pointed out that my obvious duty was to ask for a private interview and apologise.

I found Lord Barrington, his private secretary, and he appointed a meeting in Disraeli's room at five o'clock the following afternoon. Disraeli greeted me in the most friendly fashion, and upon my commencing to make the *amende honorable* he interrupted me to ask who had suggested that I should take up his time by making such a fuss about nothing, and when I had replied he said, "You are a very good fellow, and —— is an old humbug," and took me by the shoulders and turned me out of the room. And this is all I can tell you of my personal relations with this extraordinary man, who raised himself to the Prime Ministry of the Empire, became the trusted friend and adviser of the Queen, whom he had created Empress, who held his own against the Tory peerage, into whose

ranks he raised himself, who educated the Tory Party to the point of passing the Reform Act of 1868, which has secured them six years of office and power on two or three occasions, and which has completely changed the relative position of the Liberal and Conservative Party.

In the last days of July, 1874, I was riding home at eight o'clock with the two young daughters of Lord Selborne, when, passing the corner of Grosvenor Square, we saw a magnificent chariot with an earl's blazon of arms on the panels, and the coronet of an earl on the hammer cloth and harness. The rosettes on the horses and the livery of the servants, who stood by the open door, were in dark brown and gold. The whole turn-out was very perfectly appointed. And then the door of the house opened, and there came out a tall, gaunt personage in the uniform of a Privy Councillor, with the ribbon and insignia of the Garter on his breast and knee, and his cocked hat under his arm. He was supporting with great courtesy and care a very ancient lady in an ermine cloak. As the servants assisted this ancient couple up the steps of their carriage he stopped and looked back, turned round to us and waved his hand, and said, "Good-night; what a beautiful evening for a ride."

In 1879 we were travelling on the Continent with George Holt, and arriving at Cologne, found the Hotel de l'Europe engaged by Her Majesty's Ambassadors, bringing back "Peace with honour" in their portmanteaus from Berlin. The staircase was crowded with English tourists, anxious to see, as he passed by, the great mystery man who directed the policy of Europe. He gave our party the most gracious nod, and that is the last I ever saw of the inscrutable and wonderful man.

I cannot say I admired him as a politician, but he was the most interesting of men. He played a great part in our history, and he was very kind to me.

The following evening we reached Dessin's Hotel at Calais, and found that Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury had been delayed there, as the preparations for their triumphal reception at Charing Cross were not complete. We slept in the bedroom Lord Beaconsfield had occupied, which was entirely hung round with roses, now faded, and that dear old lady, Madame Dessin, whom I had known since I was eleven years old, came and told us of her interviews with the great Statesman. He had reminded her that he had stayed at this hotel on his way to St. Petersburgh fifty years ago, and she was very anxious to know if she had made him comfortable, to which he replied, "Madame comme jeun homme, comme veillard, quand je suis chez vous je suis chez moi."

MR. GLADSTONE.

The idiosyncrasy and character of Mr. Gladstone does not lend itself to amusing stories, and the relation of the many occasions when I have been brought in contact with him during the last forty years would demand preparatory explanations of the circumstances in each case, involving lengthy bits of political history.

I first became acquainted with Mr. Gladstone in 1852, during "Cardwell and Ewarts'" election for Liverpool, and from then till now I have been under the fascination of his grand personality. Mr. Chamberlain is right when he says that the nearer you approach Mr. Gladstone the more do you appreciate his greatness and the nobility of his character.

Others may tell the story of his life: it is the political history of the Liberal Party for half a century, inscribed with many hard-fought battles, with one long roll of victories, and, to the hour at which I write, not one defeat—for the battle with Mr. Gladstone is never lost until it is won.

During those forty years he has re-modelled and so settled our financial system that the object of every Chancellor of the Exchequer is to try and prove that he is doing what Mr. Gladstone would have done, or that he is acting upon the principles which he has laid down; he has been the chief instrument in extending the suffrage to every householder, and in protecting the voter as far as possible from the influence of intimidation and money; he has struck more than one blow against Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, and has secured to the Irish tenant the improvements in the holdings which he or his forefathers had made, and has now been engaged for the last seven years in a final act of peace and conciliation. In this he may fail, for the forces arrayed against him are abnormal. But no party or section of a party would now advocate the repeal of any one change or act of legislation in which he has been engaged. *Ex omnibus disce unum.*

Yea, there is one man who would if he could repeal one chapter of Liberal legislation. The last time Mr. Goschen stayed at our house (on his way to contest Edinburgh as a Gladstonian) he deplored the County Reform Acts, and pointed out that now all householders had votes, that the votes were protected, and that by the Corrupt Practices Act money had lost its influence, there was nothing to prevent the working classes assuming supreme power, and forcing upon us the most socialistic

and dangerous changes. He is the one skeleton at the Gladstone feast.

I have always regarded Mr. Gladstone as the last remaining Conservative, and the chief of Opportunists. From the days when he freed the Press, by the abolition of the newspaper and advertisement duty, till he brought forward his Home Rule measure, I venture to think that he has never been in advance of public opinion, and that he has waited to lend his great name and advocacy to each Liberal measure until the country was prepared for it. So he has ever set his face against "abstract resolutions," and to this hour disappoints the advanced Radical party by refusing to pledge himself to "eight hours" Bills and other legislation not, in his opinion, ripe.

Others may tell the tale of the great Parliamentarian, of the voice as of silver bells, of the matchless orator, of the cautious strategist, who has often moved the House of Commons at his will, and has for years inspired an immense party with loyalty and devotion, unexampled in the history of parties. It will be but vain repetition!

Nothing is more curious in this relation than the affection and admiration developed towards Mr. Gladstone by the great Nonconformist body, from whom, in Theological thought and in polemical discussion of religious subjects, he is as the poles asunder. They appreciate the noble and unselfish patriotism of the great Leader, who, in carrying out what he believed fair and just, has broken up the Liberal Party on more than two or three occasions—on more than one or two of which occasions, had he consented to "leave well alone," after the manner of Lord Palmerston, he could, like that wily statesman, have remained Prime Minister till the close of his life.

One of Mr. Gladstone's great forces is his extraordinary power of concentration, and the marvellous detail with which he gets up his case. Meeting a young Conservative coming out of the House one evening during one of his great speeches on the Irish Church Bill, I asked him who was up. He replied, "Old Gladdy." "What is he saying?" I asked. "Oh," said he, "he is giving the dirty details of the washing bill of each Irish curate to justify his retiring allowance."

It used to be said that, like the elephant who could crush a nutshell or carry a sixteen-pound gun, Mr. Gladstone could speak with the same energy and eloquence on a Turnpike Bill or a Reform Act. He had also, whilst speaking, an extraordinary power of carrying on two lines of thought, of which I can give a curious instance. Before I was in Parliament he asked me some questions about the communal rights of the Swiss villages as regards fuel, of which I made a careful study while staying in the Vallais some time after. During one of our railway journeys, while I was conducting his election for South-West Lancashire, I told him how the wood was annually divided: so many trees to the head of a family, and so many to the widow with two or three children—also one more tree was allotted to her, which she would have to pay to the neighbour who cut and brought down her share. Coming late into the House one night when Mr. Gladstone was about to speak on the Irish Land Bill, he leant over and said he had wanted to see me, to be sure that he had the story right about the communal division of wood in Switzerland. A few minutes afterwards he referred in his speech to the Swiss custom, turning round from time to time to ask me, "Had the widow three or

four trees?" "How many is allotted to the family of eight?" and so on. In his best days he was very great at these asides, which in no way interrupted the marvellous flow of diction, in which the verb and the noun often got so far apart that one never knew how they could come together grammatically, but the verb always fell into its right place before the end.

I remember when, to an excited House, he was refusing Government aid in the prosecution of the fraudulent British Bank directors, he turned round from time to time, at the close of a brilliant period, to ask, in mocking but good-humoured tones, whether Mr. Rathbone and I were satisfied now, as we had expressed our intentions of voting in favour of the prosecution.

Much of Mr. Gladstone's robust health and mental vigour is due to this power of concentration, to which I have alluded. Unless absolutely obliged, he ceases to talk or think of House of Commons matters when he puts on his coat in the lobby. I have walked home with him many times across, and often on fine nights all round St. James' Park on his way home, where a cup of hot bread and milk awaited him on the hall table, when he would love to discourse on Greece or Italy, the last play, Chelsea china, or any other subject except the topic of the day. And I have heard Mrs. Gladstone say that he put all political questions far from him when he went to bed, and thus a bad night was almost unknown to him and to her.

Lunching one day at Hawarden, to give him some information as to the General Election, then in progress, I found him engaged in giving lessons in Italian to his children, and instead of listening to my news he gave me a lecture on Dante.

I can recall a series of breakfasts given to experts, to meet whom he invited a few favoured guests. One especially of ironmasters and great authorities on hematite steel, in which, to an ignoramus like me, he appeared to know more and to talk better than Dr. Siemens or Sir Lothian Bell.

Beresford Hope once told me he knew as much as he did about Sevres china; and there was an amusing little story of how he once came late to a Cabinet Council, and insisted on his colleagues examining two tea cups, which he brought out of his coat pocket, before the great affairs of State could be discussed.

So also on our way home from Wigan one day in 1868, he entered into a brilliant discussion on the growth of trees, their soils, &c., with an unknown Scotchman who got into the carriage with us, and when Mr. Gladstone got out at Edge Hill to go to Courthey, the Scotchman turned round to me and said, "Whose factor in Scotland may that mon be? He is fairly well acquainted with trees." He would not believe that it was the Prime Minister of England, and thought I was chaffing him.

It has been said that Mr. Gladstone is obstinate and not easily approachable, even by his colleagues, and I have often been asked to sound him on certain points in suspense at the moment. He was not always patient, but it was always difficult not to be overpersuaded by his vehement arguments and extraordinary detail of information. It had been often said that, wide as was his knowledge, he did not know men, and this is thus far true. His standard is so high, and his way of looking at things so unselfish and noble-minded, that he does not understand the motives of a man who does not wish to

lose his seat, still less the class of mind whose action may be influenced by the prospects of a peerage or the hopes of a baronetcy. On all such matters—"the hidden and less honourable parts of our constitution," as a great friend of mine once designated them—he is very impracticable in the eyes of his Whips.

I remember that I once had occasion to suggest that two young Under Secretaries should be made Privy Councillors in recognition of their services in the outgoing Administration. He was quite willing to carry out their wishes, but he pointed out that if he did so it would militate against their future advancement, and tie the hands of his successor when the next Liberal Administration was formed, as they could not, as Privy Councillors, be again asked to fill subordinate positions. A few years afterwards the course of events more than justified his refusal.

During the passage of the Irish Church Act, which involved nearly as much bitterness as the Home Rule struggle of to-day, a very serious misunderstanding arose between the Liberal Leader and the present Lord Selborne, who had refused the Lord Chancellorship rather than be a party to Irish Disestablishment. As a common friend, I conducted the negotiations, which led to a most animated correspondence, and one evening, as I was driving down to the House with Mr. Gladstone after dining at Carlton Terrace, I had physical demonstration of the earnestness and impressiveness of my host, for in the course of the discussion, mistaking my thigh for the box on the table in the House of Commons, he left a mark upon it which I mournfully regarded at bed-time as a proof that I was in the right.

I sometimes had the high privilege of assisting Mr. Gladstone in his work, and there was at one time a question of my becoming his private secretary, a step which was warmly advocated by Mr. Brand, the then Speaker, Lady Waldegrave, and other friends, and which was for a time entertained, but it was eventually decided that Lord Frederick Cavendish should be appointed, which was a very great disappointment to me on both personal and political grounds. A year or two after, that accomplished young nobleman was murdered in Ireland.

And here I throw down my pen in disgust at the *jejeune* insufficiency and poverty of this sketch. It is impossible to express what I feel about "Mr. G."—the ennobling influence he has exercised over the political atmosphere of half a century—

"Nihil tetegit quod non ornavit"—

the personal influence for good he has had over me and many scores of other so-called "Gladstonian items." These things we cannot argue, we know them.

CARDINAL MANNING.

There is no man whose friendship I have considered so great a privilege as that of the late Cardinal Manning.

I was first brought into connection with him as a go-between Mr. Forster and the Catholic Party during the passing of the Education Act in 1870, but I had made his acquaintance several years previously, when I succeeded in getting Father Nugent appointed the first Catholic Chaplain at Walton Gaol. We remained on the most intimate terms, and he often dined with us at Queen's

Gate Place while I was in Parliament, on which occasion a tray of tea and toast was placed before him. I never went to London afterwards without writing to him for an appointment, and in this way spent two hours with him twice a year. During the last twelve years he always, in making the appointment, mentioned what he wanted to discuss—the Temperance Cause, Education, or Homes for the working classes.

It was arranged at one time that we should write a joint article on the political and moral effects of the amalgamation of the great breweries into Limited Companies, and he wrote me the following letter on the subject :—

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.
July 17th, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. MEILLY,

I thank you very much for my brief, and I will get up my case with all my heart, for I am charitably vengeful against the Drink Trade. Drunkards I pity, but the Drink Trade I have no pity for.

Yours very truly,
HENRY E. CARD. ARCHBP.

One day, at 11 a.m., while waiting for him in his library, a cold room without even paint or decoration, I opened a side door and found myself in the small gallery of the Chapel. Before the altar there knelt the spare ascetic form of the Cardinal. He was quite alone. A few minutes afterwards he was warming his hands over the little fire, and sadly discoursing on the misery and poverty of what he always called "my poor people," and admiring their extraordinary charity and kindness to one another.

I think Cardinal Manning was one of the most religious men I ever met. He was for some years very intent upon my conversion to his Church, and we had long discussions

on the subject. From conversations I had with him before he went to Rome, I was very much disappointed at his giving his adhesion to the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope, and still more to that of the Immaculate Conception. I know he hesitated long. The influences of the Holy City and the enthusiasm of the Œcumenical Council quite carried away the good Cardinal. But with him as with Newman, and in a lesser degree Lord Selborne and Mr. Gladstone, I have often felt that the authority of the Church, when pronounced *ex cathedrâ*, is allowed to override all human judgment. This order of mind gives what might appear to be undue weight to the Sacred Traditions, and would seem not even to allow itself the right to question them.

I remember a lady once asking me who, of all the public men I had ever known, I regarded as the noblest, purest, and most directly in communion with the Spirit of God. And I replied that I was unable in this category to distinguish between Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, and Lord Selborne, so pre-eminent did they each appear to me in these qualities, above all other men whom I had ever known.

Sydney Smith, when he chanced to see a beggar blind or crippled from his birth, used to stop and say, "Ah! another of poor old Prov's mistakes." So I have heard an irreverent person remark that, in the allocation of their positions to these three illustrious double-firsts at Oxford, Providence had made three mistakes—for Gladstone should have been the Cardinal (when he would certainly ere now have filled the Papal chair), Manning should have been Lord Chancellor, and Lord Selborne the Premier of the Conservative Party.

I should like to write an essay contrasting these three distinguished statesmen, but the time is not yet come.

I saw Cardinal Manning a few weeks before his death. He appeared very weak and ill, but he was quite cheerful, and as much interested as ever in the various philanthropic causes which he had always at heart. We said farewell, and I think we both knew it was for ever in this world. And thus, in the earlier days of 1892, a noble and self-sacrificing life came to a calm and peaceful end. I received these touching lines from his secretary and friend, Canon Johnson, a few days later :—

Archbishop's House, Westminster,
January 24th, 1892.

DEAR MR. MELLY,

I thank you for the beautiful cross you so kindly sent as a tribute of affectionate respect to the dear deceased Cardinal Archbishop.

It is not generally known in this country, even amongst Catholics, that the Catholic Church does not sanction the use of flowers at funerals, except in the case of young children who have died before they were old enough to offend God.

Knowing it here, we felt bound in regard to his Eminence (the head, under the Sovereign Pontiff, of the Catholic Church in England) to adhere most strictly to the Church's word. But do not let this distress you ; your sending the cross has done as much honour to the Cardinal, and has given as much pleasure to God, as if it had been laid upon his bier. Our loss and our sorrow have been great, but we have also had great consolation in the thought of the dear Cardinal, so full of good work, and in his most calm and holy death.

Wishing you every grace and blessing,

I remain, yours faithfully,

W. A. JOHNSON.

The little cross was of lilies of the valley, with an M in the centre of red geranium buds. I venture to think my friend had led as blameless and pure a life as any young child.

JOHN BRIGHT.

I first met Mr. Bright in 1857, during the election for South Lancashire, as I was sent over to consult with the Manchester leaders about the election address of Mr. J. P. Heywood. It is curious to-day to remember the difficulty which then arose. Mr. Heywood was in favour of the ballot, but the Liverpool Whigs refused to allow any mention of it in his address, while the Manchester Radicals insisted on the pledge being included. Mr. Bright was furious. Without a clear understanding as to the ballot, he said Manchester would not support Mr. Heywood. He carried his point.

From that time, whenever occasion arose, I received the greatest possible kindness from Mr. Bright. In the House of Commons he never failed to listen to, often to help me with my speeches, and many and many a time I joined his levee in the smoking room, receiving the warmest welcome. There, too, Lord Stanley (the late Lord Derby), a statesmen who never knew whether he was a cautious Conservative or an ardent Radical, also sat at the feet of the great orator and imbibed words of wisdom.

I will add nothing here to the many descriptions which have been given of Mr. Bright's oratory. I was more impressed by what he and his friend Mr. Cobden had done in giving free bread and free votes to the people than by his later performances as a statesman. He was always *difficile*, and often impracticable; but of his kindness and consideration to young men I cannot say enough. In the spring of 1869 I had a sort of nervous fever, due to the work of the Endowed Schools Commission. Mr. Bright

came to see me, and in a fit of the blues I told him I intended to resign my seat. He some days afterwards wrote me the following letter:—

Llandudno, North Wales,

May 24th, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. MELLY,

I am sorry to hear of your illness, and am now more so to hear that you have been so ill. You have given yourself no rest, and you have broken down.

I once broke down for two years. It is by experience of this kind that we learn. I hope you will learn and be wiser in future.

I think you should not give up your seat. You have done much for the borough, and your friends there may well have some forbearance towards you. The majority in the House is so large that one vote is not so important as I have known it in times past.

I advise you to keep your seat, even though you may not be able to come to the House again during the session. It may be well for you to write to your chief supporters: I am sure they will be glad to make full allowance for your disappointment and for your absence.

Don't resign; and give yourself every chance of getting thoroughly well.

Always sincerely yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

Mr. Bright was an ardent and brilliant fisherman. He also had great faith in the honesty of human nature. One hot afternoon, driving through a very desolate region between Loch Assynt and Laarg, nor house nor human being in sight, I found a parcel containing a twenty-pound salmon neatly bound up in grass and rushes, lying half across the road. It was addressed in Mr. Bright's hand to his sister at Edinburgh, and had just been caught in a river five miles away. That salmon duly arrived at its destination.

HENRY FAWCETT.

I first met "the blind man" at Brighton, where I assisted him in his election, and we remained very intimate friends during all the time I was in Parliament. He often dined with us, and, except for the use of a little box containing salt, no one would have known he was blind. In his own house he received, walked about, and presided as if he was not blind. He always monopolized the conversation, and what he said was well worth hearing. It must be remembered that a blind man sees no expression in his audience, does not know what is going on, and unless he is talking himself feels left out in the cold. He was an advanced thinker and Radical, deeply imbued with the good, sound old political economy of Adam Smith and Ricardo, among whom he now takes his place as teacher. In early days he was a most uncompromising and independent Radical, and later on the most efficient and considerate Postmaster-General we ever had. In 1873 he and his followers brought Mr. Gladstone's Government to grief; and the tale is worth telling, though it might more properly be included in my Gladstoniana.

In 1868, while Mr. Gladstone was preparing one of his great speeches, I think for Leigh, his notes—which I always saw either before or afterwards, because I was charged with the revision of his speeches, which were published in pamphlet form twenty-four hours after their delivery—contained these words, "This deadly Upas tree has three branches—the Irish Church, the Irish Land, and Irish Education." I remember that the Whig section of the Ministry, with wise acumen, foreseeing disaster, and always keen for the evasion of burning questions,

strongly objected to the Upas tree having more than two branches, and protested against Mr. Gladstone giving himself away so prematurely on the most difficult of Irish questions. Five years afterwards, when the Irish Church had been disestablished, and the first Land Act passed, Mr. Gladstone, as his custom is, proceeded to make good the third pledge of the Leigh speech. But the Radicals, led by Mr. Fawcett, refused to make such a concession to the Catholicism of Ireland as was involved in Mr. Gladstone's proposals, and a cave was formed which, after much oratory and heart-burning, placed the Government in a minority of three, and destroyed the Administration. The Prince of Wales, as is his wont on great occasions, sat behind the clock, and was there welcomed by Lord Barrington, Disraeli's secretary, to whom he remarked, " Yes, the coming K. has come to see the going G."

Mr. Fawcett's sense of touch and hearing were miraculous. It was understood when you walked with him that you should press his arm a step before you left the parapet to cross the street. In animated conversation I often forgot this, and caused him a jar, for which I was playfully reproved. He recognized the footsteps, the hand-shake, and, I need not say the voices, of all his friends, and of most of the principal members of the House. With marvellous patience and perfect temper he had overcome all the difficulties involved in the terrible accident which had deprived him of sight. By his death the Unionist Party lost one of their most powerful advocates, and the nation one of its most honest and fearless guides.

CHAPTER IV.

OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

THE successful speaker, *Nascitur non fit*, and people are wrong who imagine that even such a man can get up and address two or three thousand persons in public meeting assembled, without the most careful preparation, the most earnest thought, and very considerable moral courage.

When, in happier days, I was a frequent guest at Highbury where I went several times to stay with Mr. Chamberlain, while Mr. Bright and he were preparing their speeches for the annual meeting of their constituents, I remember Mr. Bright remarking that, as the Duke of Wellington said, if anyone asserted that he went into battle and was not afraid, he should not believe him, so he with all his practice, lasting over forty years, never began to speak at a public meeting without much trepidation, still less in the House of Commons. He used extensive notes written on very small pieces of paper, and to watch the preparation of these was very interesting. They contained headings in brief, and felicitous expressions in *extenso*, while the peroration was carefully composed and committed to memory.

I heard a capital story many years ago, about one of Mr. Gladstone's perorations, I think at the close of

some great Budget speech. Mr. Lowe wrote him a letter the next morning in Latin verse accusing him of plagiarism from one of the speeches of Demosthenes. He replied in Greek Iambics repudiating the soft impeachment. I never saw the correspondence—I should not have understood it if I had—but it is just what you might have expected from these two distinguished scholars.

I have been often struck with, I feel almost inclined to say, the insolence of some speakers, who venture to address audiences without preparation, and who meander along with dreary and oft-repeated platitudes. Such persons always suffer from the disease of being unable to sit down. Mr. Massey, who was the Chairman of Committee of the House of Commons, 1874, was a past master, and taught me much about public speaking. He said that the great point was to know how and when to sit down, but, above all, to watch the audience and carry it with you as far as possible, although of course there may be occasions when you must insist upon their listening to what you believe it is fit and right that they should hear.

In the course of the last forty years I have spoken in London, in all parts of Lancashire and the Midlands, and very often indeed in Staffordshire. And I would thus class the audiences. The best at St. Helens; after that the Potteries, especially Burslem; then East Lancashire; the rest nowhere. The most difficult speeches I have ever had to make were at Preston and other towns in Lancashire during the Cotton Famine, adjuring starving operatives to deprecate intervention in favour of the slave-owning South. No prophet is honoured in his own borough, and no Liverpool meeting, except during the

Bulgarian atrocities agitation, has cared to listen to me, so it is not wonderful that I regard a Liverpool audience as of the worst. They are flat, and slow to respond. Knowing they always were, and always will be beaten at every election, they are without enthusiasm. Some speakers require support; they cannot interpret and represent on the platform feelings which are not present in the hall. They miss the electric sympathy which should flash incessantly between speaker and audience, and they fail, as in Liverpool I mostly did. Yet I venture to think that there is no pleasurable sensation which can be compared to the successful delivery of a brilliant speech to some 2,000 enthusiastic Liberals, who wait on every word, seize every point, and cheer every full stop. Especially if you have your notes in order, your good stories to hand, and your peroration "writ large" on the table before you. I have "run in" at Rugby, ridden to hounds on a good horse, and killed fifty brace of birds, but the successful delivery of a good speech, followed by a winning poll, "takes the cake," as the masher has it.

In the House of Commons I only made three or four speeches of importance, *i.e.*, lasting over an hour. What the House of Commons liked in my day was a sharp ten or twenty minutes, with a good story and some facts or figures which it had not heard before. What it appears to enjoy to-day is a few hours of Messrs. Hanbury, Bartley, and Bowles.

I remember getting into a great scrape with some facts and figures when telling the House of Commons of a little scene which I had witnessed in a Manchester club. I was arguing against the exclusion of the Nonconformists from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, an abominable

state of Clerical and High Tory ascendancy, which was swept away by Mr. Gladstone's Government in 1870. And I told the House how I was once taken into the billiard-room of a club in Manchester, where I saw six or eight young men playing "pool" in their shirt sleeves, and with beautifully-embroidered braces; and I was told that these young men would inherit incomes of many thousands a year, and would in the time to come be responsible as the employers of many thousands of workpeople. They would have in their hands immense power alike from their position and their capital. And I went on to show how these young men would come to man's estate deprived, according to the Tory view, of the highest form of education and cultivation. And why? I asked. "Because they are all of Nonconformist parentage, and you have excluded them, by your hateful class and religious prejudices, from your great Universities." The speech was a great success. The *Times* had a leader on the embroidered braces, but the correspondence from the North of England in the course of the next few days was extremely painful, and I overheard two great Lancashire magnates, one of whom died the other day worth about two millions, discussing my most impertinent anecdote in the smoking room. "Why," said one to the other, "Who is Melly? what right has he to make a show of our sons? I don't believe he is worth fifty thousand pounds himself." There is an arrogance of dollars which is even more despicable than that of class or religion.

I remember Mr. Whitbread once saying that the House of Commons was a school of oratory even to those who never spoke, and that if a man sat there for ten years without ever making a speech, and then spoke, he would

speak infinitely better than he had been able to do before.

It was very amusing to watch the funny little tricks of the great orators. Mr. Gladstone has a curious little way of scratching the top of his head with one finger, and also of stepping backwards and forwards from his seat to the table, with his hands in his tail pockets. Occasionally, at exciting periods of his speech, he would dash his hand upon the box in front of him, and on one occasion Disraeli leant over and interrupted him. "Eh, eh, what?" said Mr. Gladstone, halting in the middle of a brilliant sentence. "I was only going to ask," said Disraeli in his sweetest tones, "whether you had hurt your hand." Those were the little episodes that did not make Mr. Gladstone love Disraeli. He thought him too much given to levity.

Sir Roundell Palmer had a pleasant little habit of feeling with two fingers, first in one waistcoat pocket and then in another, for half a sovereign, which he made believe to bring out and look at. This seemed to help him along. I suggested to one of his daughters that I should slip a coin into his pocket, but we decided that this would be perilous, for if he found the coin it might stay the flow of his persuasive periods. I sat next to Sir Roundell Palmer for three sessions, and during his opposition to the Irish Church Act took note of what passed during his absence. The marvellous use he made of these notes, when answering the speakers as if he had heard them, was very striking.

I always much disliked seeing members go out whilst I was speaking; it made me think I was speaking badly, and I could not always persuade myself that they were called out by a friend, or had letters to write to catch the post. Some men can so deceive themselves.

As has been so often said, Mr. Gladstone stands alone, approached by no one in the art of Parliamentary speaking: in lofty declamation, as in playful wit and satire—in lucid explanation, making even the dreary details of the Budget into a romance—in scathing indignation, and dramatic asides, and with exuberant gestures which seem to come quite naturally, illustrating and embellishing every phrase and each section of the speech. He was always intensely nervous, and is seriously put out and disturbed by interruption. Sometimes too prolix, and each statement of fact or opinion too often deleted by qualifications, or, as his enemies would say, back doors of escape. Yet there never has been anyone in my time, I see no one growing up, who promises to resemble in the least degree the style or power of Mr. Gladstone's public speaking.

When I was dining with him at Court Hey two years ago he awarded in this category the very highest praise to Mr. Chamberlain, to whom he accorded the palm. Not only, he said, was Mr. Chamberlain replete in municipal experience and executive ability, but he placed his debating powers above those of any man now in the House of Commons; and he went on talking for some time in this strain, without any allusion whatever to Mr. Chamberlain's new views on Irish questions, or hostile attitude to himself, to which of course no one alluded.

There is no more beautiful characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's disposition than what he himself calls "the happy gift of being able to tread contested ground in a spirit which raises no ill blood." Single-minded and honest himself, he assumes that others are guided by similar motives. No one so impartially weighs the merits even of his most hostile opponents.

I was at no time carried away by Mr. Chamberlain's eloquence, and I have heard him continuously ever since his first entrance into public life. He is not sympathetic in manner, his tones are metallic, and there is an acrid malignity in his attacks, whether in demanding "ransom" from "those who neither toil nor spin," or in his assaults during the last few years upon his former friends and colleagues, but of his abilities and powers there can be no question. No one takes such quick advantage of hostile interruption, and few can seize with equal lucidity the weak point in the argument of his adversary, or expose it more mercilessly. Still, with all his ability, experience, and unrivalled debating powers, it is possible that his faults of temper may militate against his rising to the place to which his ambition and abilities alike point.

I remember how, on driving back to Highbury after one of their great annual meetings, the members received a most enthusiastic ovation from a crowd of many thousand citizens assembled round the Town Hall. It was the hey-day of the ex-Mayor's popularity. There was no division, all the townsfolk were Liberals, proud of their City, of its Municipal Gas and Waterworks, of its schools, improvements, and sanitary reforms. Mr. Bright showed much emotion, and even I, a mere spectator, was deeply moved, but the hero of this great demonstration of popular approval sat cold, hard, untouched. So marked was his indifference to the cheers of the people that Mr. Bright observed upon it afterwards to me, he could not understand the total self-absorption and want of sympathy shown. A leader of men, he said, should be *sympathique*.

The eloquence of John Bright, on the contrary, always impressed me. In all the points I have spoken of, he presented a strong contrast to his Birmingham colleague. Patriotism, single-mindedness, absence of self-seeking, and a perfect courtesy, were the characteristics of all his later appearances in public life. The purity of diction of his two-syllabic utterances, composed with great simplicity, and in words culled almost entirely from the Bible or Shakespeare, affected all his hearers. He spoke with the impressive delivery and calm dignity of one conscious of a long career in which his work and opinions had become the heritage of the people. I have only heard one man speak whom I could compare to Mr. Bright, my dear old friend Charles Beard. If I were asked to whom I owe most in any political success I may have had, or any good I may have done, I would say Mr. Gladstone has taught me how to *feel*, and Mr. Bright has taught me what to *think* on political matters.

Perhaps the most brilliant and versatile of the public speakers in my time was Vernon Harcourt—"Historicus." With a magnificent figure and folded arms, he dominated the House of Commons after the manner of the elder Pitt, ponderous declamation alternating with flashes of wit and good stories. Perhaps these last smelt somewhat of the midnight oil, and I often saw his speeches written out in a large hand on folio sheets of paper before their delivery, and he had a premature habit of telling his good stories to his friends before they were published. But, as a platformist especially, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of to-day has few rivals, while his position as speaker or debater in the House of Commons seems to point him out as Mr. Gladstone's successor in the lead.

Although I am a strong advocate for the careful preparation of speeches, I remember once making an impromptu one with much success. Driving late in the evening from one large public meeting to another in East Lancashire, I accidentally picked up a local reporter and asked him whether the audience I was going to address cared for Home Rule, or, if not, what topic would most interest them. He told me that the village was in a state of revolution as regarded *School* rule, as the only squire and employer of labour had, in conjunction with the vicar, quarrelled with all the mill hands, and that the schools were closed pending an application to the Privy Council.

It would appear that the squire had insisted on the schoolmaster playing the harmonium in the parish church (which, as he was a Dissenter, he did not see the force of) while the Vicar held that the schoolmistress should occupy her leisure hours in acting as nursery governess to the vicarage children (or some such foolish assumption of illegal power). Thereupon the headmaster had been dismissed and the school "marm" had resigned, upon which the population had revolted and the children refused to attend school, which, as many of them were half-timers, brought them into collision with the Bench, on which, of course, they found the mill-owner and the Vicar.

Having taken part while in Parliament in all the educational debates in the House of Commons, I easily appreciated the situation, and saw how effective a speech could be made, provided a fair start could be achieved. Fortunately, I had an hour's time for preparation while the candidate spoke, and I achieved my object by pointing out how singularly fitted my friend was to be Minister of

Education, and what policy he would pursue if he was confronted with difficulties arising in the Denominational Schools from the way in which they are sometimes regarded as the private property of the squire and parson. I then proceeded to draw a fancy picture of a village like that in which I was speaking, and gave a careful account of the dismissal, the strike, and the appeal to headquarters. The speech had an extraordinary success. First the mill-hands in the front row began to nudge one another, and gradually the audience became extremely excited. But when the Vicar and his family, who had come to listen to what we had to say about Ireland, realizing that we were talking about the parish schools, retired amid derisive cheers, my success was assured.

I was glad to learn afterwards that the polling in that village far exceeded the most favourable hopes of the Liberal candidate, as in a heretofore Tory district he secured a large majority.

The saddest speech I ever made was made in 1875, at my own house, in reply to a deputation of my late constituency, consisting of Mr. Woodall, the present (1893) member for the Hanley Division of Stoke, Mr. Wragge, Lord Granville's partner, the Mayors of Stoke, Hanley, and Longton, and other friends, who presented me with a superb album, magnificently bound in Coromandel wood, containing an address of regret and 24 sheets of signatures, 993 in number, of all the leading officials and inhabitants of the Parliamentary Borough, irrespective of politics.

This album, the conception and execution of which was due to Mr. William Woodall, my oldest friend and most valued supporter in Stoke, had taken more than a year in its preparation. Each sheet was illuminated and em-

bellished with original designs by the masters and pupils of the Schools of Art, and by the designers and draughtsmen of the chief china manufactories. It was also decorated with photographs of the public buildings of the six towns which were included in the Parliamentary Borough.

This unique and beautiful present had involved much time and trouble in preparation, and the cost of it was rumoured to be from £200 to £300.

My wife and I entertained the deputation and some private friends to dinner after the presentation, and it was upon this occasion that the sad speech was made to which I have referred.

I have included as an Appendix a report of this function. It forms, I venture to think, a worthy record of a more than political connection between a member and a constituency, which must ever remain among his most cherished and enduring "Recollections."

I would have made a much sadder speech had I realized that this ceremony brought my Parliamentary career to a final end. My fellow-citizens have been very good to me during these eighteen years; they have called me to fill many important positions—Chairman of the Reform Club, of the Bank of Liverpool, of the Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Co.—while I have remained on terms of friendship, sometimes even of intimate correspondence, with many old colleagues who are now called to serve their country in its highest offices; but there is no consolation, when he is brushed aside, for one who has ever been even a fly on the wheel which governs the destiny of our mighty Empire.

At each General Election I have endeavoured to assist any of my friends who asked my aid. Like the old hunter,

I have galloped down the paddock in company, while the huntsmen and hounds passed along on the other side of the hedge!

I annex a page from my diary, showing the part I took in the General Election of 1892, in support of Mr. William Allen, M.P., at Newcastle-under-Lyme, Mr. Alfred Billson, M.P., in North Devon, Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth, M.P., in Clitheroe, and Mr. Smith, M.P., in N. Lonsdale.

GENERAL ELECTION TOUR, JUNE—JULY, 1892.

22 June.	Newcastle-under-Lyme ...	Spoke Silverdale	(3)
		do. Tunstall	
23 June.	do. ...	do. Newcastle	
24 June.	do. ...	do. Wolstanton	
25 June.	Returned home	... ...	(3)
28 June.	Clitheroe, Lancashire ...	Spoke Barrowfield	(3)
		do. Briarfield	
29 June.	Returned home; returned to Clitheroe	do. Haggate	(6)
	and returned home to bed	do. Worsethorne	
30 June.	Barnstaple, S. Devon ...	Spoke Braunton	(10)
1 July.	do. do. ...	do. Barnstaple	
		do. Northam	
2 July.	do. do. ...	do. Appledore	
		do. Borthoe	
3 July.	Travelled home 7.45 a.m. to 3 a.m. *Via* Exeter		(20)
4 July.	Newcastle-under-Lyme ...	Spoke Silverdale	(3)
		do. Tunstall	
		do. Newcastle	
5 July.	do. POLL.		
	Returned home; returned Stoke	Spoke Newcastle	(5)
7 July.	Lonsdale division, Lancashire	do. Coniston	(5)
	Returned home, 8 July ...	... ...	(5)
9 July.	Leek division, Staffordshire...	Spoke Leek ...	(3)
	Returned home, 9 July ...	... ...	(4)

TOTAL—12 Nights, 19 Speeches, 70 hrs. Railway Travelling.

RESULT—WON: Newcastle-under-Lyme, Barnstaple, Clitheroe, N. Lonsdale.

LOST: Leek.

G. M , last Electioneering Tour at 62 years of age.

I have heard many ladies speak in my time—Mary Carpenter on Reformatory Schools, Miss Becker on the Suffrage and the Ballot, Lady Dilke on Co-operation and Women's Trade Unions, Lady H. Somerset on Temperance, the late Lady Sandhurst on the wrongs of Ireland, Mrs. Besant on Mahatmas. There is a wonderful monotony in lady speaking. They show no diffidence or shyness, they never halt or hesitate, nor are they ever eloquent. They pour it all out in one broad stream, without a ripple of wit or ornament. I should be inclined to say that they do not orate, they only talk and converse. So, too, it is interesting to watch their reception at great Liberal meetings. All the audience is curious to hear them, but I always feel as if they were little *en rapport*, and that a considerable section of their hearers disapproved of their presence.

At a great meeting at Stoke a few years ago the late Lady Sandhurst felt this so much that she entered into a powerful defence of the rights of women to educate the weaker sex. "We may play for them, it is not held to be unwomanly to sing to them, why may we not talk politics to them?" she asked. I did not think my friends the potters were convinced.

By far the best speakers I ever heard of these brilliant sisters were Mrs. Fawcett and Mrs. Besant. The latter discoursed with great ability and clearness on her new Religion, to a very large audience of working men, for more than an hour. Nothing could be better chosen than her adjectives, while the composition of her sentences was perfect. She appeared to me to preach the Christianity of St. John under another name, and it was most curious to note the bursts of reverent applause whenever she gave

a quotation from the Bible, or an argument from the Sermon on the Mount. She did not go into the question of broken tea-cups.

But let not any words which I have written leave the impression that I am not deeply sensitive of the good work which has been accomplished by our "Lady helps" in the great changes which have taken place during the last forty years. We owe our nursing system, which brings able and tender help alike to the houses of the rich and the cottages of the poor, to Florence Nightingale, the Reformatory and Industrial School system to Mary Carpenter, and the Temperance cause has never been so powerfully pleaded as by the ladies who are now at the head of that movement.

CHAPTER V.

OF PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN.

LORD ARTHUR RUSSELL.

WHEN I took my seat in the House of Commons, in February, 1868, I found myself between Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Hastings Russell, and his brother Arthur, on the third bench above the gangway.

Hence arose a friendship with Arthur Russell which lasted until April, 1892, when, after long suffering very nobly borne, it was terminated by his untimely death. This friendship was perhaps founded on my great admiration for the most accomplished man I ever met—a man equipped with a rare knowledge of men and things, of many languages, and of the purest taste in art and literature. It was confirmed and strengthened by hospitality and kindness received for twenty-four years, and even stood the test of the great disunion which broke up the Liberal Party in 1886, and which few friendships survived.

Lord Arthur, as he subsequently became, was of all men the most delightful as host, talker, and listener (a rarer virtue), and especially as a cicerone. He knew of all the things to see which nobody saw, and I shall never forget the days we spent with him in Paris, at Easter, 1872, and the queer corners and quaint sights he showed

us. He was a lover of shop windows, of curios, and old folios, and knew most of the cities in Europe as well as his favourite London. As Steele says of the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, "To know him was a liberal education;" still more to go about with him.

Private Secretary in his youth to his uncle, Lord John Russell, he always had access to the inner circles of political life, and had it not been for his diffidence as to his own powers, and his modesty, he would have played a far larger part. Still, as it was, he was one of those who maintained the high reputation of the House of Commons of those days for courtesy, information, tact, and handed down its best traditions to his successors.

The sons of Lady William Russell, the three devoted brothers—Odo, afterwards Lord Amphtill, the brilliant diplomatist, our ambassador at Berlin—Hastings Russell, afterwards Duke of Bedford—and Arthur—have all joined the majority, each leaving a blank in the lives of a crowd of loving friends.

LADY ARTHUR RUSSELL.

Riding in the park, after the "Debacle" of the General Election of 1874, with Sir Erskine May, I remarked how terribly out of it and unhappy looked the men who had been thrown out of Parliament, and who mooned about in the park and purlieus of the House. "They are," said I, "As angels shut out from Paradise." "Yes," replied Sir Erskine May—

"'The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,'

and if you ask them to dinner they are still out of it, for

they have not heard Vernon Harcourt's last *bon mot*, Sir Wilfred Lawson's last doggrel, or the finest speech Mr. Gladstone ever made in his life (that evening)." Said I, "If I am ever thrown I will never set foot in London, or look to you for a feed."

The following year I was myself in the sad plight I had deplored. I had accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and I never set foot in London for seven years.

From this morbid foolishness I was roused by Lady Arthur Russell, whom I met at dinner at Knowsley, and who persuaded me to stay at Audley Square, to see the opening of the Royal Law Courts.

It was a grand and impressive spectacle, quite unique, and which can never be repeated. The magnificent Gothic Hall—the procession of the Queen, full of the majesty and dignity which distinguishes her among all the crowned heads in Europe—the gathering of all the judges and legal officers of the Realm, and all its statesmen, poets, and pretty women—the stately address by Lord Selborne —the clear and silver tones of the Sovereign, who announced that her Courts of Justice were open—it was a scene never to be forgotten.

During the following eight years I stayed at Audley Square "two lovely weeks" (one in June, one in December), as I once heard Miss Grant, the Princess of the United States, say, and words are not coined which would express my enjoyment of these two short visits, breaking each year the grey monotony of commercial and provincial life.

The *salon*, celebrated already in the days of Lady William Russell, was still held on Sunday afternoon, and among the many interesting people I have met I might note Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Lecky, Browning, Henry

James, Hamilton Aidé, Lord Wolseley, Lyulph Stanley, and many of the Liberal leaders of the day.

I often ask myself, as I pen these happy recollections, "What have I done to meet with so much kindness from so many nice people?"

LORD AND LADY DALHOUSIE.

I first made the acquaintance of Lord Ramsay during his contest in 1880 for Liverpool (then undivided), hurrying home from Zurich, to take part in that important by-election. It was noteworthy as being the first battle in which Home Rule played a part, Lord Ramsay being the first English Member who advocated that policy.

It was also noteworthy as being the largest poll ever taken, and also one of the fairest and most good humoured, as well as one of the best-organised elections I ever took part in, and the crowd fell in love—as did everyone else—with the beautiful Lady Ramsay, but the Protestantism and Toryism of the "good old town" was not to be won over to Home Rule by an earnest young Naval officer and his lovely wife, and the poll was declared as follows, to our great disappointment:—

Mr. Whitley - - - -	26,106
Lord Ramsay - - -	23,885

We formed an intimate friendship at that time which lasted from then to his early and untimely death. On my arrival by a late train at the Adelphi Hotel, I joined him at supper, and Lady Ramsay came in from her room, vision of a lovely school-girl, in a white *peignoir*, with her beautiful long hair down her back. I afterwards found

her to be not only one of the most fascinating, but one of the most accomplished women I ever met. She was a rare French scholar, well read in its classics, and I can re-call many readings of Racine and Corneille, on wet days, at Brechin Castle, while the hostess and her guests painted in oil or water colours.

Lord Ramsay was beaten in his first contest for Liverpool, but he was returned in the following March as minority member, and represented the city till he was called to the House of Lords in August of the same year.

He was pre-eminently what Sir William Harcourt calls *homme serieux*,* but even he would have admitted that he was delightful to live with. I never met a man so impressed—I had almost written depressed—by an overwhelming sense of duty, and of the responsibilities of place and position. As Commander of the *Britannia* training ship, where his devotion to duty laid the seeds of his future ill-health—as a Radical member of Parliament—as Secretary of State for Scotland—and, above all, as landlord, when he succeeded to the Brechin and Panmure estates, impoverished by long neglect and heavily charged with mortgages, he did good work. Churches, schools, and cottages were rapidly planned and erected, while he enacted, as regards his Scotch estates, a special law, which anticipated all the best features of the Irish Land Acts.

Nor was it all plain sailing. The Reformer is not always popular. I recollect one afternoon, when we stopped shooting to inspect some beautiful new four-roomed cottages on the Panmure estates, we found much difficulty in obtaining access to the upper rooms, while there were traces in the lower ones that the vicious

* See page 33.

system of boys and girls, young and old, sleeping in the same room, was still in force. So I slipped round to the back and found a plank from the garden to the first-floor bedroom, up which, as the setting sun gilded the barley stucks, in stately procession marched a goodly show of cocks and hens. The best bedroom had become a fowl-house! His Lordship was very angry, but the crofters pretended that the house was "varra cauld, and the bairns could not bide except all togither."

There was a good tale at Brechin, while I was there, of a very old Scotch Earl, who was devoted to the Kirk, and arrangements had to be made to convey him to three places of worship on the coming Sabbath. He came in to lunch much comforted by a long and eloquent sermon on the text, "Now Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever," but at tea time he was much disturbed, for having been driven five miles the same preacher gave out the same text, "Now Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." Lord Dalhousie promised him this should not occur again, and he went off in a brougham to a Kirk nine miles from Brechin. But he returned before supper in great dudgeon. The same "meenister" turned up again, but when he once more gave out the familiar text, "Now Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever," the irate old Earl sprang from his seat. "No!" said he, "the auld wife has been sick of that fever since ten o'clock the morn, I'll no stay to hear if she be not deid the now," and walked out of Kirk. It would appear that, all the neighbouring incumbents having gone to a gathering of the Kirks, the preacher had undertaken to conduct all the services, and had driven round twenty miles in a tax cart.

Lady Dalhousie rendered us a great service in 1883,

when my third son, Willy, broke down at School. The London expert whom I consulted advised that he should leave school, and go to Switzerland and live with a chamois hunter, or be apprenticed to a game-keeper in the Highlands, one of those prescriptions which are more easily given than followed. I was lunching with her ladyship, and on my telling her of my dilemma she said, "Apprentice him to us, and he shall go to our head keeper at Panmure, whose wife will make him perfectly comfortable." So this was arranged, and he spent fifteen months most happily, learning all the woodcraft of game-keeping, the packing and selling of pheasants' eggs, getting up at five a.m. to trap rabbits and vermin, or sitting up all night to watch for poachers. During the season, he acted as ghillie to his kind host, and returned home completely restored to health.

It was during my visit to Brechin Castle, in 1883, that I had the opportunity of understanding the mystery of the "muffled drums of Airlie," which are only heard when disaster or death threatens the House of Airlie, and it happened in this wise.

We all drove over the hills to Cortachy Castle, to lunch with Lord and Lady Dudley, who had taken the house for the season, and when the young sons and their tutor came in from shooting on the "hull," they told us that they had all very distinctly heard the sound as of drums at exactly three p.m. that afternoon. This was, of course, regarded as very serious, as the young Lord Airlie was with his regiment on the N.W. Frontier in India, exposed to peril of war or fever, and of the hearing of the drums the witnesses were confident, and there could be no doubt whatever. The following day

Cortachy Castle was burnt to the ground, and the legend seemed about to gain fresh authority.

We heard the news at dinner, by swift messenger over the hills, and great was the bustle and excitement. All the carriages and ponies were sent in aid, the men all gave up their rooms and shifted their things, and preparations were made for the reception of the burnt-out party.

At ten o'clock Lord and Lady Dudley arrived. They were out driving when the fire took place, and Lady Dudley brought her husband, who was very infirm, straight on to Brechin, persuading him that he was invited to play a rubber of whist with the Dalhousies. I was told off to play, and it was hinted to me that on no account must the poor old man be allowed to lose the rubber. When I took up my hand I found I held four by honours and a few small trumps! However, all conspiring, we succeeded in getting him to take up seven tricks, and he won his rubber, and was safe in bed and asleep before the arrival of the party. They arrived in high spirits. Having lost everything but their jewellery, no one had anything to wear till clothes arrived from London, three days afterwards, and they presented a motley appearance till then, in riding and driving dresses, knickerbockers, and shooting boots. It was observed that the only persons who behaved badly were the ladies' maids. The fire had spread so rapidly that the poor things had not even had time to save their clothes. They had acted with much pluck as the fire rapidly consumed the Castle, and had each saved the jewels in their charge, some throwing cases and parcels through the window, but since then had given themselves up to hysterics, which they renewed on arrival, at two a.m., in the Brechin omnibus.

We were a very merry party, I think forty strong, though where everyone slept I cannot say. I shared the billiard table with some "guns."

When the party broke up, the Airlie legend, which the fire had confirmed, received a serious blow, for as I was escorting some of the younger guests to Dunkeld we met at the Junction a circus party, elephants and "hoop-la's," coming from Kerrimuir, and I was foolish enough to interview the athlete who dealt with the big drum, and I found that he played on his instrument every afternoon from 2.30 p.m. to 3 p.m., to attract visitors to the afternoon performance. Now the hills of Rottal are only nine miles from Kerrimuir, and the wind was N.W. when the "muffled drums of Airlie" which presaged the great fire were heard. So the legend came to a very natural end in the view of this sceptic.

My explanation was unpopular. I found it was unwise when in Scotland to throw discredit upon family legends. They are dear to the Scotch soul, and he who attempts to explain them away is met with "dour" looks.

During the next seven years I saw much of these friends. In 1887 Lord Dalhousie's health broke down under press of much work and anxiety, and he and his wife went to America, hoping that a complete change might set matters right; but the accounts we received were not satisfactory. On their return Lady Dalhousie was taken ill on the passage, and died on landing at Havre. The separation of the young husband and wife was brief; within twenty-four hours they were once more united. His was a short career, full of promise and good work—a short life nobly lived. With a less high sense of its responsibility and duties it would have lasted longer.

DOCTOR TAIT (ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY).

My Rugby studies were presided over by Dr. Tait, though I never attained to the Sixth Form and had the advantage of his personal teaching. On the other hand, I was always made very welcome in the Schoolhouse nursery, for I have always been devoted to babies, especially in their earliest hours. Mrs. Tait's "Gamp" used to say that her lady's first words were, "Send for Melly of Price's to see if the baby's all right;" be this as it may be, I was very fond of the five little Rugby babies.

Alas! years afterwards, after Dr. Tait had become Dean of Carlisle, they were all swept away in one terrible week by scarlet fever, and this indirectly led to the promotion of the bereaved father: for his correspondence with the Queen, who had written most touching letters sympathizing with him in his terrible loss, so greatly impressed her with the power and beauty of his character that she insisted upon his removal to London, and afterwards on his appointment as Archbishop of Canterbury. Except only when Mr. Gladstone is Premier, and perhaps not even then, no one has more influence in the high appointments in the Church than the Queen.

I once acted as courier in a journey abroad to my old Schoolmaster and his wife. He wrote me the kindest letters when I entered Parliament, and I was not seldom a guest at Lambeth.

MONSIEUR DE PRESSENSÉ.

While I was in Paris, in 1872, with Lord Arthur Russell, he introduced me to M. de Pressensé, the leader of the Protestants of France. We spent the day

with him at Versailles; one of the most enjoyable and perfect days I ever remember as regards place, weather, and interesting conversation. I afterwards heard him give a wedding address, which struck me forcibly. "You pass to-day," he said, "from the plural to the singular. From being two you become one, and many words are banished from your joint vocabulary. Henceforward nothing is mine or thine, for everything is ours. There is no more you and I, for everything has become we. The union is perfect, in body, in mind, in worldly goods and pleasures, in earthly duties and aspirations, and in Heavenly inspirations—henceforward you are not two, but one." This is a very imperfect report, and in French it sounded far more effective.

MATHEW ARNOLD.

Mathew Arnold was my private tutor for some months at Rugby, and we always maintained the most friendly acquaintanceship whenever we met. I believe I was the first person who ever heard the words, "sweetness and light," as used by that brilliant satirist. We had had a very long and most enjoyable walk over the hills above Fox How, and, as we parted on the bridge which spans the little river leading to Dr. Arnold's old home, he was describing the coarse materialism of the middle-class families with whom he had come in contact at the supper parties given in his honour, in the course of his provincial tours as School Inspector. I laughingly pointed out to him that he was very ungrateful, when they had opened their rarely-used drawing-room, spread the antimacassars out over the arm chairs, put copies of "Religion and

Dogma" and of his Poems on the table, and laid out in the dining-room a supper of roast beef and mutton, of fowls flanked by ducks, of ham and tongue, of sherry, port, and drinks galore, all in his honour, that he should mock at them, call their hospitality materialism, their respectability Philistinism, and the simple faith of their forefathers superstition. "This is all very true," said he, "these people are all you say they are; they are the salt of the earth, but still they are devoid of sweetness and light."

Dr. Arnold died just before I went to Rugby, but with hardly any friends have I had such pleasant relations, of none more delightful recollections than of the Arnold family, Mathew, Edwin, William (the brilliant Indian soldier), whom I knew from Rugby days; they are all gone, but their charming sisters remain with us: Miss Arnold, Mrs. W. E. Forster, and Mrs. Cropper, friends from Rugby days till to-day.

CHARLES DICKENS.

I often met Charles Dickens in old days. He was a delightful conversationalist, egotistic no doubt, but I did not dine out to listen to House of Commons shop when Dickens was present. I remember he told me that "David Copperfield" was to be regarded not only as his best work, but as his own autobiography. I was at a private tutor's in the Norfolk fens, in 1849, while Dickens was studying the local features for his book. Ham's boat was on the beach, and Peggotty's cart brought the bread every morning to my cottage, and took away the washing on Saturday. Dickens was rather more of a photographist

than a creator, and his powers of observation and memory were extraordinary. One evening at dinner he skilfully turned the conversation on this peculiarity of his, and turning to the lady of the house, said, "As I brought you in to dinner I noticed, in the library which we passed through, that on the third shelf the seventh volume of the Waverley Novels was missing, and that the tenth volume was upside down. There were three letters on the hall table. The addresses of two of them were thus-wise; the third was upside down, but I saw it was directed to Colchester; I could not decipher the rest of the address." Politeness impelled us to believe that this little scenery was not carefully prepared.

WILKIE COLLINS.

I sat next Wilkie Collins, a funny little short, dark man, with a big head and long hair, at dinner at Sir Charles Dilke's, and we had a most amusing conversation on ghosts, apparitions, and coincidences. We repudiated all belief in the first two, and a very great faith and interest in the third. Wilkie Collins suggested that there were only two sorts of ghosts—one came in through the door, and should be dealt with with a revolver; the other came up through the floor, and should be treated with a blue pill. After dinner we all sat round the room and told stories of coincidences. This was my contribution. It has the advantage of being absolutely true:—

On August the 31st, in the days of the "Woman in White," I was travelling north, and, like everyone in those days, was intensely excited as to the *dénouement* of the best of all Wilkie Collins' stories. (Fifty years ago

my uncles at Quarry Bank sent a man on horseback nine miles to meet the Edinburgh coach to Manchester, that they might be the first possessors of the next section of the Waverley Novels. So history repeats itself.) At Preston Station, not yet monopolized by W. H. Smith & Co., there was a bookstall presided over by a red-haired girl called "Emily," who was a curious literary character and full of early information. She was a great friend of mine, as she was a Radical and I was the defeated candidate for Preston.

I persuaded her to give me her proof copy of the *September* number of the "Woman in White," on condition that I showed it to no one, and returned it that night by the Carlisle guard. Returning to my carriage, I read the number with great interest, and throwing it down on the seat, ejaculated, "I will pay a fiver to know what there is in the *October* number." A quiet, gentlemanly young man in the corner took up a black bag, and said, "Hand over your five pounds. If you will promise to tell no one, and to make no bets (for in those days there was much betting as to the course of the tale), you shall read the *October* number." I promised, and read. I was actually travelling in *August* with the publisher's emissary, who was going to sail from Glasgow to New York, in charge of the *October* number, to ensure its simultaneous publication in New York on the first of October.

My story had a great success. Wilkie Collins confirmed his part of it, and was greatly pleased. The many other tales of miraculous coincidences which were told that evening, and the numbers which I have heard and noted in my life, would fill a volume. But these recollections are purely egotistical, so I will only jot down one more.

On Sunday afternoon it was the custom at the Dell of Abernethy to take a long walk to a little pine-covered wood, and to sit and lie about, admiring the lovely view of the ptarmigan-haunted Bynoch. I dote on lighting fires, and always make one whenever I have the chance. In the course of this childish exploit I lost a little gold Venetian chain, to which a small ivory cross was attached. That cross has a tale to it which I will never divulge.

Rewards were offered, and ghillies and little boys made thorough search, but the bauble appeared to be irrevocably lost. On the same Sunday on the following year I told the story in the same place. The charred embers of the fire were still perceptible, but the site was overgrown with brambles and heather. As I pointed my stick to the place, and poked among the brambles, the little chain and ivory cross appeared at the end of my stick. I have before remarked that every story in this book is to be believed.

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

I travelled in 1849 from Milan to Geneva in a *coupè* of a diligence with Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli, and a few years ago in a train from Liverpool to London with Madame Trebelli. These songstresses each beguiled the way with remembrances of former operas.

I have had supper with J. L. Toole, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and Charles Wyndham, who was very anxious to obtain a careful and correct account of the acting of the elder Southern in "David Garrick," and also with Irving and Ellen Terry. Miss Terry flitted about, attending to her guests, like Tilburina, but in black velvet and lace, while Irving told tales of the Scotch minister who

thought it wrong to come and see him in "Othello," because he had been told that the chief characteristic of Irving's performances were legs, and also of the compliment he once received from a young nobleman of the genus masher, who said, "Irving, old boy, your performance was ripping; the 'Lyons Mail' is awfully magnificent. What I most admired was the lather on the horses, and then the steam was too awfully good; do tell, do you put buckets of boiling water behind the horses?" "Such enthusiastic admiration," said Irving, "makes the actor humble." He lunched on the following day at Knowsley, to meet Mr. Gladstone, and had a most interesting conversation on oratory, declamation, and gesture, in which I doubt not the great orator taught the great actor his "business."

JENNY LIND.

In 1851 a *furore*, such as has rarely been seen, arose about the Swedish nightingale, and, though no comparison whatever could properly exist between Grisi, the greatest of operatic *prima donnas*, and Jenny Lind, the most melodious singer who has ever sung at oratorios, Lind and Grisi parties were formed to maintain the rivalry between the "Norma" and the "Figlia del Reggimento." I was one of those who heard both the great singers on the same night in "Norma," driving from Covent Garden to Her Majesty's theatre between the acts. The Swedish lady was nowhere in this contest, any more than the Italian could have held in rapt admiration the thousands of musical devotees who crowded our Cathedrals for many years to hear the clear and sweet voice ringing out the words, "Rest in the Lord."

There was a pretty little tale going about in later years, when Jenny Lind was in the height of her concert reputation, and found, on her way to the Pavilion at Brighton, the little daughter of her lodging-house keeper sitting crying on the stairs. All her people had gone to the concert, but they could not afford to buy a guinea seat for her. The great singer carried the little girl upstairs, and sitting down to a piano, sang "Home, sweet home," for her private consolation, while the audience waited her arrival at the Pavilion.

A few years ago, when I was calling on Madame Goldschmidt, she and her daughter went to sing behind a curtain in the next room, and the mother tried to delude me as to who sang, and to persuade me that the daughter was another Jenny Lind. This was not so!

Jenny Lind was a curious instance of how much beauty depends upon manner and expression. She was very plain in feature, and had not a particularly good figure, but the charm of her expression, the purity and goodness which beamed from her eyes, and her every grace of movement, almost persuaded you that she was beautiful, and she had a host of admirers who declared she was lovely. I shall never forget her "Amina" in "La Sonnambula."

MARIO AND GRISI.

I spent a day, when I was a lad, with Mario and Grisi at their villa at Como, and I have seen and heard them very often since in opera at Milan, Paris, and London. As the old Rugbeian asserts that there never was an eleven like the one in his time, or a football player like

M. Waddington, now French Ambassador, so I would assert that there never was a "Norma" like Grisi, and no one will dispute that Mario was the prince of tenors. The last time I saw him was while I was on the committee of the Philharmonic Hall. He sang one of the grand old songs, but it was not in the grand old manner. The lower notes were slurred, and the higher notes were evaded, and the youthful audience, "which knew not Joseph," were cold. He came back to the green room, lit a cigarette, and threw himself upon the sofa. A few minutes afterwards Madame Patti came in after her song, and the room shook with the applause in the Hall. Patti came over to the sofa, leant over Mario, and said, "Je t'embrasse vieux lion," and kissed him on the forehead. The old man, in whose face and form you still could trace the relics of the handsomest man in Europe, looked up and smiled, "Tu me l'aura payé il y a trente ans, ma petite!"

But I am writing for those to whom these are names and only names, *præteria nihil*, or I could recall, among "People I have known," Miss Carpenter, Florence Nightingale, John Stuart Mill, and Sir John Lubbock, at whose house at High Elms I was in old times a visitor. There I saw the ants climbing little straw bridges leading to a lump of sugar, and watched my host examine and count many hundred primroses to distinguish their sex.

CHAPTER VI.

OF SOCIETY.

THE worst dinner I ever had in my life was in August, 1850, when I was walking with Benson Rathbone from Chamounix to Courmayor, over the N.W. shoulder of Mont Blanc. It was a three days' trip. We carried our own knapsacks and provisions, and were accompanied by the illustrious guide, Balmat. We slept in the open; there were no hotels every ten miles, as I believe now exist. On the third day the provisions gave out, owing to a miscalculation of distance, and we were both very hungry. I have always been extremely sensitive to both hunger and thirst, and was very miserable. Benson Rathbone bore hunger, and indeed all the ills of life (of which, however, few came in his way), with stoical composure—of all travelling companions the most good-tempered and interesting—a life-long friend from 1847 till last year, when his death created an irreparable blank in my life. But on that day we were very hungry. We were in a difficulty, as I was too weak and therefore unable, to proceed, but Balmat caught a marmot, which we cooked on a little wood fire and ate in its entirety, accompanied with a biscuit which had been in the guide's pocket for a week. The meal was very nauseous, but my craving was appeased, and so we reached Courmayor that night.

The best dinner I ever had in my life was at Lady Waldegrave's, in Carlton Gardens, in May, 1873. Those were "high old times" for the Liberal party. Disunion was unknown, and the Whig aristocracy deigned to lead the party, and also to devour nine-tenths of the loaves and fishes. But, even if they had *les défauts de leur qualités*, they were fully alive to their responsibilities. On that happy and excited evening when I arrived in London, in February, 1868, the victor of Stoke, after I had been introduced to the House of Commons by my old Rugby friend, Mr. Whitbread, the member for Bedford, and Mr. Paget, the member for Leicestershire, I received, on returning to the Reform Club, a little note signed "Frances Waldegrave," congratulating me on my brilliant victory, by which we won a by-election in the last days of Disraeli's administration, and asking me to a "small and early" evening party that night. During the following seven years I received the greatest courtesy from that *doyenne* of fine ladies, the accomplished leader of society and Liberal politics.

Lady Waldegrave was herself a most zealous, active, and well-informed politician, and full of anxiety to know the latest news and the last development of strategy, of which Sir Erskine May in his letter (see page 30) accuses me of having been the gossip. But the best dinner is getting cold.

On arriving at eight o'clock, I found Mr. Chichester Fortescue, Lady Waldegrave and her niece Miss Braham, and in two or three moments the rest of the party arrived—the Duchess of Manchester, Lord Hartington, of course; the French Ambassador and his wife, Vernon Harcourt, then celebrated as "Historicus," and one or two more. At 8.15 the host and hostess left the room to meet the Duke of Cambridge, and we sat down to dinner at once,

a party of twelve. Out of courtesy to Prince Talleyrand, the conversation was in French, and when it became general, after the ladies had left the room, I had the good fortune to support H.R.H. in a dispute which he had with Prince Talleyrand about something his father had said, or not said, to the Duke of Wellington fifty years ago, and in which I was able to prove H.R.H.'s contention by reference to some lately-published despatches which our host produced out of the library. This greatly delighted H.R.H., who was very exuberant, loyalty forbids me to say a little noisy.

The best dinner I ever had was a very little one—two soups, two fishes, two made dishes (hot and iced), woodcock, snipe, and wild duck, iced pudding, and a magnificent dessert of English, foreign, and Indian fruits. There were twelve servants in the house livery, and plates were removed, and new ones handed, also choice of each dish, with the precision of a military manœuvre. The dinner was served off the table, which was a great novelty in those days. It lasted exactly forty minutes.

What chiefly struck me on the few occasions when, through my political position, and I think also my facility in speaking French, I dined with what a friend of mine calls "smart people," was the total absence of fuss, the perfect punctuality, the old-world courtesy and consideration, shown more especially to unknown and undistinguished guests, and, if one could use the word where all is so refined, costly, and luxurious, the great simplicity and order with which everything is carried out.

In 1874 I stayed at Strawberry Hill from Friday till Monday. There was a very large party staying in the house, and I occupied a little room on the ground floor,

which was once Horace Walpole's library. I was attended upon by a distinguished "Jeames," who took great care of me, and the head gardener submitted a choice of buttonholes twice a day. In the morning a *major domo* waited upon each guest with a slate, on which his instructions were to be entered. Would you ride with so-and-so, or drive with the ladies, or boat and fish, or go up the river in a steam launch and picnic? Dinner would be at eight to-night, to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, and there is a dance afterwards of sixty or seventy people from nine till twelve, for it was Saturday night. On Sunday a choice of Churches, or a seat in the garden, where Vernon Harcourt dilated on the squabbles in the Cabinet and generally derided the Nonconformists, who were then, as now, about five-sixths of the Liberal party, and who claimed a very small voice in the direction of its policy in those days.

I had just had a scene in the House of Commons with Harcourt, who was on the most intimate terms at the moment with Disraeli, who had pressed him to join him, and a serious fracas had taken place between us, Harcourt having talked of presumptuous Radicalism bringing the party to grief. (I have heard that criticism for forty years, and I hear it still.) I replied that the Solicitor-General (as he then was) appeared to be making preparations to leave the ship, and that in my opinion there was a worse rat than the one that left the sinking ship, namely, the rat that remained in the ship and bored a hole in her bottom to sink her. This, which happened in the House at two o'clock in the morning, when the reporters were gone to bed, led to strained relations between Harcourt and me, and Lady Waldegrave had no doubt intervened

to effect a reconciliation at Strawberry Hill, in which she was quite successful.

I remember that when we all came in to tea on Saturday evening, there was great grief because Miss Braham's dress had miscarried, and she had nothing to wear but a plain tulle dress, which to the feminine eye was insufficient. The French Ambassadress made a brilliant suggestion, that each of the gentlemen should go out and gather rose leaves of various tints, which should be gummed on the skirt, with whole roses to decorate the bodice. In a few moments the dress was standing on a dummy; the great ladies, armed with gum brushes, were affixing the petals of various tints, while the politicians stood round handing their baskets. The frock was a brilliant success; H.R.H. the Princess was charmed both with the idea and with its execution.

I have often told the tale, and have since seen more than one similar dress, but on which the petals were not of real roses, and did not come off all the evening on the ball-room floor.

There were three circles in the ball-room—in the first, Royalties and those invited to join, only danced, and after supper, while I was dancing with Lady Lathom, an equerry was sent to ask us to join it. I noticed that while Royalties were dancing no one else did so. On the other hand, they showed great consideration both in starting to dance and again in stopping in a short lapse of time.

The supper was very small and exquisite. I have a vision of iced mayonnaise and quails in aspic, which makes me almost as hungry as when I ate the marmot.

I have but a limited experience of country house life—Brechin Castle with the Dalhousies, Normanhurst with

the Brasseys, Gawthorpe Hall with the Shuttleworths, Southill with the Whitbreads—but I should say that the distinguishing characteristic of them all is the perfect good humour of the guests and the total absence of pretension and fuss on the part of the hosts, the smoothness with which everything works, while the non-appearance of the hostess until directly before lunch probably conduces to the perfection of the arrangements for the comfort of every guest.

I remember a curious discussion I once had with Sir Erskine May, in 1873, about the great prevalence of fair-haired women. He maintained that there were four epochs in history in which the ladies had dyed their hair auburn or blonde. In the ancient days of Greece, when the Hetaira reigned supreme—in the time of the Roman empire, immediately before its fall—in the reign of Charles the Second, and of Louis XV., immediately before the Revolution. This fashion, he asserted, always preceded and presaged the ruin of the State. I asked him if, then, he thought that the final ruin of England, so often predicted by the Tories, was at hand. "No," he replied, "there is much that is rotten in the condition of London and London society, but the nation will be saved by the provinces and their strict respectability, and by the Political Dissenter and the Philistines, who Mathew Arnold declares are devoid of 'sweetness and light.'"

Nothing struck me during my long residence in London so much as the want of sagacity on questions of European policy and on world-wide events. Society, as represented by the clubs and drawing rooms, and in a large degree by the Metropolitan Press, appeared to me always to take the wrong side, wrong in principle according to Liberal opinion, and equally wrong as to results.

In 1860 they were unanimous as to the favourable prospects of the Southern States and the certainty of the disruption of the American Union by the victory of the Secessionists. It was as one crying in the wilderness to try and persuade them that forty millions of people, who, and whose fathers, had left Europe to avoid the curse of standing armies, custom houses, and frontier wars, were going to permit the establishment of two great Republics in America. They insisted on believing that the Southern planter, being a gentleman, would defeat the Yankee mobs, and that the slaves, when offered their freedom, would cling faithfully to their old masters, who had treated them so well, for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had failed to open the eyes of the inhabitants of the West End. So, too, they could not trust Lancashire to bear with patience the terrible trial of the cotton famine, and to deprecate intervention in favour of the South.

Ten years afterwards they were equally certain that the armies of the Emperor Napoleon III. would occupy Berlin. I am not a betting man, but I made a great deal of money by backing Germany at good odds, so obstinate were the whole of the Conservative party, supported by all the best military authorities. I remember one bet I made with Lord Elcho that no Imperial army would ever cross the Rhine, and that the Emperor would be captive, killed, a suicide, dethroned, or a prisoner before the 1st of September. I lost this bet, because some of these things happened at Sedan *on* the 1st of September.

Lord Granville sent for me to ask why I held such strong opinions, and I pointed out the moral rottenness of French Society, the disunion of parties, Legitimist and Republican, the corruption rampant in the Army, and the

disloyalty and jealousy of the French Generals, who would probably refuse to support one another, as each of them was playing for the succession to the Empire on the death of the Emperor Napoleon. All these things came true a few weeks later, but to the last, the great majority of the House of Commons and the overwhelming majority of "smart people" clung to their ignorant prejudices against Germany, and continued to exhibit their total want of appreciation of her powers.

Again, for many years it was held in the same quarters as a cardinal article of faith that the Turkish misrule of her outlying provinces was to be condoned, nay, supported, as forming the true bulwark against Russian aggression. It was reserved for Mr. Gladstone to show that a free, self-governed Servia and a united Bulgaria were the true defences of Constantinople. The complete change of public opinion in this matter is one of Mr. Gladstone's greatest achievements.

"Smart" Society in London is very pleasant, witty, and gay, refined and courteous, hospitable and luxurious, but the young Liberal member must accept its views on foreign affairs with hesitation, and on home affairs with an indulgent smile. On both foreign and home affairs the Unexpected of Society occurs, and what it deems to be the Impossible happens.

Society, *de novitatis avida*, sets up each season an idol for ephemeral worship. I can remember Kossuth, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the Shah of Persia, the elephant "Jumbo," Henry M. Stanley on the pedestal, and I am told that Mr. Chamberlain is the idol of to-day. It also permanently cherishes a favourite "Bogey," who for the last forty years has been Mr. Gladstone!

And if "Society" (with a big S) is sometimes given to idolatry, it is at all times a slave to fashion, and bows down to conventional rules. I remember how one evening, as we rode in line on our camels near by to the wells of Abu Klea in the Nubian Desert, lighted on our road towards the camp fires gleaming to our front, by the bright Star in the East, my father beguiled the way with *his* recollections, and told us how he was the first man to dance a waltz in the Wellington Rooms (in 1824), and how the dowagers stood round the circle, and, *pince-nez* in hand, declared that his partner, one of the three beautiful Countess sisters, could not be a "nice" girl, and they wondered how her parents could allow that young foreigner to put his arm round her waist. We smiled incredulously to hear the tale. *Autres temps autres mœurs.*

So my children smile when I tell them of the days when the feminine ear was a sacred and hidden mystery, and a young lady would rather have exhibited a whole ankle than the tip of an ear. In the Victorian Exhibition, three years ago, the pictures of royal marriages and christenings presented in chronological order the whole history of the concealment and exhibition of the ear, and the history of *coiffure*, from the Grecian knot, through the fringe, to the "bird's nest" period, and back to the Grecian knot. So also of crinolines and other obsolete and hideous fashions of by-gone days; but to write of fallals would take me far, for I have always been interested in *chiffons*, and have designed in my time many frocks which have had some success.

CHAPTER VII.

OF VOLUNTEERING.

IN the summer of 1859 a serious diplomatic difficulty sprang up between France and England, arising from the Orsini attempt to assassinate the French Emperor. Our friends across the Channel lost their heads, and there was much high-flown language in the Press, while the "French Colonels," with outrageous bombast, endeavoured to persuade Napoleon III. to form a new Boulogne camp and attempt the invasion of our defenceless shores.

Our army—depleted by the Crimean war, and further reduced by the Indian Mutiny, and the large force we were still obliged to maintain in the East—was probably at the lowest point since 1815. The whole nation took alarm, and during the autumn of 1859 some 200,000 to 250,000 men enrolled themselves as Volunteers, elected their officers, ordered their uniforms, and commenced by nightly drill in concert room, shed, and barn, to learn their duties as artillerymen, rifle, or linesmen. The movement was quite spontaneous, and intensely popular. Discountenanced by statesmen, snubbed by the Horse Guards, ridiculed by almost every military man, and without any initial support from the Treasury, the idea

took firm hold upon the people of all classes, and rapidly spread.

Early in October, Mr. James Walter, a shipowner of our City, called upon me and offered me the senior captaincy of a Brigade of Artillery, which he proposed to raise by an appeal to the clerks employed in Liverpool offices, of which the characteristic was that all the officers should be young merchants, and all the rank and file clerks and apprentices in their employ. The conditions as to uniform and expenses were most liberal, and on the 22nd November 600 officers and men marched into St. George's Hall, and were sworn in by the Mayor before all the notabilities of the town.

This was all plain sailing, and the Fourth Brigade Lancashire Artillery Volunteers gaily began their successful career; but I found, as Chairman of the Finance Committee, that my work was cut out for me in providing headquarters, 600 uniforms and accoutrements, arms, drill instructors, and all the endless requirements of such an organization. Times were very prosperous, the feelings of patriotism strong, and the purse-strings of the wealthy were unloosed. We raised some £3,000 in a few days, the officers contributing £50 or £100, and the rank and file £1 each. Afterwards the Committee bought and laid out a Parade Ground, which was sold later on for £3,000 profit on cost and expenses, and we became, and remain to this day, unique among Volunteer Regiments for the solvency of our financial position.

For the next seven years I devoted much of my time and thoughts to the perfecting and conduct of the affairs of the Brigade, and I do not think my energies were ever so usefully directed. The Regiment became the first

interest, outside the grey monotony of their daily duties, to 600 young men; the drill and march out a healthy change after their sedentary work; the headquarters, with its dramatic society, concert club, gymnasium, and drill shed, an inestimable boon to young men exposed to all the temptations of a great city. Though the 600 youths of 1859, and the 5,000 others who have during these thirty-four years passed through our ranks, have never been called upon to fight for their country, they have learnt to fight many another good fight, to master the lesson of order, silence, and obedience, of neat dressing, and respectful courtesy to officers and men alike.

It was long before the Volunteer movement was supported and recognized as the third line of our national defence, but from the first it became a vast power for good in purifying and strengthening our social system.

In the autumn of 1860, Lord Derby, who was, I think, at the time Prime Minister, invited all the Volunteers of Lancashire to a review in Knowsley Park, and as military secretary of the Liverpool field officers, the railway and commissariat arrangements were confided to me, under Admiral Hornby. I rode out one afternoon to Knowsley, to submit the details to our noble host, and was directed to follow him to the park, where he was shooting rabbits. He asked me to join him, and I had a very pleasant bit of sport.

Lord Derby was the best rabbit shot I ever met. He fired indiscriminately from the shoulder, the thigh, and the knee, and never seemed to miss. It appeared to me that there were as many spaniels as rabbits about, and I was put off my shooting from fear of killing a dog or a beater.

At tea-time I submitted the railway scheme for landing some 8,000 men in the Park between two and four p.m. (the Liverpool forces marched), and the commissariat proposal for feeding 12,000 men, which was as follows. The regiments were to be drawn up in line of columns all down the lower Park, as designated by each regimental flag. Behind each corps a tent was erected. To each regiment so drawn up was at four p.m. delivered, against the signature of the C.O., a cart containing ten hampers of food. Each hamper enclosed fifty parcels, each containing a pork pie, roll of bread, bun, two apples, two cigars, two fusees, while fifty-nine hogsheads of Knowsley ale, soda and lemonade, with mugs, were distributed among the twenty regimental tents.

These arrangements were most perfectly carried out. No train was late, no cart miscarried, there were no hungry or thirsty men. I have heard foolish people assert that no General in the service could take 10,000 men in and out of Hyde Park without confusion. The Lancashire Volunteer Field Officers, in the very infancy of the movement, brought—with the very cordial assistance of the traffic managers of the L. & N.W., the L. & Y., and the C.L. Committee—some 12,000 men into and out of Knowsley Park, and conveyed them back to their homes in every part of the county, within twelve hours.

As the Artillery were without guns, and the Infantry without ammunition, the review proper was confined to the usual march past and the general advance and salute, but it was held to be a great success, and our noble host was much pleased, more especially with an arrangement which had been made to remove the *débris* of 12,000 lunches before breakfast the following morning.

I was frequently in command of the Brigade at Reviews and general manœuvres, as Colonel Bourne, from his high rank, was generally in command of all the forces assembled; and I did not shine in that capacity—in fact, my horse "Diamond," a veteran charger, knew his drill better than I did, and often took me to the right spot in difficult evolutions. Had he been gifted with the powers of speech he would have saved me much sorrow when I received an order in the course of a great Liverpool Field Day, on the site of the present Sefton Park, under the direct command of H.R.H. the Commander-in-chief. He had ordered all the regiments to form up in echelon of columns, to receive the charge of the Lancashire Hussars, intended to check our advance upon a burning farm (at the corner of Ullet Road). The Fourth Brigade was twelve paces out of line, and a galloper arrived and shouted to me, "Move your square, sir, twelve paces to your right." I did not know how to move a square without re-forming column, and felt a fool. This caused delay, and down came the Duke full gallop upon my immovable square. "Who commands these men?" "Did you not receive my order? Will you move your square to the right or not?"—with the big D and the little D forcibly interspersed. Still I was dumb. So the Commander-in-chief took command in detail. "Brigade," said he, "front and rear face form fours outwards, left face right about turn; square, quick march." Twelve paces and they halted. It seems quite easy when you know how to do it. So do most things! When H.R.H. rode away I felt as if—well, every C.O. knows how I felt.

To show the spirit in which we did and enjoyed our work in old days, my children have asked me to include

in these "Recollections" a little sketch I wrote in 1864, in the character of a gunner, of our doings while quartered in the North Fort (Canada Dock), two batteries for a week each, in the summers of 1863-4.

I.

I am a gunner in the Fourth Brigade, L.A.V. I habitually wear (when on parade) the blue shell jacket with scarlet facings, and the blue trowsers with scarlet stripe, which distinguishes the important arm of the service of which I am, I hope, a not unworthy member. I am armed with an excellent weapon (at 300 yards), and a very neat thing in sword bayonets which requires much cleaning to keep it bright, a very jaunty cap, belt and pouch of polished leather (which requires no cleaning at all), completes my "fatigue dress." Of my "full marching order" I am not so proud; the "Busby" is a fancy dress affair which reflects small credit upon the committee of selection and the contractors, for not only is it extremely unlike any head-dress which an Artilleryman ever wore, but it wears badly, is not comfortable, and has a chimney-pot appearance, which exposes me to the ridicule of small boys. All Volunteers are more or less exposed to the ridicule of the general public, and have always to face a fire of chaff from the "gamins" of the "pavè," but the "busby" of the Fourth Brigade seems to be peculiarly offensive to "City Arabs," and to draw down upon the wearer nearly as many remarks as the "Robinson Crusoe" of the gallant Fifth in the days of its first formation and pristine strength; the tunic which forms part of my attire on gala days is a very pretty thing in "surtouts," not particularly military perhaps, in the eyes of the straight-

laced and pipe-clayed martinet of former days, but much appreciated by the fairer sex. "*L' habit ne fait pas le moine*," but the tunic of the Fourth Brigade is a gentlemanly costume for a small evening party, and I have thought it looked well at St. George's Hall when the grey and blue uniforms of the Rifles had a somewhat "stable" appearance.

But in the "Fourth Brigade" we pride ourselves less upon our uniforms than upon our organization. It is by the organization of a Regiment rather than by its appearance that its permanence will be secured; scarlet and silver, blue and green, helmet, shako, and plume, have been tried in other corps, but I was one of six hundred when I joined two years ago, and I am one of six hundred still. I confess I have a weakness for a large muster-roll. In the Volunteer movement, wisdom is with the many and foolishness with the few. Though I cannot see it myself (as the word is "eyes front," "attention"), I like to know that our line extends a long way down Mount Vernon Parade Ground, and I like to think when I reach the middle of Lord Street on a "march out," that the Colonel's friends at the Athenæum are still admiring the steady marching of the rear battery.

In a word, I love the Fourth Brigade, and when the sad order, "To the right face, dismiss," is given for the last time, I shall obey it with a heavy heart. But, from all appearances, that day is a long way off.

Recruited in September, 1859, from among the "office clerks" of the town, while we have maintained our numbers, we have month by month increased our efficiency, and added week by week to the strength of Volunteer service in England. There is nothing (once said Sir R. Peel) so fallacious as facts, except statistics; but the

figures of our headquarters have never to my knowledge been called in question, and the book-keeping there has, I know, been an example to many corps all over the country. This is a copy of the last official return, supplied to every member of our Brigade. It is dated 30th June, 1861, and our strength has not since diminished.

STATEMENT OF STRENGTH OF REGIMENT.

Colonel.	Major.	Captains.	Lieutenants.	Adjutant.	Surgeons.	Chaplain.	Bandmaster.	Non-Comm'sioned Officers & Gunners	Bandsmen.	Total.
1	1	8	16	1	2	1	1	478	56	565

We are, even in this very motive town (which, as every census shows, contains a greater amount of floating population than any other city), the most restless portion of the community; our resignations during 1860 amounted to 238, in 1861, to 1st June, 117. Of the old members less than 300 remain; where are the balance? The muster rolls of the Royal Artillery, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, of the Canadian Volunteers, of the Australian Rifles, the Volunteer Regiments in Manchester and elsewhere, would to some extent answer this question, but a large proportion are still among us as civilians. The change even from one department to another in the same office lead to scores of resignations, the promotion from clerk to principal has cost us many of our most trustworthy non-commissioned officers, and senior partners sometimes turn restive, or managing clerks exacting. To those who ignorantly asserted that the Volunteer movement originated in bravado, was based on uniform, and

supported by supper parties, we would simply point to the fact that 527 members of the Fourth Brigade were sworn in at St. George's Hall, on the 22nd of November, 1859—that from the causes before alluded to 300 have ceased to be members of our Brigade—that 340 new recruits have taken their places in our ranks, and that while on every side we hear murmurs of dissatisfaction, while each day brings a new rumour of the disruption of an *administrative* Battalion, while the power of Colonels and Majors, given by a heterogeneous mass of different companies, is already disputed, and seems about to be revoked, the Fourth Brigade still remains a sound and self-supporting portion of our Volunteer Service.

II.

Our friends the Rifles have often asked, "Where are your guns?" and the public at large have from time to time hinted that we were Artillerymen chiefly in name. Certainly the half solemn, half ridiculous farce we once enacted, when we marched through the principal streets of the good old town, with three brass field pieces drawn by three pair of matrimonial greys, with postillions in red evidently fresh from Bell's Adelphi Stables, threw a doubt on our claims to take the right of the line by virtue of our guns, and although, thanks to an enthusiastic young Lieutenant who belonged to an even more useful Brigade than the Fourth, forty of us made a creditable appearance at Knowsley in our real character of Gunners, and fired a salute with considerable precision and *eclat*, still we knew a good deal more about Brigade movements than Big gun practice, and understood our Carbine drill more perfectly than the theory of "correct elevation." All this is

changed, now fourteen consecutive drills of one and a half to two hours in length have taught us, if not the theory, at all events the *practice* of our profession, and from the letters which appeared daily in the columns of the penny press, from July to August, I apprehend that the Fourth Brigade became a living and very noisy reality to the residents down the coast, whether at Bootle or New Brighton.

The fact is, the weather, the great distance from our Headquarters to the Fort, the uncertainty as to whether the state of the tide would allow of the target being moored at a convenient spot, the ships which invariably anchored in our line, and the little boats which so often crossed it, rendered our attendance so irregular, and so seriously impeded our practice when we did get down to the Battery, that the summer was passing away, our supply of shot and shell remained almost untouched, and not a third of us were proficient gunners. It was then, with no little feelings of gratification, that I one morning received the following memorandum.

HEADQUARTERS,
LANCASHIRE ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS,
IV. BRIGADE.

MEM. No. 152.

OCCUPATION OF NORTH FORT.

1 It has been decided that each Battery should be quartered at the North Fort for Seven Days.

2 Your Battery will leave the Storehouse at 7 p.m., on Monday next, in *full marching order*, accompanied by a Band, and followed by a Baggage Waggon. (Each man must provide himself with knife, fork, and spoon, and take his undress uniform, and such plain clothes, &c., as he may require.) The Band will return the same evening, but two drummers and two buglers will remain in quarters. The Battery will

return in the same order on the following Monday, at 7 a.m., but without the Band.

3 The Programme of each day's proceeding will be as follows (subject, however, to the orders of the Senior Officer on duty).

6	0 a.m.	Parade and Gun Drill	Undress Uniform
8	0 „	Breakfast	
9	0 „	Return to Liverpool, Plain Clothes	
6	30 p.m.	Return from Liverpool, Plain Clothes	
7	0 „	Tea	
7	30 „	Parade or Gun Drill	Undress Uniform
9	0 „	Dismiss	

On Sunday they will attend Divine Service. The usual Guards will be mounted, but arrangements have been made for the necessary cleaning, cooking, &c., &c. At 10 p m. the Roll will be called, and no person will be allowed to enter or leave the Fort after that hour, except married officers and men, who will be allowed to sleep out, but they must be present at the Morning Parade.

4 The messing arrangements will include a meat tea and breakfast, each day, and dinner on Sunday. The sum of 12/6, which must be paid in advance, will cover the whole expenses of the week.

5 While quartered at the Fort, the orders and regulations now in force there will be duly obeyed and observed alike by officers and men.

6 This permission to occupy the North Fort, which will not only afford the Brigade seven days of most interesting drill, but also a very pleasant week, has been obtained with great difficulty as a special favour, and it is the hope of every officer that the Brigade will largely avail themselves of the privilege offered. The accommodation granted is a separate Barrack, containing 100 beds, and 6 officer's quarters. The Adjutant has expressed his intention of residing during the whole four weeks, the officers have all offered to take their share in the scheme, and it will much disappoint both them and me if each Battery is not represented by at least 45 rank and file.

(Signed)

JAMES BOURNE,

Lieut. Colonel.

JULY 4th, 1861.

The exertions of officers and non-commissioned officers during the next few days to get names for the North Fort, quite eclipsed even the efforts of Messrs. Turner and Cheetham's committees, who were rather active about the same time, and the anxiety at Headquarters to know the state of the canvass was equally great. The eventful Monday arrived; it was a fine day—a state of the atmosphere almost unknown to the Brigade, whose fixed days for pic-nic, march out, or weekly parades, have predicted wet weather with far greater regularity than Admiral Elliott's bulletins in the "Times." The muster at the Storehouse was most satisfactory: 1 Major, 2 Captains, 6 Lieutenants, 79 Rank and File, 2 Buglers, and a numerous portion of the Band, were included in our "marching in state." The Baggage Waggon turned out to be a "Lorry," bearing the name of a well-known cart-owner, but as the luggage was in charge of an experienced warehouseman, what we lost during the march in military show, we gained on arrival in the prompt and business-like delivery of our effects. If there had been a few hundred Liverpool lorries in the Crimea, under the charge of a strong detachment of Liverpool warehousemen, the corn and hay would have been forwarded from Balaclava, and perhaps the green coffee would have reached the camp; but it would not have been in accordance with "military regulation," so it was better as it was.

Talking of "regulation," the salute with which we were received at the Fort was strictly "book," but the cordial reception we got, and the continued kindness shown us by the excellent Lieutenant in charge and all his staff, was quite contrary to rule, and much too friendly to be more than alluded to in print.

Still, "the orders and regulations now in force there will be duly obeyed, &c.," so the barrack-master handed over the mess-rooms and men's quarters in most approved style, and our serjeants signed portentous receipts for 1 table, 3 benches, 1 shovel with a crack in it, 25 iron bedsteads, 25 rugs, and 12 iron spoons, which constituted the measure of our liability to H.M.'s Storekeeper. Everything was wholesome and clean, and if not exactly luxurious, still perfectly comfortable. By the time we were all settled in our rooms, each carbine in its rack over our beds, each belt and pouch hung up and our little necessaries unpacked, the Bugle sounded for tea, and we sat down eighty-four to a capital meal, provided by contract with the waiter at the Liverpool and London Chambers, who proved himself throughout the week to have mastered the all-important science of the commissariat, on which the efficiency of military bodies so much depends.

Tea over, the muster roll was called, and a short parade took place, ending with the usual command, "Order arms! Stand at ease."

III.

There certainly is, even in Liverpool, a freshness about the air, and a feeling of cleanliness about the atmosphere, at 5.25 a.m. on a July morning. Some people have been heard to express a wish that the world should be well aired each morning before they take their place therein, and many others act upon that idea without candidly avowing it, but I am bound to state, after seven days' experience, that the early bird catching the first rays of dawn has pleasurable sensations which fully make up for the loss of rest, and invigorated by the perfect purity

of the gale wafted upon the dormant Seaforth, or the yet unaroused New Brighton, feels amply repaid for his obedience to the punctual reveillé of our Bugler. I can't pretend to say where that eminent performer slept. I don't think he slept at all. My latest recollections of him, one night at 12.45 a.m., were of a figure clad in a white night-gown, wearing the memorable busby cocked on the side of his head, like a Life Guardsman's cap, and performing a wild and inharmonious hornpipe, with far more zeal than discretion, and much more energy than good taste, and yet at 5.30 he sounded a call which would have roused the dead out of their graves.

It takes some time to turn out for parade when no washing utensils are provided, and the pump is situate forty paces down the barrack yard, and all one's things are in a confused heap, in which the spoon and fork we were so particularly ordered to bring down are inextricably mixed up with the "full marching order" which we don't want, and the "fatigue dress" in which we must answer to our names in ten minutes. Stocks are not much worn by our Brigade, except when Colonel Morris is inspecting us, and a little fragment of shirt collar will give the junior Major the opportunity of making a remark, which he will not dislike. The tight-buttoned "shell" covers, like many shells, a multitude of sins, and as the Bugler sounds the second call we fall in eighty strong. The Guard have gone to their well-earned repose, and the business of the day commences.

It is a lovely morning; a thin haze hangs like a veil between the North Fort and the Bell Buoy, and a fictitious distance lends enchantment to the view of the New Brighton terraces; the commanding officer carefully

examines the target which the boatmen have put out during the night under the orders of the experienced adjutant, who shamed us all each day by his punctual attendance on parade. We all had a theory that if the target had not been taken in during the night before, it would have disappeared under the pacific and sleep loving auspices of our Bootle neighbours, and as the little fishing boats idly loitered near the range, we loudly expressed our conviction that they were salaried by the same friends to delay our practice until the Seaforth breakfast hour, and we murderously suggested that a shot should be fired to clear the course. The Gun detachments are fallen in, though the position of the mark leaves it doubtful how many guns can be brought to bear upon it, and when all is ready the word, "*from the right commence,*" is still delayed, for a fishing smack drifting slowly down with the tide seems nearly in our line of fire, or too dangerously near our target. Our sporting Captain, whose dragoon moustache, while it betrays his military education, conceals his present very civil profession, kindly offers to bring his "Turner" to bear upon the distant barrel, and though a dead hand at a pigeon at thirty yards, or an Altcar range with its measured distance, makes a very poor figure indeed at the Buoy moored at an unknown distance, and completely fails in his attempt to give us our "elevation." And now the 32-pounders are all loaded, the range is clear, the elevation of $3\frac{1}{2}$ degrees is suggested to each number 1, each number 7 stands steady, with the lanyard coiled tight round his right hand. "*Number* 1 *gun ready.*" "*Number* 1 *gun fire.*" Number 4 drifts the vent, as in duty bound, and every officer and man rushes up the stairs, and watches the progress of the shot. You

can see the little black ball almost when it leaves the gun, watch the semi-circle it performs through the air, and finally see it strike the water and rebound a dozen times, making ducks and drakes for many a thousand yards ere it buries itself in the calm sea. "*One to the right, seventy short.*" "A good line, however," says the officer to whose battery the gun belongs. "How could I tell the distance?" remarks the gunner who laid the gun. "4 *degrees of elevation,*" shouts the commanding officer, and a moment after, "*Number 2 ready! Number 2 fire!*" Again we all run up to see the result. The Adjutant marks down, "*In the line, two yards over.*" The range is ascertained, and with ever varying success the practice continues.

I need not say that the greatest caution was exercised by the officer commanding at each parade; not only did no accident occur, but no shot was fired until it had been carefully ascertained that even the most impossible "ricochet" would not threaten any boat or vessel in the river. Very amusing, however, was the terror of the captains and sailors on some of the shipping which lay near us. I remember one morning there was a steam tug close in to the fort; not being in the line, the senior officer gave the word "fire," when the man at the wheel on the boat, on hearing the report of the gun so close to him, in an instant, as though shot, relinquished his hold of the helm and threw himself flat on the deck, and no doubt now congratulates himself on having saved his life by his presence of mind.

I am afraid we were a sad nuisance to the public during the month; the continual report of the guns no doubt caused great annoyance to all who lived at the north end of the town or on the other side of the river, but if the

volunteer service is to be maintained as a permanent institution, all must be content to suffer some little inconvenience, and the time may come when, free from all alarm of invasion, our friends near the mouth of the river may sleep all the sounder because they were so much disturbed during the present summer. The Government, we hear, are about to build another fort, in which case the temporary annoyance of our practice will not be concentrated, as it was this year, in one particular locality.

The official residents at the Fort warmly praised the correctness of our fire; the guns were laid by each gunner in succession, and the officers did not interfere with the orders of each No. 1. Our success is not to be wondered at, for our profession is one requiring great exactness and minute attention to detail: we pass our lives in crossing our t's and dotting our i's, as the French have it; and, given the "elevation" and the "object," the most elementary knowledge of our new profession, added to our previous training, produced a result second to no militia regiment, and to but few brigades of Royal Artillery.

At 7.15 a.m. the commanding officer gives the word, "Cease firing," and a few minutes later the tackle is neatly coiled down, the guns are sponged out clean, the side-arms are laid down in their places, and the command, "Detachments rear," announces that the morning drill is over. Yet a few moments, and the sleepless musician appears at the window of the mess-room and sounds the well-known call, "As a company hungry, prepare to feed." The company are uncommonly hungry, and that command has not to be repeated. The large room is speedily filled, and three long tables spread with very substantial fare are instantly lined by eighty ravenous

gunners. Tea and coffee, lobscouse, fried ham, cold beef, bread and butter (some of the batteries insisted upon dry toast, but we were less aristocratic), form the staple of the meal, and in twenty minutes the commissariat is exhausted, and the Gunners of the Fourth, divesting themselves of all traces of military service, are donning the uniform of their peaceful profession. Yet an hour, and every member of that well-trained band of Volunteers will each be performing his allotted part in other organizations formed to carry on and to extend the vast scheme of civilizing commerce, which in his military capacity he is learning to protect when attacked. "I thought," says the Emperor Napoleon in a late number of Punch, "You were a nation of Shopkeepers." "So we are," replies our facetious friend, "these are the boys who keep the shop!"

IV.

In "Guy Mannering" Mr. Sampson is asked, "Are these three hours entirely spent in construing and translating?" And he replies, "Doubtless, no—we have also colloquial intercourse to sweeten study—*neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.*" So was the bow at times unbent in our hands. One of the marked peculiarities of the Volunteer service is the "colloquial intercourse" which is always going on in the ranks, and the gallant Fourth talks nearly as much as any of its brother regiments. "Not a word," shouts the respected Colonel on parade. "Silence there," calls out the hot-tempered Captain of the ——, in the midst of a "wheel;" but we always have a valuable observation to make at such a critical moment, or an important remark upon passing events, which, if sacrificed to "drill purposes" then, might

be lost to the world for ever. At great gun drill "colloquial intercourse" is absolutely necessary, and it is perfectly useless to attempt the "silent system" when working a 32-pounder. Smith must be told, or he will omit to serve the vent, and number 2's arms will be blown away; and of course, if we all tell him at once, he will be less likely to forget next time, and if everybody attempts to teach everyone else his business, it is obvious that everything will go very straight; while the deafening noise of each discharge is an excuse for any amount of casual conversation.

Nor did we in other respects overdraw the bow. After an hour and a half of gun drill, we were dismissed to the placid pipe, the quiet cigar, or the "athletic games," in which we lately exhibited our proficiency at Mount Vernon. Races, singlestick, boxing, putting the cannon ball, then afford amusement until darkness obliges the whole body to adjourn to the mess-room, where amid speeches and beer, song and whiskey and water, the evening soon comes to a close. It was at this period that we became most pleasantly aware of the fact that the North Fort contained among its permanent staff a professor not only proficient in the healing art, but of a very musical turn. The residents at New Brighton say they were roused from their beds at early dawn by the deep boom of our cannons, but the doctor of the 100th was literally torn from his couch each morning by the crash of our fire, rattling all his windows, causing his crockery to perform an inharmonious cavatina, and from six till breakfast time he paced the parade ground almost hoping that his services might be required. We only accommodated him twice; a torn finger and a crushed toe were our list of

casualties, and we had no other cases in hospital during our week. But if defrauded of his legitimate occupation, the good doctor rendered us pleasanter services on the piano, and trolled forth in plaintive melody some of the raciest Irish songs I ever heard. Nor was he unsupported by the convivial party gathered round him, who, with quite as much zeal as discretion, joined in the excellent choruses which terminated each verse.

Each evening among such a party (when all are bent on subscribing something to the general fund of amusement) brings out the latent powers of some individual, and there is much hidden talent in the Corps. "The Song of the Fourth Brigade" lies before me, composed, set to music, and engraved, by members of our body—the sketches which adorn this "brochure" (I will not call it a "pamphlet," for in these days anonymous pamphlets are too often supposed to be written by men in high authority, and to be important manifestoes of their views and policy) some of the little wood-cuts, I say, are copies from photographs taken by one of our officers—and during the week we had better singing, glee and solo, than are often heard in a more pretentious concert room.

Towards nine o'clock sundry gunners disappear from the scene, on receiving a mysterious nudge from a comrade with a short clay in his mouth, and four silver stripes upon his arm; a few minutes later some Lieutenant freshly joined receives a hint that he might as well retire to see if the Guard were nearly ready. At half-past nine the Captain in command of the battery upon which devolved the duty of the night, is summoned by a grim Sergeant, whose high busby and immense great-coat loom portentously through the smoky atmosphere. The official

routine of the day is over. The party break up and stroll down towards their respective barrack-rooms. The guard is turned out—but mounting guard requires special treatment.

V.

There seemed to be an understanding, at all events during our week at the North Fort, that night was *not* the hour for sleep, and except that indulged in by the guard (when off duty), the sum total of the rest enjoyed by the two companies, while at the battery, quite accounted for the fact that we were all remarkably late at our respective occupations during the following week. The peculiarity of our situation as *real soldiers*, the great and increasing discomfort of our palliasses—though the officers, unlike the Egyptians, did supply clean straw—the unusual sensation of going to bed in a large room with twenty-five companions, all tended to disincline us to sleep.

The first evening we heard (for whatever happens in our friendly brigade becomes at once the subject of "colloquial intercourse") that one of our Captains was highly indignant at finding he had not a room all to himself, his portmanteau and bedding having been quartered in a room with the carpet-bag and fixings of another officer. He at once raised the whole place with his protests against treatment "unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," while we were packed like prize cattle at an Agricultural Show, in long rows of six file each. We heard afterwards that he accommodated himself to a double-bedded room with a good grace, and that it was only in the interests of the Volunteer service, that by threatening all and sundry with court-martial, reports to the war office, &c., he

nearly frightened the substantial barrack-master into a fit. It is to be hoped that he slept well, but the guard reported that he was observed one morning at 2.30 a.m. treading the barrack-yard with cautious steps, having a box of cigars in one hand and a bottle in the other (the guard believes it was an empty bottle, or would have called upon him to stand and deliver).

There was one person who was supposed to have slept well during the week—the junior Major. Our reasons for that supposition were based upon the following facts and statistics. He was never seen after eleven o'clock each evening, and yet he was on parade every morning, and had a calm and fresh appearance as if he had *not* been up all night. He appeared quite unaware that any particular disturbance had occurred early in the morning, nor, on comparing notes, do any of the sentries remember hearing his "commanding voice" from the officers' mess-room, where festivities were often kept up to a very early hour. When to these damaging facts we add that a hansom appeared very regularly at the North Fort between 11 and 12 o'clock p.m., and between 5 and 6 a.m., we are led to the very painful conclusion that the junior Major slept at home, and sacrificed his military "devoir" to his domestic felicity. Well, if anyone had a right to a good night's rest, it was obviously the senior officer in command.

But all this time we are keeping the guard standing at "attention." Let them "stand at ease" while we make one or two remarks on the theory and practice of mounting guard. Like most theories, it only becomes absurd when you attempt to put it into practice. Nominally to guard and protect our important port and the vast amount of shipping and merchandise it contains, the Government

have at great expense constructed a fort which from its position does not command the entrance to the channel, from its construction would be useless in case of an attack, and would be dangerous only to its defenders, among whom the fragments of red sand-stone would scatter destruction as every shot struck it, and from its armament would be powerless against a frigate carrying rifled cannon. There ought to be a strong battery, "*à fleur d' eau*" presenting no mark to the enemy, and mounted with thirty Armstrong guns, facing and covering the whole entrance to the river. The theory then of the North Fort is faultless, but the practice is worse than absurd, because wasteful. Our especial duty as sentinels was to guard the Fort from sudden attack during the night, and to signal the approach of any hostile fleet during the small hours. No doubt Major Greig, knowing we were on guard, gave a holiday to the guardians of the public peace in that locality, and the look-out men at Holyhead, the Great Ormshead, and the Bell Buoy went peacefully to sleep at their posts.

The amount of careful inspection and military criticism which a gunner undergoes before he mounts guard would hardly be believed by anyone who had not witnessed the intricate operation of turning him out. As a mud-lark groping in the early dawn among the pebbles which the ebbing tide lays bare under the casemates, or a boat's crew taking off a convivial captain to his vessel, are among the only sights he is at all likely to see, and as the only living things which will see him are the doctor's cat or the early milkman, it seems strange that so much care should be devoted to his personal appearance and the polish of his accoutrements and carbine. But it is

written in the red book, and shall it not be carried out by our martinet and discipline-loving Brigade? First, then, the sentinel passes himself under a severe review before his glass, then calls on his friends to inspect him yet minutely, dons his big cloak and cape, draws on his gloves, and again submits himself to the private ordeal and good-humoured chaff of his friends. Is his busby straight? Is he all right? Will he do? The bugle calls, the guard falls in—six vast blue masses move to the front, and the Battery Sergeant Major puts them through the prescribed exercises, examines arms, inspects each fold of the cloak, each button of the tunic, and sees that every hair of the busby lies the right way. This done, he reports to the officer on duty that the guard is ready. The officer follows in the steps of the sergeant, and in a few minutes satisfies himself that the guard would satisfy even that fastidious and exquisite artillery-man, Col. Morris, C.B.

The guard, alternately supplied by each battery, consisted of a sergeant, junior non-commissioned, and four gunners, and was on duty in the guard-room from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m.; after the above inspection they are marched off to the guard-room, and after the most solemn rites and mysterious evolutions, one is posted in each of the proper places, while the rest, lying down on a well-planked bed, without pillow to rest on or rugs to cover them, make dreary and feeble attempts to catch a wink of sleep; every two hours the sentry on duty rouses the drowsy guard to relieve him, coming, like Francisco in Hamlet, "most carefully upon his hour"—besides this, when each hour the officer "visiting rounds" approaches, the sentry turns out the guard to present arms and show that they are

not dosing in their posts. Thus through the long night we sat up waiting the moment when our turn came to guard our sleeping comrades, to protect the "commercial emporium of the world," and to maintain the reputation of our corps by challenging every mouse that stirred with the grim summons, " Who comes there ? "

VI.

There was not one of our large party who was not sorry when the happy week drew near its close, or whose recollections of the North Fort are otherwise than pleasurable. We found the life there healthy and invigorating, while each day made us more familiar with the duties we had undertaken, and made the discharge of them more easy. It was a sort of well-regulated gipsy life, a continuous pic-nic "by order."

The fun which took place nightly in the dormitories recalled the early school days to which many of us look back so happily. The bolstering matches, the glorious songs (in which everyone chose his own key, and all showed a total indifference to the time and small deference to the tune), took one back to the years when our future was bounded by the day after to-morrow and the cricket match then to be played, when we had a half-holiday once a week and a month at home twice a year, and "office" responsibilities were yet undreamt of. But there was also much quiet "fun;" complimentary suppers were given by the senior to the junior batteries, and by the latter duly acknowledged in amusing speeches, and on the following evening reciprocated. There was also military fun, as the following " official report " will show.

REPORT OF FULL DRESS INSPECTION ON THE LEFT SUB-DIVISION OF THE SENIOR BATTERY:—

"At 11.30 a.m. the General summoned the Adjutant, and the Adjutant summoned the Bugler, who in his turn mustered the sub-division, by means of a penny trumpet, to a parade in full marching order—viz., busbies, black waist-belts, pouches, and white night-dresses; arms, the mops and brushes of each dormitory; band, the tin kettles and washing utensils so very liberally served out by the barrack master.

The detachment marched past in slow and quick time (the four corners of a table forming the wheeling points)—halted—presented arms—sang 'God save the Queen'—fell out—and fell into bed—but not to sleep—until a Dutch medley had been sung, or rather howled, first individually and then collectively; at about 2 o'clock the sub-division was aroused by the battery quartered above singing 'Dixie,' with the heel and toe accompaniments—which to this sub-division, who were courting tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, was very acceptable."

Yet amid all this fun and jollity worthy of the proverbial sandboy, not a single case of insubordination was reported, nor did a quarrel or an angry word impair the harmony of the mess-room, or the sleepless serenity of the dormitories. The two batteries confined their historic rivalry to a brisk contest for supremacy at gun drill. Six shots each, including the trial shot, at 2,000 yards; their merits were so equal that the prize, a pewter pot subscribed by the officers of both, was first awarded to the one, and an hour afterwards, on a further examination of the score, given to the other. The judgment of Paris was not more difficult, said the excellent Lieutenant in charge, who acted as umpire, and as the disputed result involved two christenings of the cup, the decision was popular alike with victor and vanquished.

On Saturday and Monday mornings there was shell practice, and we were initiated to some extent into the mysteries of charging the shells, and cutting the fuses.

On this, as on every occasion, the hearty zeal and cordiality of the Staff Sergeants of the Fort smoothed many of our difficulties, and rendered the task of learning our duty at once easy and agreeable.

Our military duties on Sunday were confined to the "Church Parade," after which we marched quietly to Bootle Church, where the Vicar cordially welcomed us, reserving the galleries for our use. Dinner at two, leave of absence till ten, with tea for those who wished it, brought the week to the close. Monday evening found us in "full marching order" once more, on our way back to the storehouse, where, amid the warmest congratulations on the brilliant success of our eight days' soldiering, we broke up and returned to our homes.

My task is ended! If this slight sketch shows how hearty and unanimous is the spirit which animates every man in our Brigade, be his rank what it may—if a sentence here and there points out how, by forbearance and consideration on the part of officers and men alike, discipline and efficiency may be maintained without diminishing the muster roll, and that the most military strictness "on parade" is not incompatible with perfect freedom "off duty"—above all, if any anecdotes or statistics contained in this little book, showing what may be accomplished by 30 officers and 550 men cordially united under one firm yet indulgent commanding officer, should encourage our brother volunteers who have not yet "consolidated" to throw aside all personal rivalry, small pique, or company jealousy, and to emulate our success, it will not have been written in vain.

The Fourth Brigade is not supported by the patriotism of a wealthy merchant prince, but by the subscriptions of

its own rank and file. It was not raised in the vast works of some great employer of labour, or organized as a brilliant appendage to a grand commercial undertaking; but it appeals to the individual sympathies of the important class from which it sprung, and by whom it is daily recruited.

"I do believe," says a friendly rifleman, "our author is going to send round the hat with the red and blue ribbons." Well! I don't care if I do.

Young friends! if any of you are still thinking of enlisting in the great patriotic army of England, and if you have not yet decided which regiment to join, allow me to suggest that there are always a few vacancies in the Fourth Brigade Lancashire Artillery Volunteers, and that our staff includes a non-commissioned officer wearing many medals and Crimean clasps, under whose zealous guidance and instruction you will soon be qualified to take your place amongst us—namely, our Drill Instructor.

In July, 1861, a pic-nic and review of my Battery was arranged to take place, while we occupied Bunbury Rectory, which will ever remain in my recollection as the most perfect *contretemps* with which I was ever connected.

I ordered No. 1 Battery, fifty strong, under command of its officers, to come to Beeston by a very early train from Liverpool, there to storm the Castle, which was held by the Peckforton Company of Cheshire Rifles. A review of all the forces was afterwards to be held, followed by dinner, races, games, and athletic sports. My wife had invited the wives of the officers of the

Brigade, and all the county people. The volunteers were a novelty, and all the invitations were eagerly accepted. The lunch, in a marquee near the summit of the Castle, was carefully provided and no pains were spared to render the fête memorable in the annals of Cheshire, and memorable it was. No one will ever forget it. The special trains arrived from Liverpool with No. 1 Battery and guns, the Cheshire troops took possession of the Castle, and the County arrived in gay apparel to do honour to the volunteers, to witness the carefully rehearsed battle, and to consume the sumptuous luncheon.

Then at mid-day, when all was prepared and the proceedings timed to commence, it began to rain, not to rain only but to pour in torrents, also to blow a gale which upset the tent, and played havoc with the collation for sixty, which was in course of being laid out. And then ensued a scene which none of us will ever forget. The ladies of the county and the officers' wives were quartered in the Castle lodge, in cottages, and farm buildings, for it was too wild and rough to ascend the hill to the marquees, while the one hundred men lay down behind walls, and hungrily longed for unattainable pork pies, while mounted officers, grooms and servants rode here and there with rolls of bread, cold chickens, *paté de foie gras*, and bottles of champagne, and tried to distribute food to the hungry.

Still it blew, and still it rained, and the rain never stopped. The troops could not return till the Special was due, and many of the ladies had sent away their carriages, and could not recall them, and thus soldiers and spectators were imprisoned over a mile of country side—happy if an unopened hamper from the rectory could be conveyed to them—and so wearily passed the whole afternoon, the

downpour never ceasing. There was no review. The drenched troops were conveyed home in due course, while my wife and I never even saw one quarter of our invited guests.

This is the dampest of all my "Recollections," but of evil, as so often happens, good has come. From that day to this, and thirty years have elapsed, the clerk of the weather has never been able to disturb the equanimity of the host and hostess of the Beeston Castle Review. We never expect anything, and we can never be disappointed. When it rains inconveniently we look at one another and say, "Remember Beeston Castle, and the *paté de fois gras* on horseback."

After seven years' service, finding I could not continue to devote the necessary time and attention to the affairs of the Brigade, I resigned my commission. My brother officers presented me with a beautiful silver salver and claret jug, and the non-commissioned officers and men with a very handsome silver vase, each accompanied by very kind addresses, recognizing my services and regretting my retirement.

But though not an active member of the Regiment, my interest has remained unabated in its affairs. My eldest son was enrolled a member at his birth, and two other of my sons, two nephews, and seven cousins have held, or now hold, commissions in the old corps, which has from the date of its enrolment till to-day maintained the same high character for discipline, smartness, and loyal feeling between officers and men.

There are still in our ranks three or four members of the original six hundred who were sworn in thirty-four years ago. Major Williams, V.D., who officiated as a

drummer boy at the ceremony, and who has helped me in the composal of this chapter—Major McDonald, V.D.—Sergeant Bindloss, V.D., and Hon. Colonel Hornby, V.D., are still to the front.

More than thirty years have elapsed since those days, and the Brigade is now fully equipped with great coats, haversacks, and water bottles, while the Government have at last provided big guns. Five years ago four sixteen pounders had been screwed out of the War Office, and this year sixteen guns have been allotted to the Brigade. The mills of the Treasury grind slowly, and their dealings with the Volunteers are very mean and small. After thirty-four years these Artillery men are at last fairly equipped for the duties they may have to perform. The contribution of the State has risen to £1,175 per annum, exclusive of travelling expenses to and from gun practice, camp equipage and expenses, camp allowances, and pay of adjutant and three drill instructors, amounting to £2,150 in all.

The efficiency of the men and the capabilities of the officers have kept pace with, and more than justified, the increased aid received from the national purse. At Shoeburyness, in camp at Southport, or Conway bay, they each year maintain their high reputation as the crack Artillery Volunteer Corps of the Kingdom.

Scattered here and there over the wide world, dispersed by the exigencies of commerce or the ups and downs of life, many hundred men count among their happiest "Recollections," as, indeed, I do, their connection with the old Brigade.

Riding down the slopes of the Andes a few years ago, my son George, himself a Captain in the Corps, was

called upon, in the village where he spent the night, by an old member of No. 1 Battery, a photographer by trade, who, hearing the name, wanted to have news of his Captain of thirty years ago; and in 1873, while riding home one hot evening in July through St. James' Palace Yard, to my surprise I saw a stalwart Grenadier Guardsman suddenly come to "attention," and proceed to give me a field officer's salute. I stopped to explain to him his mistake. I was not an officer, and I was in plain clothes. "Yes," said he, "but it is no mistake, I wished once more to give my old Major in the Fourth the old salute."

We'll sing the "Fourth Brigade," my boys!
With chorus one and all,
Our own the "Fourth Brigade," my boys!
Enrolled at duty's call;
Their hearts are to their country true,
Their courage ne'er will fail,
Again with three times three, my boys,
We'll give the "Fourth Brigade!"

"BRIGADE SONG."

CHAPTER VIII.

OF MANY THINGS.

I SAID, in the few words addressed to my children at the commencement of this volume, which I have written *pour passer le temps*, and for their amusement, that it should not take the form of a political history; but I cannot resist putting on record the very slow but very sure fulfilment of the pledges of the party to which I belong during the last thirty years.

My address to the electors of Preston, dated 25th March, 1862, lies before me. It advocates Free Trade, International Arbitration, Household Suffrage, Re-distribution of Seats, the Ballot, Corrupt Practices Act, the Opening of the Universities to Dissenters, the Abolition of Church Rates, and Licensing Reform. All these measures have been carried, and, with the exception of the last, which is still incomplete, have become part of "our glorious Constitution" with universal approval. Our reforms come slowly, but they come to stay.

"Chi va piano va Sano."

In 1858 the Social Science Association held its second Annual Meeting at Liverpool, and I was appointed local Secretary of the Reception Committee. It was the most

brilliant and successful meeting ever held by the Association. Lord John Russell presided, Lord Brougham being ex-President, and among the Vice-Presidents were the Earl of Carlisle, K.G., Lord Shaftesbury, K.G., Sir James Stephen, and Mr. Cowper. Papers were read by Mary Carpenter, Florence Nightingale, Mr. Ruskin, Moncton Milnes, Charles Kingsley, and many more of the most distinguished reformers of the day. It was a very orgie of philanthropy, a week of the airing of fads and the sending up of balloons. St. George's Hall was crowded by day to listen to debates, and by night to inaugural addresses. The local Secretary had no rest; I remember his most arduous duty was to keep the peace between that grand old Radical, Lord Brougham, and the Whig chiefs. Social Science was, in his old age, Lord Brougham's pet baby, and he was jealous when it was adopted by the Liberal leaders, whom he assured me would certainly overlay it. Much time was spent in persuading him not to repudiate its new friends publicly, and we were on pins and needles at every function. When, having avoided visible friction, we came to the final meeting, I felt relieved of a great strain. It was my first experience of the personal jealousies of Statesmen, and by how many motives the words and actions of our leading lights are governed.* It was not my last.

Our house party for the meeting consisted of Lord Sandon, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Hanbury, and Mr. Bayne

* "It would be difficult, and in some respects invidious, to name the various individuals who by their personal exertions so much contributed to this result; but it is only an act of justice to record the great obligations we are all under to Mr. George Melly, the local Secretary, for the unwearied industry, the rare zeal, as well as the more than ordinary administrative ability, which he brought to our service."—*Social Science Transactions*, 1858.

Ranken, the Committee of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, of which I was the agent in Liverpool, and Mr. Hastings, the Hon. Sec. of the Association. In the following year I received this pleasant little letter from the Earl of Carlisle, when we asked him to preside at the Annual Meeting of the D.P.A.S.

Trentham, January 20th, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. MELLY,

My Liverpool experience has taught me to feel that a request from you ought not to be refused.

I must make the condition of your getting the bulk of the speaking done elsewhere.

Yours very faithfully,

CARLISLE.

In 1860 Sir George Grey, then Home Secretary, appointed me a Justice of the Peace for the Borough of Liverpool at the early age of thirty. I shall always consider that I owe these pleasant things to Lord Brougham's courtesy in allowing his baby to be monopolized by the Whig leaders, and brought up in the way it should go on "moderate" principles.

In 1874 Lord Sefton very gracefully took the opportunity, at a wedding of one of my wife's cousins, where I met him, to ask me if I would like to wear the Lancashire uniform, and I thus became a deputy lieutenant; but I have never worn the uniform, as my lines have not since then been laid in courts, except the Police Courts, where I have presided when desired for thirty-three years.

On the 19th of March, 1869, having secured a Friday night, I moved a resolution in the House of Commons to

enquire into the neglected condition of the children in our great cities. I spoke a little more than an hour, giving statistics of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds. My speech was well received, and I was followed by Lord Sandon, W. E. Forster, Mr. Adderley (Lord Norton), and Sir John Pakington, the Ministers of Education of the past, the present, and the future. These high authorities agreed with the *Times*—which reported me in full and gave me a flattering leader—that I had made out my case, but that the remedy was impracticable and the suggestions Utopian. These were my impossible proposals :—" In the first place I would build or buy free municipal schools, and plant them like Martello towers against the invading armies of pauperism and intemperance in the poorer districts of our large towns. They should be supported two-thirds by municipal rates, and one-third by grants from the Privy Council, but no grant should be given them unless they came up in every respect to State requirements." "These schools must be free schools." "I propose that attendance at these schools be compulsory." "We, at all events, who represent the large towns have been elected exclusively by the ratepayers; we are responsible to them, and it is in the name of a large majority of these ratepayers that we ask the House of Commons to enforce compulsory attendance at free schools."

It is amusing to note that the impossible was carried out in three or five years by the establishment of Board Schools and compulsory education, but the Utopian—Free Education—did not become law for twenty-one years, when it was ordained by a Tory Government!

But if, in the march of events, many great questions find their solution, the Irish difficulty is ever with us. In 1881 M. Victor Hugo espoused the Nationalist cause, and issued violent appeals to his fellow-countrymen to interfere between the Irish landlord and his rack-rented tenant. I find in my scrap-book a skit which I wrote as a caricature of the wild effusions of the brilliant author of "Les Miserables."

We give the following with all reserves. It hails from Paris, and has the appearance of being the settled draft of an intended and much expected manifesto :—

Amis et Ennemis !

Je parle d'Irlande ! ! Quand je parle j'ecris ! ! ! C'est dit ! ! ! !

Irlande—Isle malheureuse quoique non-vipéreuse. Pays souffrant —meurtri—ensanglanté—devoué. Je vous adore ! ! ! ! !

Sir Parnel m'a fait l'honneur d'un "call."

Cet homme n'est pas un homme ! ni une femme ! ni un Hermaphrodite !

C'est un miracle—du XIX Siecle ! !

C'est un Rochefort vert et avancé—un Victor Hugo piqué à la sauce Irlandaise !

Voir c'est l'aimer—l'aimer c'est le comprendre.

L'AMOUR C'EST LA COMPREHENSION ! ! ! ! ! !

Quand pour une heure mes regards s'offusquent sur la position du "Landlord"—je vois un être qui par la loi humaine, et le décrét du X Fructidor, a cessé d'exister. Ces deux lois sont immortelles et immutables—Il n'y a, par conséquent, pas de "Landlord."

LE LANDLORDISME ! ! C'EST L'ANACHRONISME ! ! ! On me parle de Lord Gladston et Sir Fostâre. Nains de coercion ! Géants d'injustice ! Faiseurs et farceurs de la politique a trois sous l'aune. Je crâche sur vos gilets blancs.

LE GILET BLANC EST L'ECUSSE ET L'ECORCE DU GANDIN ! ! ! ! ! !

Le Gandinisme est l'atrophie de la civilisation.

Sir Fostâre est le Gandin de la politique.

Lord Gladston est le "Frou Frou" du Despotisme !

Je vous salue,

Paris, 1 Avril, 1881. VICTOR HUGO.

I had a very curious adventure, one evening in 1873, at an evening party at Lord Granville's house, in Carlton Gardens. A stout little man, dark and hirsute, bedizened with foreign orders, drew me very mysteriously into a window, and said in a low voice, "Your affair, it is arranged." I bowed. "Yes, but your commission is too high; you must divide it, hein?" I bowed. "Then the Costa Rica loan is floated, that is so." I bowed. The little man disappeared, and I wondered who I was, and what was my commission, and why the Costa Rica loan had floated. Then a young man from the Foreign Office came up, and said to me, "I say, what have you done to our stout friend, he says you are a discreet man." The weak part of this tale is that I have no explanation of it to offer.

There are persons who imagine when they read the debates, that they form the major part of the work and interest of Parliamentary life. This is not so. To the rank and file the Committee work "upstairs" is the hardest, and often of the greatest interest. I recall a Committee on the oyster fisheries of Colchester which has informed my mind as to these bivalves, while I am happy to know that the Bill we passed has protected their infant years, and increased their production. One of the witnesses produced a charter (Edward III.) by which the Mayor was bound to ride annually to the Tower to deliver each Christmas time a barrel of "Hoysteres" to his Sovereign. The toll is paid to this day at Windsor, but the guard and the van of the G.W. Railway take the place of the Mayor and his horse.

In 1873 I was appointed one of the Speaker's Referees,

and my duty was to attend in his room at eleven a.m. daily, to pass unopposed private bills in consultation with his secretary and the agents of the parties concerned, to protect the public interests as regards level crossings in railway bills, and other such matters. The work was most interesting; one became well informed as to whole districts, of their minerals and crops, population and peculiarities. I remember a bill for a Welsh branch line of railway which nearly came to grief (*i.e.*, was sent upstairs to be fought out at great cost as an opposed bill) because I could not persuade two ladies to withdraw their opposition. The line was so much wanted that the land-owners had given the land and the farmers had taken shares, but the two ladies held out. It appeared that their chief occupation and amusement was to drive two four-in-hands every afternoon along a road which for two miles ran parallel with the proposed railway; they pleaded that the horses would be frightened, their lives endangered, and they would not consent to the line. We after much difficulty persuaded them to withdraw their opposition on these conditions—that the railway should be sunk a few yards, planted with evergreens, and that the station opposite to their gates should be built in a picturesque form as a "Swiss Cottage."

I was deeply impressed, by my private bill experience, with the extreme respect for private rights which governs our legislation. Anyone who can even *see* a railway from his house may, unless he be "squared," entail enormous expense upon its promoters, and public right gives way to private privilege. In New York an elevated railway may be built six feet from your office window without leave asked or compensation awarded.

Occasionally private privilege has to give way to public rights. Travelling one Saturday night in a third-class carriage (not a saloon third-class, with passage and compartments such as now exist, but an ordinary, very ordinary, third-class), the train stopped at Morecambe Bay, where there was a great crowd of excursionists. There were already ten persons in the carriage, and when a burly miner from Wigan attempted to get in, I put my leg against the door, and mildly observed that the carriage was full. My leg was wrenched aside with a wrench which nearly broke it, and the giant entered, and handed in his wife and five children, whom he distributed on the knees of the ten travellers. He then addressed me. "Nah carridge is foo when Bill 'Arris and th' missis and childer is off whoam to Wiggin on a Saturday neight." I agreed. He repeated this statement, with variations, every three minutes till we reached his home. "When Bill 'Arris and th' missis and childer is off whoam to Wiggin nah carridge is foo." In vain his wife and fellow-travellers implored him to stop. "I was na talkin' to yo' chaps," said he; "I be a tellin' this 'ere gent, if gent he be, as on a Saturday neight nah carridge is foo when Bill 'Arris," &c., &c. The man was quite sober, but this thought, interspersed with "swear words" unprintable, had taken possession of his brain. I was too proud to get out—besides, there was no other seat in the train—and too timid to reply, lest worse befall me; thus for more than an hour the pitiless refrain continued, "Nah carridge is foo," &c., &c.

I often dream of Bill 'Arris; he is my favourite nightmare.

But the giant from Wigan is a *rara avis;* there is often

much to be learned from third-class conversation. I remember travelling through Yorkshire with two young and good-looking factory lasses, who, believing me to be deep in my *Times*, very frankly discussed the merits of their young men. One expatiated with enthusiasm upon the new trousers and high wages of her beau, while the other triumphantly related how her lover wore *four* new silk ties of elegant design last Sabbath—one at Chapel, one when he took her the afternoon walk, one when she went to meet him at tea with a friend, and number four at supper at her own home. The damsel who had bragged of the trousers collapsed.

Arriving at Leeds, I went into a shop whose whole windows were filled with ties and scarves, and I found they were made of light French silks, backed with Manchester muslin, decorated with Birmingham jewelled pins and studs, and sold 6d. retail, or 4/6 a dozen in boxes. The shopman told me that the young men bought thousands of them in boxes (assorted colours), "to peacock about in on Sundays and Bank Holidays."

Our fair-traders who wish to tax French silks as a "manufactured article," would find if they succeeded, that these light silks were the "raw material" of Yorkshire ties, and would fall foul of Manchester and Birmingham manufacturers, of countless shopkeepers and seamstresses as also of my pretty fellow-traveller, whose young man would be bereft of his gay adornment.

Crossing the Channel, one stormy night, I heard of another development of Yorkshire trade which was new to me. A Viennese commercial traveller, with whom I

was discussing the bad times, told me he did not find times bad, as he had just obtained orders for 30,000 jackets and mantles from three London and Manchester dry goods houses. These goods were to be made in Vienna, in factories where hundreds of women work, with sewing machines driven by steam, and delivered in October to the wholesale buyers, who distribute them principally throughout Lancashire and Yorkshire to the shopkeepers, who sell them at 10/6 to 18/6 apiece. The factory hands, he said, buy one every winter, paying by instalments of 1/- or 1/6 a week. After obtaining these orders, which were only a small part of his yearly business, he contracted for the cloth at Bradford, so the material travels to Vienna unmade, and back from Vienna as a jacket. I asked him why this waste of travel; he replied that the goods were so much more stoutly sewn, and, above all, so much more fashionably designed than in England, as his employers had relations with Paris which enabled them in May to know what would be the winter cut, and our young factory hands insist upon the latest fashions.

I was so interested in hearing all this, in much more detail than I have set it down, that it never occurred to me to be ill. Sea sickness is an affair of nerves and imagination; I remember that when our yacht became unmanageable off the Mull of Cantyre, and our lives were in peril, one of my friends, who was on the sofa in the saloon very sick, became suddenly perfectly well on realizing the situation.

I am reminded by the boxes of gay neckties, of a very ghastly experience which happened to me immediately

after the insurrection of our black people in Jamaica, under the rule of Governor Eyre—a revolt put down and avenged with the terrible cruelty which has ever distinguished the white man when he has been made afraid by the mutiny of the black.

We were a large party, being personally conducted through one of the most princely of our Manchester warehouses, and among the guests was a young officer of a line regiment lately returned from Jamaica, where he had taken part in the trial and punishment of the rebel negroes. Among countless other articles of dress and decoration we were shown card-board boxes containing embroidered shirt fronts (dickies) with frills, ornamented with diamond and gold studs. The young officer seemed painfully interested, and made many enquiries in agitated accents. It appeared that these shirt fronts cost 1/9½d. by the gross, and were exported and sold in thousands to the negroes in the United States and the West India Islands. The young man disappeared, and it was not till we met in the smoking room after dinner that I knew what had so moved him.

He told me, with much emotion, that after the riots in Jamaica had been put down he had been sent up to the hills to seek out and punish the negroes who had looted the houses of the planters; that his men had found in a hut, between bed and mattress, an embroidered shirt front with gold studs, identical with those he had that day seen. In vain the poor owner of the hut asserted that it was his, and offered to call witnesses to show that he had bought it for half-a-dollar at Kingston. The inexperienced young officer, convinced that this beautiful shirt with its jewelled studs had belonged to a rich planter,

and was a portion of the looted spoil, convicted the negro, and he was shot on the spot in the presence of his wife and family. What he had seen that day convinced him that his victim was innocent. He said he felt he was a murderer, he was inconsolable, and talked of sending in his commission. I spent a most miserable evening. I have never met him since, I forget his name, the story is twenty-seven years old, I have not told it before, but I have never forgotten the scared face of the unhappy youth when he saw the embroidered dicky and realized his fatal error.

I may, perhaps, fitly close this chapter of odds and ends by telling the tale of this slender volume, of why and how it was written.

My children have often asked me to put down in the form of a permanent record some of the stories I have told them, and to print a few of the kind and flattering letters which lie embalmed in my volumes of autograph correspondence. Compulsory idleness has given me the necessary time.

The book has, after very careful preparation and pencil notes, been dictated, in the form of a continuous speech, for two hours for many mornings, to a skilful type-writing young lady, who reeled it off very rapidly. The copy has then been corrected and copiously revised before it was sent to the printer. The young lady did her part excellently well. She was well up in literature, for when I made the Kenwig children live in "Martin Chuzzlewit" she corrected me; also informed as to frocks, as she changed body into bodice; but she was not a

politician, for she had never heard of the Whigs, and spelt the grand old Liberal party of the past "wigs." Had she been up in the latest chapter of political history she would have written "Tories," and, in correcting the press, I might have added, "*plus Royaliste que le Roi!*"

CHAPTER IX.

OF SPORT.

YACHTING.

IN the summer of 1890 I hired a boat, half fishing smack, half yacht, of thirty-seven tons, Captain Rumson commanding, at Ilfracombe—also manned by two North Devon sailors—which was fitted out and brought round to the Mersey. Our river is not adapted to yachting purposes, the tides being very strong and the entrance difficult, but we had fifteen or twenty capital cruises on as many afternoons, and my sons navigated the ship to the Isle of Man and Menai Straits, while another party had a pleasant cruise in the Clyde, and another to Skye.

At the beginning of August my daughter, my two younger sons, and I, accompanied by one or two young friends, made an excellent voyage. Starting from Ardrossan, we sailed through the Crinan Canal to Oban and the Isle of Skye, one long picnic, in lovely weather, amid scenes of beauty, of loch, sea, and mountain—a remembrance for all time.

In 1891 I made a capital mistake, which brought my yachting career to an end, and very nearly, when off the Mull of Cantyre, to an untimely end. I bought a beautiful old yacht of forty tons, engaged an excellent captain and

three of my North Devon boatmen. She was called the "Amazon," and was a racing craft of the year 1859, when she carried off all the honours of the season. Unfortunately, her day was over, and she came to pieces gradually but surely whenever there was any stress of weather. I only paid £250 for her, and another £150 for fitting her out; and she exemplified the proverb, "cheap and nasty," with some accuracy. Still we had many pleasant little cruises in the English Channel, followed by bills for repairs, and my sons took her up and round the Isle of Skye, which waters were strewed with split jibs and fragments of tackle.

In July I joined her at Oban, and we had a delightful sail South. She still maintained her old speed, and in light weather we overhauled all the cruisers that we met of our own size. On our nearing the Mull of Cantyre, the wind rose till it was blowing half a gale, and the tide being adverse there was a nasty cross sea. Just opposite the Mull, and at about three-quarters of a mile out, we carried away another jib, and the yacht became unmanageable, drifting by the stern slowly towards the rocks. Sea after sea struck us, one of them carrying the gig, which was stowed on board, along the deck, till it jammed the helm, but in an instant we had all seized hold of her and carried her back to her place and lashed her there. At that moment one of the blocks of the mainsail came down on the deck, and the captain lost his head, and instead of attending to the business on hand, which was the shifting of a new storm jib, began making observations about the rottenness of the boat which were quite out of place. The difficulty lasted about twenty minutes, when at length she began to move away from the Mull,

and it was curious to see how very much more relieved were the sailors than the owner and passengers. Five minutes more, and we were sailing merrily towards Lamlash at a great pace, while whisky was served out without regard to quantity.

While I was electioneering last summer with my North Devon friends at Appledore I had a long conversation with our principal A.B. "Tom," and he told me that he had never been in greater danger in his life, and that for several minutes he and his brother gave themselves up for lost, as the yacht could not have lived for one moment if it had touched the rocks towards which we were drifting.

It is curious that, although we were perfectly aware of the position in which we were, and the untrustworthiness of the boat, it never occurred to me, or, indeed, to any of us, to be afraid. We were far too busy working the ship to consider our position, and far more anxious to keep our footing, and not be washed off the deck, than to take thought for our latter end. Of course we were wet through. I went down into the sail room to fetch up a sail, and the top having been left open, it got full of water, out of which I was fished.

This is the only time when I have run any risk of shipwreck, and I am consoled to know when one reads terrible accounts of disasters at sea, that those concerned are so excited and busy with the work that they have to do at such a moment, that they have no time or inclination to suffer from thinking of what may soon befall them.

We went into Gourock to refit, and Messrs. Lapthorn's young ladies worked so hard with their sewing machines during the following night that we were able to take part in the Clyde Regatta the morning after in proper trim,

and witness the most exciting encounter between "Iverna" and "Thistle" (now "Meteor," belonging to the Emperor of Germany).

(I was on board "Thistle" during the Liverpool races, and had a most interesting sail with Mr. Bell, the then owner. We came in first after a fifty mile cruise, but had to give a time allowance to "Iverna," and, therefore, only took the second prize. To one so completely ignorant of yachting matters as I am this sail was a most interesting and exciting experience.)

Having parted company with the racing yachts, our "Amazon" sailed, with a lovely breeze, past Ailsa Crag, on our way to Liverpool. The calm seas, the glowing sunset, the myriads of sea birds through which the vessel sped on her way, and which hardly took the trouble to duck under her bows, the porpoises which accompanied us, darting in and out under our quarter, so that we could easily have harpooned them, presented a picture never to be forgotten, a remembrance to be recalled in sleepless nights, when racked with pain, and certainly preferable, as a prescription for sleeplessness, to counting imaginary sheep going through an imaginary gap! The perils of the Mull of Cantyre were forgotten. There is no sport like yachting, we said, and plans were formed, and estimates considered, for the complete overhaul of "Amazon," with a suit of new sails from Lapthorn. And so we went to bed off Port Patrick in high spirits. Alas! the next morning gave us a new experience of the pleasures of yachting in a cheap and ancient vessel. After labouring all day against a cross sea, and a very hostile wind, we found ourselves at three o'clock abreast of the Isle of Man. There were four inches of water in the saloon, and the

forward berths were very damp. The Captain came and told me that we should only wear out the ship, ourselves, and the crew, and he saw small probability of making Ramsay that night, while the weather was getting dirtier and dirtier. So we put up the helm, and ran seventy miles back to Stanraar, which we reached at three o'clock in the morning, in a dead calm and a thick fog. And the next morning we took rail to Liverpool, and the yacht was weather-bound for another week, when she reached Liverpool in poor condition, the Captain convicted of incapacity, and the North Devon fishermen of insolence and mutiny, so I exercised my option, and returned the yacht as she stood for £225 to the seller, and thus I fear has ended my yachting experience.

Devoted to shooting, and a welcome guest season after season in so many friendly lodges and manors, I began to yacht too late, and, unable to afford the price of a safe yacht, made my first experience under circumstances which affected my nerves. One cannot give one's time to every sort of sport, but I am sure if I had begun earlier, and at a somewhat safer figure, I should have enjoyed yachting as much as any man.

DRIVING.

In 1875-76-77 my wife and I drove many hundred miles in our mail phaeton—to Malvern, Humberstone near Leicester, Huntingdon Park in Herefordshire, and North Wales. We drove thirty to thirty-five miles a day for five days, and then rested for three or four. The horses, "Cock Robin" and the "Baby," were about 15 h. 2 in., and nearly thoroughbred, and I sold them to a local

doctor in 1878 for £157 10s. I only mention these drives, as our experience led us to deviate from the usual custom as to hours and food; and this, I think, secured our invariable good fortune, as we had nor accident nor break-down during these three years.

We always started at two p.m., drove ten to sixteen miles, and baited. We only stayed an hour, or even less. The horses' legs were washed in hot water, and they were fed with a bucket of chopped hay, crushed oats, oatmeal, sugar, made into porridge with boiling water and two pints of beer, divided between them. At five p.m. we started to complete the journey, arriving at seven p.m. The horses had thus nineteen hours undisturbed rest, in loose boxes ordered beforehand. Of course we had our own groom to see they were properly fed and watered.

Others have preached on the interest, health, and amusement of this delightful way of travelling.* Though we had no adventures, it was a season of rare enjoyment in our lives. Turnpikes still existed, and ranged in certain districts from 8/- to 12/6 for a day's travel. The daily bills varied from £3 to £7, and we noticed that the more picturesque the scenery, the better the fare, the more friendly and hospitable the hotels, so much the smaller were the bills. At Ashborne, in Derbyshire, the premature pheasant, the cobweb-crusted port, the dear old landlady with her sheets in lavender, cost us some 17/6 the following morning; while at Leamington, the next day, we were treated *en prince*, with silver dishes, four waiters, oxtail soup (tinned), fried sole (stale), damp sheets, and a bill for £5 9s. 6d., while the horses refused to sleep, and kept the groom up all night, because

* Strange Adventures of a Phaeton.

the contiguous stalls we had ordered had not been reserved for us, and they were unaccustomed to strange bed-fellows.

We drove with such regularity as to pace, 7½ or 8 miles per hour, that it was a favourite amusement to make wagers, watch in hand, as to the appearance of the next milestone, and we were rarely a tree or a field wrong as to where the stone would be found.

SHOOTING.

My first bag was at Messina in 1843. Our courier roused my brother Charles and me at about three o'clock in the morning, and asked us to come down in the street, which was almost entirely covered with exhausted quail, which had flown over from Egypt, and were lying in the gutters and roadway, some of them unable to fly at all, and others only able to fly for a few yards. We fell upon them, and I dare not say how many we bagged till we were joined by the street arabs of Messina, and returned to the hotel with more than we could carry. I began to understand how the Israelites were fed during their wanderings in the wilderness.

My second bag was on a very hot day in the Soudan. Our dragoman called us out from the tent where we were lunching, and took us about half a mile to a sand-hill which he pointed out to us, and which was entirely covered with partridges, as ants upon an ant-hill. My brother Charles, who was a calm and cautious sportsman, directed the proceedings, and ordained that having crawled along the hot sand until within forty yards, we should fire one barrel into the right and left of the sand-hill, and

then rise, and as the birds rose deliver the second barrel into the right and left of the enormous covey. So said, so done. If I asserted that after we had run about a long time after wounded birds we harvested twenty-three and a half brace, I know I shall not be believed.

I was really taught the art of shooting by the Right Hon. W. N. Massey (Chairman of the House of Commons), whom I met at Cumlodon Castle, while we were on a visit to William Rathbone in 1858. Mr. Massey laid down three propositions. The first, get your gun off; the second, don't shut your eyes, but keep both of them open; third, and above all, do not take aim. The cricketer, he said, does not put his bat up to one eye—he watches the eye and arm of the bowler, and afterwards the pitch and direction of the ball; then, judging of its pace and position, he makes his hit. So, in shooting at a bird, judge pace, distance, and position, and shoot early and often. All the rest comes by practice.

Mr. Massey, afterwards Financial Secretary in India, took a great fancy to my wife, and became one of our dearest friends both in Liverpool and London, giving me the greatest assistance in political lore and in learning the art of public speaking, even coming down to Liverpool to hear me deliver an address on "Self Help" to a gathering of Trade Unionists; but public speaking is another story. As behoved a Chairman of Committee of those now, alas, bygone days, Mr. Massey was a great stickler for propriety. I remember one evening, when coming in after dinner, in passing my wife I stroked her hair, upon which he remarked, in his most impressive House of Commons tone, "Conjugal affection is a beautiful thing, but those sort of endearments should be reserved for

the nuptial chamber." Mr. Massey was a man of a dry humour.

My best partridge bag, thirty-five brace, hares, &c., was made in a match at Southill with Mr. Whitbread. All the birds were to be killed in one turnip field. We each of us had a keeper, two boys, and a retriever, and of course walked in line. I fancy the birds were driven in at early dawn from all parts of the estate. I was beaten by a brace or two, which I always believed the keeper shot on his way home. We had also a few days afterwards a great covert shoot at Woburn Abbey. I believe the bag was two thousand head in three days. I know I had a bad headache, and my shoulder was very blue. I think I was chiefly interested in some large game carts, drawn by two horses, in which every animal was hung up the moment it was shot, and which trotted off, after every beat, I suppose to catch the train for Leadenhall market. Of course, at dinner, we were each presented with a card of our various performances. This is turning a happy sport into a hateful competitive examination. On the other hand, it checks exaggeration and the undue claiming of birds, as happened when the host, having added up the various claims of his guests, said, "Then I have evidently shot nothing. Oh! yes, I see two beaters and three dogs in the official list of the bag, I conclude that is my share of it."

In those days we shot with muzzle loaders, and every man had a fad about his powder, his shot, his two wads, and his caps, and was very particular, also argumentative in the gun room, about his loading rod, which he carried in the buttonhole of his coat, or in a sling, or on his back. I wore two green morocco cases in breast pockets con-

taining powder and shot. First a thick wad in the right, second a green cardboard wad in the left, coat pocket. The whole thing became perfectly mechanical, you never knew whether you had loaded or not. Not once in a blue moon had anyone failed to load, and hardly once in a season did ammunition run short. I think the shooting was as good as now, and less hurried, as the line stayed till all had reloaded; they now walk on at about four miles an hour!

And in those days driving was unknown, and you shot over dogs, "smell dogs" as they are called in Stockholm, and I always thought the perfection of shooting was to be alone with a keeper who knew the ground, a well-stocked moor, and a couple of steady setters who understood the art of backing up as well as do A.L.M. and A.G.M. in the football field.

I bought a dog one night, at an hotel in Edinburgh, under curious circumstances. I was on my way to Rottal, and was waiting in the smoking-room for the night mail. The talk turned on pointers, and a gentleman had a perfect specimen to sell for £5, to save his journey South. I was a willing buyer, but how was a trial to be obtained. The seller was equal to the emergency. He got a brace of grouse from the larder and a stable lantern, and we all adjourned to the public garden, where he hid the birds under a rhododendron, and certainly the dog quartered the gravel walks correctly, and drew up to the birds in style, right paw in air, tail like a poker. The scene would have been picturesque, presided over, as it was, by the Scott memorial, if we had had six lanterns. I bought the dog, and found him equally effective by daylight on the moors.

This tale reminds me of a mare I bought under very similar circumstances. I was asleep in the night mail, travelling home after a heavy night in the House, when I was awakened by a conversation between my fellow travellers. It appeared that one of them, a young barrister, was suddenly ordered out to Buenos Ayres to take evidence on Commission in the great Tichborne case, that he had just bought a very beautiful black brown mare from Sir Charles Legard at Tattersalls for £60 (mare worth £300, but temporarily lame from over-hacking to covert). It was to be kept for him at the seller's stables at a guinea a week. What was he to do? He was sailing in Lamport and Holt's steamer to-morrow, &c., &c. I interposed, and offered to pay his passage in exchange for the mare, and give him the balance when he had convicted the Butcher who claimed to be the Baronet. The transaction was completed ere we reached Liverpool. I rode the mare four seasons, she soon got sound, and I sold her for £75 when I left London in 1874.

I shall not tell any more horse stories, for I notice that no one recollects any purchase of horseflesh which does not redound to his credit as an astute buyer, and on these conditions, like the knife-grinder, I have no more tales to tell.

Shooting three guns over dogs is a fraud. The centre gun always claims the middle birds, and feels himself injured if he is not offered those which fall on the extreme right and left.

In 1862-63 I shot at Hafodunos in partnership with my brother and George Holt. In 1864-65-66 at Rottal Lodge, Forfarshire, which in 1865 I rented, and ran for a very large party.

It was the great grouse year, and the figures of it will not be believed. Mrs. Benson Rathbone kept house the first month, and Mrs. Robert Greg the second month, and five or six guns shot every day, while we sat down to dinner twelve or fourteen. On that memorable twelfth (Saturday), 1866, we turned out two parties—each of two guns, four ponies, six dogs, one keeper, and three boys—on the principal beats, who returned at eight o'clock with over seventy brace each. Later on I went out alone on the home beat, with a pony, a little boy, and one dog, and killed forty-nine brace, snipes and hares. But alas, returning at a late hour, in the gloaming I put up a grouse, which flew back, and I fired and killed it; and at the same moment three unearthly shrieks resounded. Human, from the boy, who had got five pellets at sixty yards in his fat little face; and animal, from the pony, which was hit all over the side, and from poor "Ruby," who was similarly punished. The pony dashed by, scattering his panniers and many brace of grouse, which were fastened on him with shoe-strings and neckties, to which extremities you are reduced by a bag of fifty brace and one pannier pony. I threw down my gun in the heather, where we gathered it and the grouse on the following Sunday afternoon, and I rushed to the small boy. How he did scream, and how he did bleed, and how miserable I was till I was assured, by dragging him down to the burn and washing him, that his eyesight was uninjured. We reached home as warriors return from battle, sore and wounded, at about ten o'clock. I offered the little boy half-a-crown a pellet, and the next morning he was grinning at my bedroom window in the hut, wanting to be shot again. This was the great bag of my

1866

life—forty-nine and a half brace of birds, three snipe, five hares, a pony, a dog, and a boy.*

This sport continued at Rottal for several weeks, and the following year was the great year of disease, and the bags fell from eighty and seventy, to nineteen and eleven brace; but I had sub-let the place.

It may be interesting to record that the acreage was twenty-six thousand, the rent £350, and that the subscription from each of the partners worked out to three guineas per head per days' shooting, and ten shillings per head per diem for the ladies of the family. This included break and dog-cart, 4 horses, 10 ponies, 18 dogs, 3 keepers, and many boys, besides the staff of the household, and food for two and a half months. We sold the whole of the game—I think nearly four thousand brace—but the markets were so glutted that year that the prices ranged from eighteenpence to two shillings a brace.

From 1865 till 1877 I shot nearly every year with Robert and George Holt at the Dell of Abernethy. The hospitality, the kindness, the excellent and varied sport, spoiled me for any other shooting, and made all com-

* But now ye Nine attempt a nobler flight:
On West Glen Moy behold our George's might.
On pony back he dealeth death around—
Within a mile no infant grouse is found;
For every tender hen, each little cock,
With aim unerring George would earthwards knock.
Nor stops he then—hoarse voices whisper, "Blood!"
There in his path a guileless ghillie stood—
His mother's pride, his aged father's joy:
But fiery Melly pots the little boy.
And then, of murder sick, and quite *blasé*,
To Rottal Halls he wends his sanguined way.
A hundred birds regret the fatal hour
When on the Western Glen fell George held power.

Lays of Rottal, F.G.P., 1866.

parisons odious. The dogs were perfect, though they were perhaps too much of "smell dogs," and used to point violently, and then draw homewards about five o'clock in the afternoon with a countenance which was "child-like and bland."

I killed my first stag at Loch Assynt, whilst staying with Mr. Whitbread in 1870. I do not believe in stagging, nor do I believe I killed that stag. We crossed the Loch in a boat at five o'clock in the morning, and I was lifted out of a pony cart, because I could not get off it otherwise, at ten p.m. The interval appears to me to be a nightmare of very heavy walking and still heavier climbing, of trying to look through a telescope at something I never could see, of crawling in wet dykes, and wading slippery burns, of being forbidden to smoke (a habit to which the "stag at eve" is supposed greatly to object), of running a long way, and letting off a rifle from the left shoulder with little confidence. I have reason to believe that about five o'clock in the evening I was partly enticed and partly dragged on to the top of a high mountain, and shown, through a hole in some ice-covered boulders, a stag at seventy yards standing on a little green plateau just below us, looking our way. Lord Darnley, who had been out the day before, warned me that at this critical moment the keeper, who is a keen shot, would whisper in my ear, "If ye be cauld, and cannot feel sartin, wull she tak' the shoot frae ye?" and so he did. The spirit was very unwilling to resign the shot, but the flesh was frozen, exhausted, and weak. I really don't know who shot the stag. I think there was a scuffle and we both shot it. Also it was a stern shot, as the stag had heard the discussion, and wanted to go.

Then I got quite hot and excited, and we ran down the hill what seemed to be many miles, and found the stag sitting down in a morass, and then I really did shoot it, for it was found three weeks afterwards about fifty yards from that spot, with two bullet holes. A fog came on, and we could not find the body, and after about an hour it got dark, and the keeper said it was ten miles in a bee-line to the high road where the pony cart was waiting. I am not a bee, and the heather was very deep and the tussocks were far apart. When we came to a bridge over a burn I dared not walk on the plank for fear of falling in, so I waded through the burn, and the keeper on the bridge held my hand. The water was cold and came up to my waist. When I recovered, after supper, I was not arrogant and boastful, as he who kills a stag ever is. In fact I rather repudiated the stag; but when its body was found, and the position of the first shot was ascertained to be in the rear, my hosts said that they all knew it was my stag. This was my first stalk, and I then decided that it should be my last.

The later years of the Dell after it was turned into a deer forest were somewhat spoilt by the arrogance of the stalkers, who were rarely happy, the stags always appearing to do those things which they should not do, and leave undone those things which they ought to have done, and the shooters, by their own account, were like the stags. I shot my twenty or thirty brace of grouse a day, one season fifteen couple of snipe in an afternoon, and scoffed at the stalker, who in return derided my dicky-bird shooting. "No," said I, "I will not pursue the stag, but if a stag comes my way he will surely die." And so he did, and it happened in this wise.

One afternoon, late in August, I was shooting on a high beat with a little boy in attendance, and I told him to go through a little copse of fir and beechwood, which he promptly did. In coming back towards me he put up a blackcock which I shot. At the same moment, and before I had loaded, a rather fine stag, with a bad head (five and half points), charged me, and I let him have my second barrel of sixes in full face. He shook his head, pawed the ground, swerved and galloped down the moor. About half a mile further he laid down, and I ran loading. He got up at eighty yards, and, pawing the ground, again started off for another run, with two more barrels in pursuit, and so on two or three times, till I was enabled to get so near him that I could fire into his ear. I did not miss him, and he died. The distance from where the blackcock fell to the fall of the deer was about a mile and a half. Then did we not sit upon a rock, and shout and cheer? Then did we not clean him out with a penknife, and smoke cigarettes? The stag of Loch Assynt was avenged, and I, too, could bring home a stag to the Dell. I cannot say I was very warmly received when I returned in triumph, demanding a stag pony to fetch my bag. The stalkers, who had had a blank day, were supercilious. I think they said I was a poacher. Next morning the beast was brought in, cleaned and skinned, and hung up in the larder. It was found that the first shot had blinded the stag, and that is why he shook his head and pawed the ground. He had seven distinct charges of shot in his body, and looked as if he had the small-pox. The stalkers were very rude, and pretended to be taken ill at the sight of him. I have had no luck with my stags.

It is interesting to note the enormous increase in the value of shootings. In 1862 the Dell of Abernethy, which consisted of thirty thousand acres of mixed shooting, was let for £300 per annum, but this was before the completion of the Highland Railway, and it could only be reached by carriage or coach. In 1875 a large portion of the estate was converted into a Deer Forest, and the rent was raised to £1,000. Seven years later the price demanded was £2,000, at which sum it was taken by Lord Stamford, who held the adjoining Forest.

Much as I am a lover of the sport I was never more than an average shot, but I was very keen and active, and followed as many false points as any man, fearful of missing a chance. And here a wrinkle. Early in the season especially, there is always the dilatory bird, be he partridge or grouse, who hesitates to rise with the covey. The rapid loader has a chance over his partner, when the sober-minded pointer looks up that malingerer. So, again, long experience has persuaded me that nor grouse nor partridge flies for one moment beyond the point at which it can see you, and, therefore, at which you can see it. Many brace have fallen into my bag by the persistent following up of this principle. Also many arguments with keepers who thought they knew better where the birds had pitched. Rely upon this—

"Fifty yards, and round the hill,
You shall find and you may kill."

There are many sorts of shots—the jealous, the keen, and the casual. The first is put off his shooting when his partner kills two or three times right and left; the second is a good pal when the flesh becomes weary before

lunch; the third is too much addicted to sitting down on a rock and expatiating on the beauty of the view while he smokes a pipe. I belong to the second category till after lunch and am keen, and to the third category until five p.m., admiring the view.

There are shooters I have met who never miss a bird because they cannot hit it. When such an one fails to kill, the bird has swerved, his foot has slipped, the gun was at "safe," the sun was in his eyes, he was waiting to line two, his cartridges were too new or too old, he was blowing his nose or lighting a cigarette, there was a woman in the lane, or a sheep in a field, the dog was in the way—failing these accidents, "the bird, Sir, was a dead bird." There are also shooters, I do not say sportsmen, who count their cartridges, and shoot to keep up their well-known form and average. It is well known, because they tell you of it. Such an one must have inhabited a certain butt, grouse driving, on the very delightful but mountainous moor on which I have enjoyed more than one day of perfect sport in perfect company. There is a boundary wall on that moor where you can enjoy a lovely view, sitting with one leg in Lancashire, the other in Yorkshire, while your body is in Westmorland. After a grand drive someone went into an empty butt, and seeing a corner where the earth was newly disturbed, poked up some twenty-five E.C. cartridges carefully buried. They belonged to a man who had his average to maintain. The butt is called the "Ananias butt" to this day.

In my pristine days I had one gallery shot, seventy yards rise, killing instantly, at one foot from the ground. And even last year, at Craig-en-Veoch, I knocked two grouse under these circumstances. Their corpses lay

seven feet apart, and the keeper walked seventy-two and seventy-five paces from where I stood to the pick-up. But this is too egotistical—gallery misses have of late been more in my way.

I have often been greatly amused by the foreign "sportman." At five o'clock one morning I was leaving the Gare du Nord at Paris; there must have been at least two hundred gunners, for it was "L'Ouverture de la Chasse." They were in every description of costume, from full evening dress to the typical gamekeeper of the French stage. They each had a dog held by a string, a spirit bottle, and a game bag, and were bedizened with tassels, straps, and buckles, mostly in green. The dogs ranged from the gaunt and leggy pointer to the poodle and the spaniel. But let not the arrogant Briton smile. These men, drawn from the small shopkeeper and artisan class, meant business, and woe to the starling, the thrush, or the red-legged Frenchman which came within sixty yards of those unerring shots.

I travelled with a carriage full, *au troisiéme*. They were all going distances varying from twenty to a hundred miles from Paris, where they were permitted, or had hired, the right to shoot on some little farm, or in some small vineyard, or in some muddy morass or bog. They were vivacious, eloquent, and earnest. I gathered that the bag they each of them anticipated, ranged from one to six hares, two to twelve partridges, and a multiplicity of what we call singing-birds. They were of every age, and inspired by a keen desire to kill something. Any proud possessor of grouse moor or partridge manor might have sneered: I sympathized in my gamiest French.

At Panmure I once shot with an Italian Count, a

connection of Lord Dalhousie's. His costume was of Bond Street, but he could not be persuaded to relinquish a most brilliantly ornamented bag, into which he insisted on putting the first birds he shot. When we reached the turnips he shot every blackbird and thrush that got up, and was just as much pleased with a throstle as a partridge. The keepers giggled, and I tried to explain the situation to him, but he replied that they were much more difficult to shoot, and quite as good to eat, and the logic appeared to be on his side.

Sir Erskine May, while we were riding one morning in the Park, related an excellent story which he had once heard from Lord Palmerston, who told him that the young Prince Metternich, when Austrian Ambassador, came and asked him whom he would recommend to take his portrait, which he wished painted in the character of a British sportsman. "But how will you be painted?" said Lord Palmerston. "Why," said Prince Metternich, I have considered the matter, and have consulted my tailor. I will be painted in a red coat and white leather breeches, with top boots and a black velvet cap; in my right hand my new Purdy double-barrelled fowling piece, on my left side my faithful pointer dog, and at my feet a dead fox." Lord Palmerston replied, "Then you must go to Sir Edwin Landseer."

This little volume will disappoint its readers, as, indeed, it disappoints me. It is impossible to tell tales of living friends, or to describe pleasant homes, criticize the cook, or disparage the dogs, where you may yet be a favoured guest.

So, also, half the stories which might have been told or the pictures which might have been drawn, require, after long lapse of time, so much *mise en scéne* that three pages of history would often be required to introduce a paragraph of point. Still, if these pages amuse the reader for as many minutes as the hours it has amused me to compose them, two birds will have been killed with one stone.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

PRESENTATION OF TESTIMONIAL FROM THE ELECTORS OF STOKE-UPON-TRENT,

1876.

APPENDIX.

PRESENTATION TO MR. MELLY.

(From the "Staffordshire Sentinel.")

ON the eve of the 1st of January, 1875, Mr. G. Melly, the senior Member for Stoke, issued an address bidding good-bye to his constituents, and virtually resigning his seat. The cause of this sudden step was the necessity of Mr. Melly devoting his whole attention to business. It was felt that Mr. Melly's connection with the Borough, extending over about ten years, during most of which time he represented the Borough in Parliament, had been of so honourable and beneficial a nature, that his friends thought it a fitting opportunity to present him with some token of their esteem. Accordingly, an address, expressive of the feelings entertained by his constituents, was presented to Mr. Melly at a large gathering in the People's Music Hall, Hanley, on the 1st April last year. It was intimated at the time that the address would be engrossed and illuminated, and that it should be accompanied by extensive signatures on highly-embellished pages. The design originated with Mr. Woodall, J.P., of Burslem, and having been successfully carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Theaker, of the Burslem School of Art, the pages were sent up to London to be bound. This having been done, the presentation was made on Tuesday, at Mr. Melly's residence in Liverpool.

The following is the text of the address :—

TO GEORGE MELLY, ESQ.

Sir,—The Electors of the Parliamentary Borough of Stoke-upon-Trent, whose signatures are hereto appended, desire to offer the very earnest assurance of their regret at your withdrawal from the representation of the Borough, and of their sympathy with you in the circumstances which have interrupted a connection so exceptionally cordial, constant, and intimate.

Your friends desire to acknowledge the accurate conception you have shewn of the special and complex peculiarities of the district, and of its various needs. They cannot forget that you have been always on the alert to protect and promote its well-being; that you have won the confidence, in every town, of those who have been most active in municipal, commercial, and social movements, and who have ever found you—without regard to party—ready to help with sagacious counsel and untiring

personal service, while all philanthropic objects, especially those for the education and recreation of the people, have had your ready and generous support.

With delight and pride your constituents have observed the honourable and influential position to which you have attained in the House of Commons, by the ability with which you have discharged every duty devolving upon you, and especially by your contributions to legislation upon such subjects as peculiarly affected the working classes, or bore upon education, temperance, and the relationships between capital and labour. They are also conscious that in the accomplishment of the great measures of the last Parliament, which have given effect to those principles of civil, commercial, and religious freedom which you have eloquently advocated, your share has been no unimportant one.

It is believed that your loss will be felt and regretted by vast numbers, who have had no local connexion with you, but who are interested in the progress of social and political reform.

Those who have participated with you in the more active exertions which party contests involve, will remember the ardour and enthusiasm with which you have inspired your supporters, while those who have felt it their duty to oppose you have repeatedly acknowledged the honourable and manly way in which your battles have been fought. That the regret at your withdrawal is not confined to those who have been your adherents, is sufficiently testified by many of the signatures to this address.

The warm personal friendships which have been formed between you and so many of your constituents, in every rank, will not be disturbed, but personal feelings add their weight to the public considerations with which the severance of political intercourse is regarded.

It only remains to add the hope that success will attend you in the commercial enterprise which is now dependent upon your care and exertions, and that with perfect health, and even riper judgment, you may in a few years be restored to the political life in which you have fulfilled a noble ambition, and have earned honourable distinction for yourself while rendering enduring service to your fellow countrymen, especially to those who for seven years had the privilege of being your constituents.

(Signed)

CHRISTOPHER DICKINSON,

Chairman of the Meeting.

The testimonial consists of a large portfolio, containing twenty-five illuminated leaves, supported on a patent portable stand, veneered with finely marked coromandel. The portfolio rests on a veneered shelf with gilt railing, with pierced and engraved trefoil border, the two supports being covered with morocco. The rods which support the frame are turned and gilt with pierced and engraved mounts, the uprights having engraved ormolu mounts on uprights, and ornamental castors. The portfolio is in blue morocco, with gilt tooling, and lined with pale blue watered silk. It has a blue morocco back, with arched panel and gilt tooling, the front side being veneered and finely figured with coromandel, with bevel edges, and a gothic panel sunk inside, with pierced and engraved mounts at the corners. On the panel are pierced mounts

and a raised inscription in alternate blue and white enamel:—"Stoke-upon-Trent to George Melly, 1875." There are also china medallions in gilt-corded settings, bearing the arms of the Pottery towns and Mr. Melly. The portfolio is fastened with a large spring bramah lock, with pierced and engraved side-pieces. The whole of the sheets have been painted by students of the Burslem School of Art, with one exception. On Monday the testimonial was on view at the Burslem Town Hall, where Mr. Baddeley was in charge of it.

The presentation to Mr. Melly was made by a representative deputation, consisting of the following gentlemen :—Messrs. Wragge (Stoke); Boothroyd, E. Powell, J. R. Cooke, W. E. Brownfield, and Potter (Hanley); Woodall, Bodley, T. Hulme, J. W. Edge, and J. T. Pinder (Burslem); J. N. Peake and E. Clarke (Tunstall); T. W. Barlow, A. Edwards, and J. Y. Carryer (Longton); R. Malkin (Fenton); Mr. Cherry. The party left Stoke by the 3.32 train in a saloon carriage, specially engaged for the through journey. On arriving at Liverpool, quarters having been secured for the night at the Adelphi Hotel, and some other arrangements made, the deputation proceeded to the residence of Mr. Melly, in Abercromby Square. They were received by Mr. and Mrs. Melly in the drawing-room, where it had been arranged that the presentation should take place, the various members of Mr. Melly's family, with several private friends, being also present. Mr. Woodall presented the testimonial in a brief and happily-framed speech, in which he indicated the leading features of the address, and recalled the circumstances which led to its preparation and presentation being decided upon. He concluded by expressing the hope that the album would be considered an acceptable offering to him whom they had always loved and honoured as George Melly.

Mr. MELLY acknowledged the presentation as follows :—

Your visit to me here this evening, to bring the completed address which was presented to me eighteen months ago, in the presence of a great meeting of my late constituents, is of a piece with all the kindness and courtesy which for more than ten years I have ever met with at your hands—in the sad hour of one defeat, in the happy moments of three victories—throughout our friendly intercourse, untarnished by a single act of disloyalty. (Hear.) I might say to-night with Queen Elizabeth's school-boy, when she asked him if he remembered his compulsory retirement into a private room at Eton,

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem,

but as I never for a moment forget the suspension of our political ties, it is very pleasant to hear from you that I am still remembered among you, and that a renewal of those ties, if fate and the new Liberal Council should so decree, would be to my old friends of Stoke, as to me, a return to the old love of lovers between whom there never was a quarrel. (Hear.) It has been well said by someone that every cloud has its silver lining. Your visit to me here this evening—the splendid present you have brought to me in the name of my late constituents—the unique remembrance you have given me of Stoke-upon-Trent—is the silver lining of the cloud which for the moment hangs over our political connection. (Hear, hear.) The value of this beautiful address is greatly increased to me by the signatures of almost all those citizens who during the last ten years have filled important municipal positions among you. The members of great commercial constituencies like Stoke should never forget that, though in the first instance elected by a majority on political grounds, they are the organs through which the municipal authorities can confer with and influence the Government of the day, or bring before Committees of the House of Commons objection or approval of bills which touch their immediate interests. Especially do I value the portion of your beautiful gift which has been contributed by the pupils of your Schools of Art. Most of them have come into existence since my connection with you—of some I have witnessed the birth—of all I have been an honorary member, and some time president. Perhaps among these drawings there may be, who can say, the first work of some Greuze, Flaxman, Meissonier, Boucher, or Lessore of the future, destined to enrich our cabinets and collections, to extend our national reputation for Ceramic productions, and to enhance our love of art and appreciation of the beautiful in form or colour. (Hear.) Still greater is the political and personal value I attach to the many signatures of my political opponents which are affixed to this document. No doubt personal respect, and, in some cases, personal affection, has influenced these men to add their names to this kindly remembrance. But, after all, why should a Tory of Stoke not approve of my political career as their member? Nearly all the practical measures—certainly all those of primary importance—which I supported during the seven sessions in which I was in Parliament, are now part of our glorious constitution in Church and State, and there is hardly one of them which the Conservative Party would really wish to repeal. When I first sought your suffrages there were but 2,700 of you; and it was Mr. Disraeli who, after ten minutes' reflection, consented to—nay, advocated—the increase of your

number to 20,000! The importance of secret voting was early recognized by all the great constituencies, and though the Tory Party, five years ago, considered this change to be of all things the most un-English, Mr. Cross has just appointed a Committee, at the request of my friend Sir C. Dilke, to see if means may not be found to render the machinery of the ballot more secret and less cumbrous. My maiden speech as member for Stoke was in favour of the opening of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. (Hear.) The Marquis of Salisbury has just carried a measure of charter reform through the House of Lords which the House of Commons of 1868 would have scouted as Utopian and impossible! and which, even when fresh from the hustings of Hanley, I dare not have proposed. The compelling of the neglected children in our large towns to attend a municipal day school was the wild hope of my soul in 1869, but to-day Lord Sandon, your good neighbour—our representative in Liverpool—is working at a Bill to oblige all the children, even in our agricultural districts, to go to school! Thus our old political opponents of 1868 became our good allies in 1875, and our legislative followers in 1876, and if the A B C of the Liberal programme is ever the X Y Z of Tory progress, we have but to wait till the constituencies are sufficiently educated to learn the middle letters of our alphabet. Nor need we impute blame to the Tory party if these things be so. The statesmen of England are but the servants of the people, and whichever be the party in power they can but delay—they cannot prevent—the will of the people being eventually obeyed. In other countries all has been too often sacrificed to the maintenance of a dynasty, and a "government of combat," and reaction succeeds the revolutionary rule. It used to be thus, in a lesser degree, with us, but of later years each step to a more perfect freedom in religion or in trade, once made, has been maintained, abuses once removed are never re-established, and rights once claimed are finally asserted for all time. (Hear.) Mr. Lowe lately described the five years of Mr. Gladstone's administration as one "crowded hour of glorious life, and worth an age without a name." The unopposed return of Colonel Roden and myself by the newly-enfranchised 20,000 working men of Stoke as Mr. Gladstone's supporters was one of the features of that "crowded hour," and the few minutes I may claim as my humble share of that "glorious life" are worth indeed to me "an age without a name." (Hear.) Yet it is with an acute sense of pain that I know that name no longer carries with it the prestige and respect with which Wedgwood and Ricardo once invested it, and which I have tried to uphold. If the beautiful volume you have

presented to me to-night be the first and last record of our political connection, I shall still ever think it better to have lived and worked than never to have lived at all; and I shall hand it down to my son as a proof of the way in which the humble services of any honest politician are over-estimated by those whom it has been an honour to represent, and a labour of love to serve. (Hear, hear.) On looking around me here, on the faces of so many old friends, perhaps for the last time, I have

> A feeling of sadness and longing
> Which is not akin to pain,
> And resembles sorrow only
> As the mist resembles the rain.

(Applause.) I have now but one more word to add, and it is hard to say it—Farewell! "It may be for years, or it may be for ever." If, in three or four years, I am permitted to take up once more a political career, I hope, as you say in your address, I may return to your service with "a riper judgment." I can hardly do so with a more earnest determination to serve you faithfully than has guided me during the last seven years. (Loud applause.) If the good Providence "which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may," should otherwise decide, I know you will keep my memory green, as one who loved you well, and owed you much. (Applause.) I can never forget the confidence and courtesy I have received from every section of this great community for the last ten years, and it will ever be the proudest recollection of my life that you elected me as one of your representatives in the first Household Suffrage Parliament, and that I was permitted to take a part in passing the great legislative measures which signalized the earnest and disinterested administration of Mr. Gladstone. (Prolonged cheering.)

The passing of a vote of thanks to the Chairman, on the motion of Mr. T. HUGHES, seconded by Mr. BODLEY, brought the proceedings to a close.

Letters accounting for the absence of the writers were received from the Rev. Sir L. T. Stamer, Bart., Mr. F. Wragge, Mr. W. Adams, Mr. H. Cartledge, Mr. W. E. Oulsnam, and other gentlemen. Sir Lovelace Stamer * wrote:—"Mr. Melly deserves well of all who were his constituents, whether they were of his way of thinking or not. He was always alive to the interests of the Borough which he represented, and any communication made to him met with prompt attention. He did not seek a seat in Parliament for the sake of the honour it conferred, or for mere

* Bishop of Shrewsbury, 1888.

amusement. He made it for the time his business, and he was always at his post. Men of all political parties may unite to honour such representatives. We have suffered loss by his retirement. Let us hope that he individually may be a gainer."

After the presentation the deputation, with a number of private friends, were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Melly to dinner. The *ménu* was one specially designed for the occasion, the border having the towns forming the parliamentary borough of Stoke conjoined by the Staffordshire Knot. On the back were the arms of Mr. Melly, with the motto, *Bonne renommée vaut mieux que ceinture dorée* (a good renown is better than a golden girdle). Choice flowers and flowering shrubs adorned the table, conspicuous among them being some magnificent blooms of the *Rhododendron Aucklandii.*