

Strathfieldsaye to make their arrangements for their departure, as soon as you will receive this letter.

“ I wish you would let each of them keep a copy of this letter, and send me one.”

Though not himself a scholar, the Duke was remarkably alive to the charm of scholarship, and seemed to value his brother, Lord Wellesley, almost more for his success at Eton than for any of the great deeds which he performed in after years. He was, therefore, very anxious that his sons should excel in all their school and college exercises, and was in the habit of requiring from them weekly reports of their course of study, and of the themes and verses which they wrote. The latter he sent, from time to time, to Lord Wellesley, in order to obtain his corrections and opinion; and on many of the former, which now lie before me, his own remarks in pencil remain. One of Lord Wellesley's answers to these communications from the Duke will, I am sure, be read with interest.

“ Richmond, 2nd May, 1821.

“ MY DEAR ARTHUR,

“ I was much gratified by your kind attention in sending me the exercises of your sons. I could not answer your letter until I had examined them carefully; they were naturally very interesting to me, and they have afforded me sincere pleasure.

“ I assure you that they are superior in a high degree to the ordinary scale of exercises of that class during my time. It was a great satisfaction to me to observe the regular progress of improvement, especially in Douro's exercises, from the first to the last copy of verses. Douro's verses, upon the character of Homer's poetry, are highly creditable, and his four concluding verses of that exercise display considerable spirit and original thought. Tell him from me that the boy who admires Homer must have made great proficiency.

“ Charles's exercises are very promising, and I think he has already attained a sense of the harmony of Latin

verse. There are two copies marked 'Gerald Wellesley;' I suppose the author is Henry's boy; they are also very creditable for the fourth form.

"I consider these efforts as the true foundation of distinction in the progress of life. Not that I should wish to see your sons distinguished as writers of Latin verses in future times; but these exercises at school are essential to the accurate knowledge of the great fountain of ancient genius, science, and taste, as well as of the ancient examples of virtue, honour, and glory. The habit of composition in the ancient languages is most useful, if not absolutely necessary, to those who desire completely to understand those languages; at all events, it is useful to employ young persons in acquiring such accomplishments, and it is satisfactory to find that they apply themselves with the zeal and success which these exercises display.

"Always, my dear Arthur,

"Yours most affectionately,

"WELLESLEY.

"N.B. The Latin verses of your boys are much more correct and better in every respect than those published by *the eighth wonder of the world, Master Dallas*.

There was an order against strangers wandering from the road which leads up to the gate, and getting into the grounds and shrubberies about Walmer Castle. It happened, on one occasion, that a lady, ignorant of the existence of that order, strayed into the paddock with two children, and was, as a matter of course, warned off by one of the servants. The Duke rode up just as the warning was administered, and asking what was the matter, received from the lady an account of the mistake which she had committed, with a nervous apology for the same. "Oh, never mind, never mind," was his answer. "You're quite welcome to go where you will. And, by the by, bring the children here to-morrow at one o'clock, and I'll show them all about the place myself."

The lady came, as desired, and was delighted to find that the Duke had prepared a dinner for her children, and lunch for herself, with fruit. The young people ate their fill, and

the Duke, after showing them through the castle, and over the garden, hung a half-sovereign suspended from a blue ribbon round each of their necks, before he sent them away. Without doubt these gold medals will be highly prized, not by the individuals only who wore them on that day, but by their descendants, to many generations, if they have any.

The Duke's temper, naturally quick, but in the vigour of his days kept under marvellous control, became more irritable as the infirmities of age grew upon him; and he found it impossible, sometimes, to restrain it. But he never gave way to a burst of passion without regretting it, and showing, if the opportunity offered, by some unmistakeable proof, that he had wounded himself more than he had wounded others. This was particularly the case in his dealings with his valet, one of the most faithful domestics that ever waited upon a great man. Take the following example.

The Duke's bell sounded very violently, and when the servant entered, he was seen standing beside his table. "What have you done with the book I was reading last night? I laid it there,—just there!" striking the table with his hand, "and you have taken it away. What have you done with it?" "I never saw it, your Grace; I never touched it." "But you must have seen it, and you did touch it; where is it?" And then he would get into a towering passion, and walk up and down the room, blaming everybody, till the servant retired. By and by he would recollect that he had taken it into another room and left it there; upon which he would ring the bell again, and on the servant showing himself, he would ask some ordinary question. The answer being given, he would reply in a tone of marked kindness, "Thank you, I am much obliged to you." The valet perfectly understood that this was as much as if he had said, "I've done you wrong, pray forgive me."

The Duke's liberality to persons in distress was unbounded, and, contrary to all precedent, seemed to increase with his years. He subscribed also, but quietly, to many charitable institutions, and especially to orphan asylums, assigning as his reason that he had been the involuntary means of making many orphans, and was therefore bound to do what

he could to provide for them. That he was imposed upon continually is quite true, and it is equally true that he was not blind to these acts of imposition; yet they never dried up the springs of his benevolence. One among many instances of the extent to which he suffered himself to be plundered, obtained publicity in consequence of the case having been brought into a police-court; yet we question whether even that has been correctly narrated. It was this:—

A band of noted impostors had for months made the Duke their prey. They wrote to him, now, in the character of officers' widows; now, as the daughters of officers; now, as ladies who had fallen from virtue, and were anxious to regain a place in society; and on every occasion he sent them money. At last the Duke's valet, whose suspicions had been awakened by the similarity of the handwriting on letters to which registered replies were returned, communicated with the Mendicity Office, and the plot being discovered, the parties to it were arraigned before the magistrate, and committed to prison. We must not forget to add that the Duke never became aware of Kendall's interference in the matter. Had such a discovery been effected, the probabilities are that Kendall's connection with his master would have ceased immediately. And yet the Duke used to complain in his private letters of the endless applications that were made to him, and of the spirit which seemed to suggest them, as thus:—

“September 8th, 1852.

“It is certainly very curious that every blackguard beggar, male or female, no matter of what country, considers it the right of each to demand money from me! and that every lady or gentleman, whether I am acquainted with them or not, considers that he has a right to demand the service of my power and influence in favour of some relation of the writer, or that, if I have any office, or advantage, or benefit in my gift or at my disposal, the applicant considers himself as exceedingly ill-treated if I do not dispose of the same as he desires. I am certain it is generally un-

derstood that I am a good-natured man, who will do anything; and that moreover I have been highly rewarded and am still in the public service, and that everything I have belongs to the public; as certainly would be the case if I were an *emancipated slave*. I cannot otherwise account for the demands made upon me."

Another little anecdote, illustrative of the same fact, may not be uninteresting. Mr Arbuthnot went one morning into the Duke's room, and found him stuffing a handful of bank notes into several envelopes. "What are you doing, Duke?" "Doing? Doing what I am obliged to do every day. It would take the wealth of the Indies to meet all the demands that are made upon me."

The Duke's hospitality to his neighbours in Walmer, and to the officers of the regiments quartered there and at Dover, was great. Two or three times a week, during his autumnal residence in Kent, he had dinner parties, which all who were present at them enjoyed, because they seemed to be agreeable to their host. He was most particular, too, on such occasions, not to disappoint his guests, even if he should himself be put to inconvenience. It happened, on one occasion, that he invited, as he supposed, all the officers not on duty in Dover Castle to dine with him. Captain Watts, the captain of Walmer Castle, happened to discover that one young officer had been accidentally passed over, and knowing how keen the disappointment to the youth would be, he ventured to state the circumstance to the Duke. "How many are there to dinner?" was the Duke's reply; and when informed that the table would hold an additional guest, he said, "By all means, write and invite him too."

On another day, when the officers from Walmer barracks had been invited, the Duke was taken, about four in the afternoon, with one of those fits to which in later years he had become liable. As he was extremely ill, his servants, when he rallied a little, were naturally desirous of putting off the dinner. Captain Watts accordingly went to his bed-room, and made the proposal; but the Duke would not hear of it. "Let the dinner go on:" and the dinner did

go on, Captain Watts and Dr M'Arthur doing the honours of the table.

One of the common penalties of greatness the Duke was called upon to pay more frequently than perhaps any Englishman of modern times. He sat to painters and sculptors over and over again; and, on the whole, bore the infliction patiently. Once or twice it is recorded that his temper got the better of him; but this befell only when the artist was, or the Duke believed him to be, unpunctual in keeping his engagements. Generally speaking, he was composed, and sufficiently in good humour. Among others he sat to Leslie, who had received a royal command to paint the ceremony of the coronation, introducing portraits of the principal persons present. Leslie resided then at Abercorn Place, in one of the districts of St John's Wood; and the Duke, immediately on entering the studio, remarked, "It's a long way to come, Mr Leslie—five miles." "No, sir," was the answer, "not quite so far as that. But if your Grace finds it inconvenient to come to me, I can easily go to Apsley House." "Very well," replied the Duke: and to Apsley House Leslie accordingly went the very next day appointed for a sitting. He was greeted thus: "Well, don't you find it a long way to come—five miles?"

Either on this or some other occasion the Duke, after having ascertained how the artist wished him to sit, observed, "Now, mind the shape of my head. It's a square head. I know it, for Chantry told me so."*

The single-mindedness of such a remark would excite our astonishment were the story told of any other man than the Duke, but that perfect simplicity was one of the peculiarities of his nature was remarkably illustrated on the occasion of a morning visit which he paid to Mr Croker, during his temporary sojourn in England at an early stage in the Peninsular war. The municipality of Lisbon, grateful for the deliverance of their country from Junot's army, had requested Sir Arthur Wellesley to sit for his portrait; and, the portrait being afterwards engraved, the words "VICTOR

* Haydon's account of his own reception at Walmer Castle will be familiar to all who have read Tom Taylor's biography of that remarkable man.

INVICTUS" were printed beneath. Mr Croker, by some means or another, obtained a copy of this engraving, which he showed to Sir Arthur; whereupon Sir Arthur wrote with his pencil under the motto, "Don't halloo till you're out of the wood." The portrait, with the Duke's pencil criticism attached to it, is still, I believe, in Mrs Croker's possession.

As a landlord, the Duke was liberal and very considerate. In order to prevent all ground of clashing between the tenantry and the incumbent of Strathfieldsaye, he charged himself, long before the bill for the commutation of tithes came into force, with the payment of the latter. He laid out large sums, also, in draining and improving the land, and in rebuilding and putting into complete repair all the farms, homesteads, and cottages on the estate. Indeed, he never applied to his own use one farthing of the rents which accrued from his Hampshire property. "I do this," he observed, "out of consideration for future Dukes of Wellington. I am a rich man, because I have my pay as commander-in-chief, and hold other offices under Government. My successor will not have these sources of income, and I therefore consider it my duty to lay by for him all that is not required out of my rents to put and keep the property in perfect order."

Of the Duke's rigid integrity an instance occurred in reference to this estate, which is well worth placing on record. Some farm adjoining to his lands was for sale, and his agent negotiated for him the purchase. Having concluded the business, he went to the Duke, and told him that he had made a capital bargain. "What do you mean?" asked the Duke. "Why, your Grace, I have got the farm for so much, and I know it to be worth at least so much more." "Are you quite sure of that?" "Quite sure, your Grace, for I have carefully surveyed it." "Very well, then, pay the gentleman from me the balance between what you have already given and the real value of the estate;" and it was done.

It is not to be supposed that the Duke, though he withdrew himself from the turmoil of party politics, was therefore

forgetful of the wants of the country, or indifferent to them. A subject which had long been present to his mind, now appeared well-nigh to engross it. He considered that England lay at the mercy of any great continental Power which possessed a navy, and was willing to run some risks in order to attack her; and looking to the political state of the world, and remembering the occasions on which, since the accession of Louis Philippe, war between France and England seemed imminent, the thought of what might have befallen, and would befall, were some future quarrel to be pushed to an extremity, haunted him like a nightmare. It was a subject on which he not only spoke freely to all who approached him, but about which he communicated in memoranda, and in official and private letters, with almost every member of the Government. At last, being requested to make suggestions, he drew up a paper, wherein he sketched a plan for the preparation of works, purely defensive. It cannot be said that his suggestions were entirely disregarded, for ministers acknowledged the receipt of the document with thanks, and submitted it to the usual routine of official criticism. But time passed without any measures of defence being adopted, and by and by the country was electrified by the appearance in the *Times* newspaper of an able and argumentative letter, bearing the Duke's signature. Now of all living men, he was known to be the last who would lightly appeal on such a subject to such a tribunal. The effect therefore of his letter to Sir John Burgoyne was prodigious, and though it soon transpired that the MS. had fallen into unsafe hands, the amount of good accomplished by it more than made up for the error of its publication. The people of England believed that they were not safe, and the Government set about those necessary arrangements which are still only in progress.

Though the Duke had accepted Louis Philippe as head of the French Government, he seems never to have trusted him. Remembering how, in 1815, the Duke of Orleans had plotted to supplant the elder branch of his own family, he gave the citizen King little credit for patriotism in any of his proceedings. And this measure of distrust attained its

fulness, when the wretched Spanish marriages were negotiated. He spoke of that transaction as discreditable in itself, and towards England positively dishonest, and he agreed with all who expressed an opinion that England ought to have prevented the consummation of the wrong, even if an appeal to arms had been necessary. But then came the question, was England in a condition to appeal to arms? "We are not," he wrote, "in a state to risk even the smallest manifestation of angry feeling on this or any other subject. We must first put our country in that reasonable state of defence in which it was put after the seven years' war, in which it was before the French revolutionary war, and in which it ought always to have been kept, particularly in late years; but in which it would almost appear that it had been the object of Government in modern times not to place it. The neglect of these necessaries has, in my opinion, been the cause, not only of these late transactions, but of many others. But I for one should regret to see any manifestations of feeling upon these matters, until I should be certain that we could resent the feeling which might be manifested on the other side. These are melancholy topics."*

It happened one day, in the autumn of 1846, the Duke being then at Walmer, that the conversation at table turned upon certain alarmist articles which had just made their appearance in the *Times*. A good many officers of the garrison were present, when a gentleman, not an officer, put the question, "But, Duke, do you really think that an invasion of England from France is possible?" "Possible!" replied the Duke, "is anything impossible? Read the newspapers." He said no more while dinner lasted; but when the company had retired to the drawing-room, he took his questioner apart, and entered with him in the fullest manner into the whole subject. "And I'll tell you what," he observed, "the French would have an immense advantage over us, even if we were prepared to oppose a landing, because they would be able to see further and better than we." "How is that?" was the natural question. "Why thus. They start at midnight, and arrive off our coast just before

* MS. correspondence.

sunrise. The dawn, which renders everything clear to them, will not enable us to observe what they are about. They will have a full half-hour of light before we shall be able to distinguish between the line of beach and the line of sea; far less to observe boats in motion. And let me tell you, that in calm weather, and with preparations well settled beforehand, a great deal may be done towards throwing troops ashore on an open beach in half an hour."

It was the Duke's habit, when any matter took fast hold of his attention, to commit his thoughts to paper. He was ready, likewise, when consulted by others, to give his advice, or to record his judgment, in writing, at great length. Sometimes he would even take the trouble, at the request of friends whom he was willing to oblige, to discuss in memoranda, subjects on which they desired to ascertain his opinions. It was in this spirit, and to gratify Colonel Gurwood, that he drew out his masterly criticism on M. Clausewitz's book; and an able parallel between his own character as a general and that of the Duke of Marlborough, written at the desire of the present Earl of Stanhope, is extant, and in Lord Stanhope's possession. Rarely, indeed, if ever, has a man, so much occupied as he, found time for half the amount of non-official authorship into which he entered. His ordinary chit-chat letters were alone sufficient to fill up the day of many, who would have resented the charge, had they been accused, of spending any portion of their lives in sheer idleness. Yet he had always leisure to join in the intercourse of society; and never failed to keep an engagement, be it ever so little to his taste, into which he had entered.

The Duke's letters written about the period of the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment for the second time of a republic in France, show with what intense alarm he witnessed that movement. They show also that age had not obscured the acuteness of his perceptions. But the chief cause of anxiety was lest England or the continental Powers should do anything to precipitate a war. There was nothing in the treaty of Vienna which, according to his view of the matter, pledged the Allies to dictate to France under what form of Government she should live. And if

there had been, the acquiescence of Europe in the substitution of an Orleanist for the old dynasty sufficed, in his opinion, to set it aside. Even the election of Louis Napoleon to the presidential chair, however much it may have surprised, awakened in him no disposition to counsel an appeal to arms. "We went to war with France," he used to say, "in 1793, not because she chose to set up Republican institutions for herself, but because she seemed determined to impose them upon us, and upon all the world besides. And we continued the war till Buonaparte was put down, because with him upon the throne there was no security for the peace of Europe. But France shows no sign, as yet, of that restless propagandism which made her so troublesome and dangerous fifty years ago, and till she do so I am of opinion we are bound to apply to her case, as much as to the cases of other nations, the doctrine of non-intervention, on which we seem all to be agreed. Hence when invited by the French minister to dine with him at the embassy, on what is called Napoleon's fête-day, he not only accepted the invitation, but after dinner proposed the health of Prince Louis Napoleon as President of the French Republic. I have reason to believe that nothing which occurred in England at that time gave greater satisfaction in Paris than this act of wise courtesy on the part of the Duke. How far he would have approved of the re-establishment of the Empire, or of the means taken to bring it about, I cannot undertake to say; but it seems to me probable that other considerations would have yielded to that love of peace, which at every stage in his career was present with him, and which in the decline of life had become well-nigh a passion.

The last public service rendered to his country by the Duke occurred in April, 1848, when London was threatened, or was supposed to be threatened, by a Chartist rebellion. That any real danger attended the entrance of Fergus O'Connor and his rabble into the city nobody now supposes, but the invasion of a rich and peaceful city, even by a rabble, is a matter not lightly to be regarded, and so the Duke thought. He made, therefore, such arrangements of the military force at his disposal that after providing for

the safety of the Bank, the Palace, and the public offices, enough was left to hold the bridges, and to keep the crowd pent helplessly up on Kennington Common, where from all quarters they had assembled. Never in the palmiest days of his youth had that great man, now 79 years of age, been more self-possessed and energetic. The fire of other years seemed to have burst up again. The troops were all stationed where nobody saw them; the police alone, with thousands of special constables, appeared to keep the peace, and the air-bladder collapsed.

My tale of the life of this great and good man is drawing to a close. Besides suppressing the Chartist movement of 1848, he gave orders for that distribution of the military force in Ireland which effectually kept down the rebellious spirit of the people there; inflamed though it was by the speeches and writings of a knot of very clever but very wrong-headed journalists. His paper on that subject, which happily survives, exhibits the wonderful accuracy of his recollection, not in regard to the leading features of the country alone, but in reference to obscure streets and alleys in Dublin and other towns, which he could have had no opportunity of visiting for upwards of half a century. In 1849 he supported, with his usual heartiness and good feeling, the vote of thanks which was passed in the House of Lords to Lord Gough, and the officers and men who had brought to a glorious termination the war in the Punjaub. In 1850 he referred forcibly, but in the best taste, to the loss which the country had just sustained by the death of Sir Robert Peel. In 1851 he was chiefly engaged in defending the privileges of the University of Oxford, and in achieving that modification in the constitution of the royal commission, which rendered it, as we have seen, so effective for good. But years in their progress were beginning to tell even upon him. His frame, once erect and athletic, had become shrunken; his hair grew thin and white, contrasting strongly with the eyebrows, which retained much of their original dark tinge to the last. And though the eye itself, when lighted up, was still clear and piercing, the lines of old age were strongly marked on every other feature of his face.

Fits of somnolency used to come over him also, and he was no longer the indefatigable man of business that he used to be. For some time back he had stooped a good deal; he now began to totter in his walk. His seat on horseback, never at any time a firm one, grew loose, and he reached and descended from the saddle with difficulty. Deafness likewise increased upon him to a painful degree, so much so, indeed, as to render society positively irksome; and his mind, though vigorous when any important or interesting subject was presented to it, began visibly to stiffen. Still, with the iron will which never deserted him, he struggled against the infirmities of the flesh, and kept them at bay. When the Great Exhibition took place in 1851, he played his part well in the pageant of its opening. Nor were many public men more diligent than he in their after-visits to the Crystal Palace. In the evening of the opening day he dined with Miss Burdett Coutts, for whom he entertained a sincere regard, and who was among the warmest of his admirers; and as it happened to be his birthday, the Duke of Brabant, who was present, proposed that the company should drink his health. This was done some little time after the ladies had withdrawn, and the compliment was acknowledged very characteristically: "Gentlemen, I am much obliged to you, and now let us go to the ladies."

In 1852 the Administration was again changed. Lord John Russell, being defeated on a question of the militia force of the country, resigned, and the Conservatives came into power. The Parliament was in consequence dissolved; but in spite of his acknowledged preference for the policy of which Lord Derby was the exponent, the Duke took no part whatever in the elections which followed. He adhered to his old principle, that they who endeavour by extraordinary means to bias the minds of the constituency at such seasons, are guilty of a wrong both to individual voters and to the public; and though urged to exert his influence, both at Dover and Sandwich, in favour of the Government candidates, he refused. The Government party, as was natural, complained that such refusal was unfair towards

them. But he acted on this as upon all occasions, from a strong sense of duty, and took the reproaches which were heaped upon him patiently. These, with many other topics of passing interest, are freely discussed in his private correspondence, which, so far from diminishing, appears to have grown more voluminous as years increased upon him. It may not be uninteresting if I subjoin one or two specimens of the tone which pervaded this correspondence.

A letter full of feeling, written on his birthday, opens thus :—

“ London, 1st May, 1852.

“ I have been all this morning receiving visits, and have just now been down with Lady Douro as far as her house. I was followed and saluted as I went through in the streets. Cromwell’s reflection occurred to me : They would readily follow and pull me to pieces, if convicted of exerting undue influence,” &c.

Another of later date is curious, as giving his own version of the attack made upon him by the mob in 1832. After noticing an application from Dr Maltby, Bishop of Durham, in favour of some man who desired an appointment under the corporation of the Trinity House, on the plea of services rendered, or assumed to have been rendered, to himself personally on that day, the Duke proceeds :—

“ The whole story is false. I picked up two soldiers, who recognized me, and I placed one on each side of me, to guard my legs and heels ; and I desired, if I halted, that they should each of them face outwards, and prevent anybody from approaching my heels. The soldiers were followed by women, children, and men, waving their handkerchiefs. Many men came out and offered me an asylum in their houses. But I declined, saying, if I were to get in, in what manner am I to get out again and go home ? All I cared about was the loss of my way. If I had taken a wrong turn, and had been obliged to return in the face of the mob, I should have been destroyed. There was fortun-

ately no mud in the streets, and nothing could be thrown. I passed some carts loaded with coals, with which I expected to be pelted, but the head of the mob could not stop to get the coals; and those which followed, if they got any, could not make their way to the head, in order to pelt me. One gentleman followed me in a tilbury, and the groom now in my service. I never discovered who that gentleman was. I thought that he was of service to me, and that he intended it. Certainly while he followed me, the mob could not run in upon me."

It would be unjust to the Duke's memory, having thus referred to his letter to the Bishop of Durham, were I to withhold the letter itself. It was written on the 7th of September, that just quoted on the 8th, and both bear date Walmer Castle.

"MY LORD BISHOP,

"I have had the honour of receiving your lordship's letter of the 6th instant. I perfectly recollect having been followed by a mob from the Mint to Lincoln's Inn on the 18th of June, 1832. I have heard of individual acts of many persons for my relief, but I am under the necessity of confessing that I have no recollection of such acts during the progress of the riot and pursuit. If I could recollect such acts, I should personally feel very grateful. But, my lord, I have been unanimously elected a Master of the Corporation of the Trinity House. I believe many have as good a right to it as I. I consider myself bound to perform the duties in a view solely to the interests of the public and the credit of the corporation, and I cannot use its patronage to reward services rendered to myself personally—particularly if I were in personal danger. But, moreover, I never have decided upon any question of patronage at the Trinity House, excepting when seated in my place at the board, and I must decline," &c.

The Duke gave his usual Waterloo dinner this year on the 18th of June, and it was remarked by all his guests, of

whom the late Prince Consort was the only one who had not shared with him the dangers and glories of the day, that he had never on any previous occasion appeared more cheerful, or more completely master of himself. He spoke, likewise, in the House of Lords with great animation in support of the Militia Bill, introduced into Parliament by Mr Walpole. Yet the hand of death was already stretched out towards him. His constitution, naturally robust, had sustained a severe shock from repeated fits of catalepsy, the first of which seized him in 1837, when riding on horseback in Hyde Park. It was not so severe as to deprive him of all command over himself, for he kept his seat and reached home. But the groom observed, when he dismounted, that he staggered, and he was supported to his own apartment, where he lay down. Dr Hume was sent for, but before he arrived the fit had passed away, and the Duke, treating the matter very lightly, refused to take any medicine, and went about his business as usual. From that time up to 1841 the fits frequently returned, and, on one or two occasions, with such severity as to cause great alarm to his family and friends. An opinion generally prevailed that the Duke consented to have a seton introduced into his neck. This was not the case; but by a rigid attention to diet, and submission to such treatment as his medical attendants prescribed, he managed to keep the disorder at bay, and the fits occurred more rarely and with less violence. Still the disease was there, and both mind and body, more or less, suffered from it. The irritability of his temper grew painfully upon him, and even his generosity degenerated, on more than one occasion, into weakness. I have elsewhere referred to this subject, extracting, at the same time, a letter, which showed that when deceived, he was deceived with his eyes open, for he certainly did not believe half the stories of distress that were conveyed to him. The letter in question was written at Walmer Castle, to which place the Duke had repaired on the 25th of August, apparently in his usual health. He had previously gone down on the 7th, attended only by his valet, in order to receive the Queen, should her Majesty be disposed to land, on her progress from Osborne to Ostend.

But the weather proved boisterous, and her Majesty preferred staying on board the yacht, the Prince Consort only coming on shore, and spending an hour with the Duke in the Castle grounds. This was on the 10th of August, and on the 11th, the royal squadron pursued its course, while the Duke drove across to Dover, and there took the rail for London. On the 25th, however, as has just been stated, he returned, bringing with him his whole establishment of servants, horses, and carriages,—a sufficient indication that his autumnal sojourn was begun; and preparations were immediately made to welcome and entertain guests, to whom he appeared desirous of doing honour.

The guests in question were, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz,—the latter a Russian princess, and daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael. They reached the castle on the 26th, and were met at dinner by Baron Brunnow, the Russian minister at the court of St James's, and his private secretary; by the Earl of Clanwilliam, captain of Deal Castle, with the Countess, and their daughter, Lady Selina Meade; by Admiral Sir John Hill, captain of Sandown Castle; Captain Vincent, R.N., captain of Sandgate Castle; and Captain Watts, captain of Walmer Castle. "I never," says Captain Watts, "saw the Duke in better health or spirits. In the evening, soon after we left the dining-room, the Grand Duke asked me whether there was not a particularly good picture of the Duke in Walmer Castle? I replied that there was no picture, but a very good engraving,—that it hung in the dining-room, and that I had often heard the Duke say, that he considered it the best likeness of himself that had ever been taken. The Grand Duke requested me to return with him to the dining-room, that he might examine the engraving; and after he had gazed at it for some time, remarked that the Duchess ought likewise to see it. He went immediately into the drawing-room to fetch her; whereupon the Duke himself came back with them, and observing what the purpose was which brought them into the dining-room, he said to the Duchess in French, 'That is the very best likeness that was ever taken of me.' He added after a short pause, 'Perhaps



you would like to possess it.' The offer was at once and gladly accepted; upon which he rang the bell, and desired the butler to take the engraving out of the frame, and to bring it to him next morning, that he might inscribe his name at the bottom. Everything was done as the Duke directed. The engraving was taken from the frame; the Duke subscribed it with his name; it was then carefully packed, and probably hangs at this hour in one of the apartments of the palace at Mecklenburg."

Two incidents marked the progress of this little affair, of sufficient importance, as it seems to me, to justify the minuteness with which I have detailed it. The first is, that when the engraving was brought to the Duke in the morning, in order that he might subscribe it, he did what he was never known on any previous occasion to have done; he tried the pen which was put into his hand before making use of it. The next, that though he wrote by that night's post to his publisher in London, for a fac-simile of the engraving, wherewith to fill the vacant frame, his order was not executed. The fact is, that the engraving which he had given away was what is called a proof engraving, of which no stock remained on hand. Great pains were taken to seek for a copy in various directions, but without success; and now among the effigies of other lords warden that of the Duke hangs in the dining-room at Walmer Castle, not a proof, but a common engraving, which did not reach its place till the day after the great original had ceased to take interest in sublunary affairs.

On the 28th, a little before noon, the Grand Duke and Duchess took their departure, the Duke driving the latter to Dover in a pony carriage. He returned after seeing them on board the packet, and spent the evening alone. He never from that day received any more guests at his table; indeed, up to the 8th of September, he remained, with his domestics, the sole occupant of the Castle. Daily, however, he might be seen riding or walking about, and once he went as far as Folkestone. It was to visit Mr Croker, who had removed thither in search of that health which was never to be restored to him again; and the