

food and drink he required, and wiped the sweat from his brow. They live in a small cottage near Windsor, and I hope to make their acquaintance.

During the evening we were introduced to a venerable old gentleman of 81, a Mr. Granci, who lives opposite Mr. Hurter. Having watched the quiet, steady industry of this family for some time, he visited them, paid homage to the father's talents, and praised the daughters' quiet reserve. His respect counts for a great deal because of his great knowledge and integrity. He was tutor to young Lord Savile, against whom the fanatical Lord Gordon principally levelled his ire. Since this noble humanitarian had voted in favour of freedom of thought and worship amongst the Catholics, his house was the first sacrifice to mob fury, and Savile barely had time to save his trembling mother before his house was broken into, despoiled and ravaged; books, manuscripts, picture collection and other costly things, as in Lord Mansfield's case, burned and destroyed, while George Savile himself was so much pestered and plagued that he afterwards expired. The venerable old de Granci still sheds some tears on speaking of the ill-fortunes and the virtue of his pupil. I thought Gordon most hateful and despicable as I heard the detailed account of these murderous and unbridled scenes; they were never made really public in newspapers or letters, for the government and nation must have been ashamed of possessing so wild a mob of villains in its capital. The papers never mentioned that fifteen places were set fire to simultaneously, and that a number of invalids and pregnant women died of shock. Let me turn from the pictorial accounts I received, to wish you, dear children, and myself, if fate decrees old age for us, a life spent like Granci's:

Thoughtful towards friendship and deserts,

Kindly in all his dealings with mankind,

Knowledge of his youth fresh in his mind,

And a lively interest in every new discovery.

He has been a great traveller. Has made every fundamental and fine science his own. He enters society enriched with the spirit of his age, and eager to sample modern knowledge, like a man with a quantity of golden medals which he is ready to compare with newer mint. Lord Savile's mother is still alive, and often visits her son's friend, talks about him, and is glad to pay Mr. Granci the pension which the family considered a debt of gratitude, for the subsequent fame attained by the worthy son is rightly attributed to Mr. Granci's excellent tuition. He spends a few weeks with the mother every year on the country estate of which her noble son was fondest, and where the fine portrait of this martyr to a just philanthropy is hung.

Mr. Granci lives alone in a nice little house with a couple of devoted servants. On hearing him recite some French verses exceedingly well, I told him that I took him for a very happy old gentleman. 'Indeed, I am, but I always prayed to Apollo, in the words of Horace's thirty-first ode: Grant me, son of Lato, bodily health and a pure spirit together with contentment in adversity; and an old age without disgrace, but not without a lute.' This the old man spoke so beautifully, in such a friendly way!

Sept. 15

To-day we visited the site of the Adelphi buildings, which occupy an entire district on the Thames, are very attractively built, and afford the foreigner the pleasure of strolling along the embankment and watching the mighty river. For, next to sixty houses, the architects have laid a street with fine iron railings on the river-side.

From here we entered the splendid premises of the voluntary society for the improvement of agriculture and the arts.<sup>1</sup> I must first make brief mention of the fact that I was very happy in this house, for I not only found there a large room full of machines for easing and improving agricultural

<sup>1</sup> Officially designated . . . The Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufacture and Commerce.

and manual labour, but also a number of prizes offered for afforestation of all kinds of useful trees, which was a pleasing sight. Anyone cultivating oak trees on ten acres of land received a gold medal worth twenty guineas; anyone, as above, planting five acres in one year got a silver medal worth ten guineas. Likewise for the drainage and cultivation of marshes and tests applied to fodder, herbage—and corn. For the cultivation of waste-land—whoever makes the best suggestions for this purpose earns the gold medal. For evidence that in one soil chalk, in another manure, in a third clay or marl, flourish best, the prize offered is a gold medal. If a person has cultivated heath or land near the sea, he also is the recipient of a gold medal. Evidence as to when lime, wood or coal ashes are most profitable is crowned with the gold medal. And a great deal more of the same kind, which I cannot describe here, all of it for the good of mankind or the domestic animal, followed by drawing prizes, in which case the age of the entry is always affixed; a special class for the children and grandchildren of peers of the realm and the nobility; prizes for schoolmasters, within a thirty-mile radius of London, teaching boys to read and write Latin by the easiest and most rapid method; as also for those teaching people to read and write German, Spanish and Italian—always the gold medal! There is no mention of French. For articles much in demand in England like kelp and potash for glass-making, for the growing of mulberry trees and rearing of silkworms, a gold medal is offered. For discovery of a method of preserving acorns, nuts and other seeds from destruction, as for the most successful wheat crops, a gold medal. Whoever derives most fodder for domestic animals from a given number of fields, receives ten guineas. Whoever destroys the largest number of mice and rats, and discovers a means of getting rid of other noxious animals and insects, receives the gold medal.

Further, for discoveries in mineralogy; the quantity and pressure of steam and increased use of same in machinery, a

gold medal. New mills to be invented; smoke and steam injurious to mechanics using fire processes to be diminished, and innumerable problems of a similar nature are set as prize tasks. Prizes are offered to the inhabitants of the islands for planting nutmeg, a gold medal for five pounds' worth; a similar reward for the bread-fruit tree, and oil taken from cotton seed, or spirit from the shell of coffee-beans, etc.

The society consists of six thousand, and the same number of hundred members, who contribute two guineas annually, which are always distributed as prizes, either in medal form or in ready guineas, if the latter are more appropriate to the circumstances of the inventor or worker. What thousands of people have been encouraged in industry and reflection, have been rewarded and certainly enriched since 1753, when a fine, upright man of the name of Mr. Shipley founded the society.

A large picture runs the whole round of this honourable and esteemed society's conference hall, which is also lit from above, depicting all the labours and activities of mankind, and ending with the reward of the philanthropist's good deeds at the doors of eternity.

Fine, indeed, very fine, are the laws which treat a lord of the highest estate and a member of the lowest class with equal regard and equal rights.

My heart was big with blessings, and tears of joy filled my eyes, at the list of the many names to whom rewards had been given for improved methods of cultivation or inventions of tools.

I wished noble Count Hartig, the author of an interesting history of agriculture, in which he warmly commends this foundation, had been with us. He also names some young Englishmen who devoted their life and property to the good of their country—Clare, Conway, Chesterfield, Buckingham, Bridgewater, Clanricarde, the Duke of Bedford, for whom a medal was stamped and himself named 'Bedford triptolemus.' Noble land, where the virtue of humanity is rewarded and

extolled. Thank God that nowhere, either spoken or written, did I meet with complaints of egoism, as was so often the case in France.

From this building, the home of all the virtues, we came to Pluto's palace, the Bank, where we admired the handsome architecture, and saw some gold bars. It seems significant that a church was broken up to allow more space for riches. For, alas, how often are all feelings of humanity and religion suppressed so that gold may the more readily be hoarded.

The way here leads through large, beautifully vaulted halls into circular apartments supported by pillars, where hundreds of people are paying in bank-notes, handing out money in exchange for paper, or taking the former and giving the latter; a number besides come in and write letters at the free tables and ink-wells, and transact business.

In the vault, where guineas and crowns are not counted but weighed, and shaken into jars or sacks, there is a terrible rattle and clatter. One man showed us gold bars from Guinea, whence the English gold coins take their name.

Man's absolute need of this metal—for even the noblest comes to an ignoble end, unless some small portion of it be his—and the miserable plight of the blacks who extract it from the earth came to my mind, and lent the gold bars such a character that the sight of them weighed heavily upon my heart. Indeed, I thanked heaven that it was yet possible for industrious hands and an inventive mind to tread the road to greatest virtue and yet earn at least a modest portion of it all.

Not a single calm, contented face did I see there, not even amongst those receiving large sums of money. Their joy was rather dazzling than radiant; others looked care-worn, or covetous, or seemed restless and worried while they wrote. Those weighing the money appeared indifferent, a state which habit always fosters. Those drawing small trucks laden with gold and silver across the court seemed, from the expression of their faces, contorted by pulling their load, to be

the only people connecting desires and sorrows with the sense of the weight behind them. We had been told that amongst the many people rushing to and fro, note-snatchers and pickpockets were to be found. I confess I looked into many a face for this reason, but I do not fancy I spotted any, for even the best faces expressed a fervent longing for fortune's bounty.

I departed, hoping that the riches amassed in here might be earned and enjoyed without regret.<sup>1</sup> . . .

. . . And now I am turning towards London again, back to East India House which, without much show, is yet very effective; though not as fine as one might expect from the owners of dominions supplying sixteen million subjects and six million pounds sterling, and having a standing army of eighteen thousand men.

The great tea auction was just taking place inside. A large number of merchants were present—all quite quiet. There was not a sound except for the auctioneer, and a reply, of which every one made a note; after a short interval another offer was made, and so on. This company only seems to work in millions, for it was a question of several million pounds of tea. From there we went quite cheaply to the Excise and Customs House on the Thames. It is impossible to describe the confusion of workmen and ships' hands there, and the quantities of cases, casks and bales. This portion of London shows far more clearly than St. James', that it is a great trading state, and that here is the residence of a mighty king. We spent a few minutes upstairs in the rooms where the goods are registered and taxed, and it seemed to us that if reserve and searching curiosity are not apparent anywhere else, they are at least to be found here.

I had an altogether new experience. I had never eaten oysters; and we went over a fish-market on the Thames, where a load had just come in, and some people were

<sup>1</sup> Some etymological speculations on the origin of the word 'bank' are here omitted.

eagerly buying and carrying them off, while others had them opened and were eating them, for innumerable bread and lemon vendors were present offering their services. For a time we watched with interest, finally we were seized by the desire to sample really fresh English oysters. We entered an inn, where the lower floor was separated off into a number of small rooms holding six to eight persons. The cubicles were neat, the tables laid with white cloths, and there were delightful wicker-chairs to sit in. A fisher-woman with a basket of oysters, a youngster with lemons and a small basket containing bread, plates and knives followed immediately after us. An excited enthusiasm whispered in my ear: 'These are English oysters, and you are in London,' and any previous aversion to oyster-eating I may have entertained vanished, and I liked them very much.

From such trifling remarks on the power of fancy I was taken to Moorfields, to Bedlam, the famous lunatic asylum, where an overwrought fantasy at its highest and most tragic pitch has gathered some hundreds of unfortunates.

I had always had a horror of such establishments, where my heart would be torn at the sight of so much anguish, and seized with an aversion to all those in authority, though my grief and despair could do the poor sufferers no good. For this reason I did not go to Bicêtre, near Paris; here, however, curiosity overcame my loathing; I wanted to see this London institution to test the truth of her philanthropy. I traversed the fine avenues of that magnificent, though somewhat solitary, Moorfields, and was much affected by the two statues of the sad and raving lunatic above the entrance, by the sculptor Gibber, regarded as masterpieces for the penetrating truth of their expression, and deservedly. With a heavy heart I then approached this palace of greatest human misery. It is indeed a very palatial building, 540 feet in length, with two large wings either side and fine gardens, where the poor people can enjoy fresh air and recreate themselves amongst trees, flowers and plants.

It was formerly a monastery, where an abundant piety, loveliest of passions, peopled the cells with voluntary entries; now the grief of unrequited love, the pangs of vanity, ambition, hate and affliction, and other similar emotions bring—oh, how many—hither!

Entrance and vestibule are fine. The inspector is an intelligent, humane person. On every step of the stairs by which we ascended my fear increased. We came to a broad passage, thoroughly well lit, with cells on either side, just as in a monastery. A number of men were pacing calmly to and fro, saluting the inspector in friendly fashion. An attendant opened some cells, and I noticed the inspector showed a kindly tact as he explained, 'You will see here a man who has been very ill,' or, 'Here is someone who is very ill.' The cruel expressions 'fool' or 'madman' never once passed his lips.

The living-rooms of these unfortunates are spacious and bright, with windows up above, and contain comfortable beds, while many are provided with tables, books, and writing material; we were afterwards shown a man whose poor brain was overtaxed and strained over some calculation. This man does nothing but repeat this sum, writes it down very neatly, and with excellent figures, of which he handed me a sheet, his countenance doleful.

The inspector and attendant spoke gently and kindly to them all, especially to the invalids who are kept locked up, since otherwise they might inflict wounds upon themselves and others. But here the forethought and humanity of the authorities were exemplified, for these unhappy folk had no chains or straps to rub sores if they made frenzied gestures with their arms and hands and so aggravate mental stress by further pain. They wore a strong jacket with long, white sleeves, tied behind their backs; this forms a sufficient deterrent to their harming anything with their hands and does not hurt them in any way; if they should show signs of restlessness while strolling around loose, they are fastened to the corner of the room with strong cords, also fixed to the

jacket. They can move backwards and forwards in a semi-circle, so preserve a certain amount of freedom, yet are rendered harmless without having to suffer.

The cleanliness, order and gentleness with which these wretched folk are tended, and their condition notwithstanding, all affected me greatly, particularly the affectionate care taken not to hurt them. The inspector told us that it was Dr. Monro's institute, and he had forbidden them to ill-treat or frighten any one of the unfortunates either by word or threat or mien.

'This is a fever of the mind,' he says, 'tender, gentle handling is the only cure for this. Where the fever has proved infectious to the body, I shall try to relieve it by diet and medicines.' And the man continued: 'Such persistent tenderness and kindness must inevitably have a salutary effect, for the worst attacks improve within a fortnight or three weeks, and a number are cured.'

I wept for joy, and blessed Monro and the inspector. The man was moved and said, 'What a pity you were not there last Wednesday, when five complete cures were handed back to their families, and all, like you, blessed and thanked Mr. Monro.'

A ship's captain who had served with honours was very unhappy, and lost his reason a second time. His pensive, gentle visage and a preoccupation with sea charts distinguished him.

A young French cook lay on his bed almost aglow with the heat of his fever, but smiled and with a welcome, kissed his hands to us. They hope to have the poor young fellow cured soon.

One man in the lowest cell, with books all round him, was wearily sitting head in hand. He had committed a murder, and the agony of it drove him silly, though he continued to attack people; he is quiet again now, but disconsolate and incurable.

Next we came to the unfortunates of my own sex. Some

young creatures amongst the patients were most pathetic sights, clad in white flannel skirts and tunics. One was lying on a bench very deeply moved, and she turned her head away when I cast tearful glances at her. She had beautiful eyes and perfectly regular features. Her reason had been impaired by abortive marriage plans. Another had been in the passage all huddled together, pensive and melancholy. Some quietly walked beside us, following us with curious gaze. One of them was laughing and skipping.

'And now,' said the supervisor, door key in hand, 'I will show you Mistress Nicholson.' I shuddered at seeing a person with murderous instincts. She sat there, tidily attired, her hat upon her head, with gloves and book in hand; stood up at sight of us, and fixed her horrible grey eyes wildly upon us. Meanwhile the inspector had noticed a number of pens lying on the ground. 'Are these pens no use, Mistress Nicholson?' he asked kindly. She answered rapidly, 'No, not one,' taking a paper on which she had written with a really good hand. 'See here, the first lines were good, but I cannot let the prince see the rest.' Then the inspector assured her she should have good pens, and called a nurse immediately to take those away and bring fresh ones, for which the sad woman thanked him. Then he asked her whether she still had anything to read. 'A few pages, as you see,' while she passed her fingers through them. 'I will send another part at once,' he answered. She nodded thanks, sat down again, and continued her book. It was Shakespeare which she was reading so intently.

We then saw some of the quieter patients, some of whom were sewing and others sitting together, for they are gladly allowed to make friends and be sociable; except at night, when they must all retire to their own room.

One nice girl was hovering round a woman sitting there, for whom she affected all the poses of a lady's maid ready to adorn her lady. She was wan, and very gentle. Another did nothing but move her hands like a person diligently sewing,

and did not look up. From one poor, melancholy creature I bought a little basket of plaited straw. She ran quickly into her cell with the money, a lovely slim figure which filled me with compassion.

The inspector answered an inquiry as to 'which species of madness afflicted the women most.' 'Young ones mourn a lover's faithlessness, his death, or the parents' harshness at not agreeing to the marriage. The greatest number of older women come from the Methodists' ranks, usually from childhood, when they are in any case very frail and the strict doctrines of this sect had made them anxious, which gradually gives way to a quiet kind of lunacy; but these cases were mostly cured.'<sup>1</sup> . . .

. . . I was sorry to hear that there are more than three hundred private homes for lunatics in London, and that one more house had recently been erected for this purpose, which had received one hundred thousand pounds sterling in donations in twenty years. Bedlam has an income of five thousand pounds sterling.

This mass of asylums is a humiliating counter-balance to the reflective qualities and philosophic disposition which distinguish the English nation; and I should only like to know whether these institutes are as necessary in provincial towns and in the country, as in the capital, where passion is nurtured and stimulated.

I left the house with blessings for the wise, humane doctor and noble commission whose rooms I had inspected. I only wish every good, honest worker and wage-earner and their families in the Fatherland might have such sound, spacious, clean rooms as these unfortunates; and prayed God to keep my intellect fit unto the end; even if only for the sake of the misery which my collapse would cause.

An Eolian harp at the half-open window of the chief

<sup>1</sup> A discussion of motives—to be found more satisfactorily in the *Dictionary of Nat. Biog.*—and incidents pertaining to the attempted murder of George III, omitted.

inspector's room seemed to me significant, and as the door opened the draught caught the strings and produced very delicate, soft tones. I revered such evidence of feeling, such attentiveness in listening for gentle harmonies in a man holding a position of this kind, for I felt convinced that he would not miss the often quiet promptings of humanity, and would thus be in accord with Monro.

In the afternoon we visited a book-shop in the Strand. I fancied to myself I was at the chemist's who supplied the aids and preventatives against those mental diseases I had so lamented at Bedlam that morning. But I should soon have caught a fever there too, for I was so seized with the desire to see and read all these fine works, that the thought of the sheer impossibility of such an enterprise made the tears well up and really grieved me, till I caught sight of some works in the buildings of the court below which distracted my attention, and I admired the good fortune and ability of this man who supervised his printers and his bookbinders, working for the shop, from a charming cabinet hung with beautiful engravings where works of immense value are displayed. I noticed a number of attractive girls folding the books with an almost incredible speed, which only habit could have lent their hands and fingers. Perfect eyesight, plenty of time and guineas, might surmount my desires on seeing the neat arrangement for collecting all the English poets, charmingly bound and printed, into a case shaped like a large book. Ah, indeed, if only I might stay here long enough to browse amongst this publisher's collection, how blissful, then, how more than blissful my glorious trip to England would be!

This day seemed to have a definite end. We spent the morning looking at gold bars and silver ingots; then at paucity and wealth of intellect, and finally we visited Messrs. Jeffries' silver store.

From the book shop we drove across the fine Blackfriars Bridge to the other side of the Thames, and back over Westminster Bridge to this silversmith's, whose stock must be

worth millions. It was all illuminated, and from this room, full of sparkling gold and silver moulds and vessels, with two of its walls lined with large mirrors, there is a magnificent view into two brightly lit streets, the shop lights shimmering on either side. I have never seen silver moulded into such noble, charming, simple forms; never in such profusion and with the added pleasure of comparing the work of previous generations with up-to-date modern creations, whereby the client's taste and artist's workmanship at different periods may be construed and criticised. These antique, well-preserved pieces, so Mr. Jeffries said, often find a purchaser more readily than the modern. This is because the English are fond of constructing and decorating whole portions of their country houses, or at least one large apartment, in old Gothic style, and so are glad to purchase any accessories dating from the same or a similar period.

The shelves round the window and the tables contained a number of indefinable but delicately wrought trifles, as, for instance, rings, needles, watches and bracelets, showing an inventiveness and craftsmanship almost past imagination.

In the end I stood dumbfounded, and the depths of my soul were shaken with this thought:

Heavens! How differently laws, education and native land deal with the wretched negro digging silver from the bowels of the earth in Peru, and the European offering it for sale at Jeffries'. Both have an immortal soul inspired to life by the breath of divinity; both possess eyes and two hands, and both are destined to live upon this earth.

Alas! I turn away in silence; admire our cultivation of mental and physical abilities, and offer up a tear to the fate of our black, yellow and brown brothers, because similar powers in them are choked and strangled and disqualified for any higher uses.

I was once told that the glory of our generation was attributed to a spiritual enlightenment responsible for a wide tolerance and forbearance. Would it not prove a source of

great fame to some people, were learning, wealth and might to increase charity and human kindness? And would not Europe, with all her intellect and power, appear for these same reasons to other portions of the globe like a new race of demi-gods?

We finished the evening at tea investigating Argand lamps of all descriptions. Their advantage lies in a wick which burns around a tube fixed inside a glass funnel higher than the flame, with an air current beneath to prevent flickering and smoke. There is a paper screen on top, till now of French manufacture. The good inventor, however, spoke of his lamps too soon, and somebody copied them and tried to claim the invention, involving poor Argand in a law-suit which cost him twelve thousand guilders.

*Saturday, Sept. 16*

To-day, at breakfast, I received an invitation from the Duchess of Reventlow to go to Richmond, and another to Windsor, from my dear La Fite. Both gave me great pleasure, and I gladly accepted. The good family Webb also evinced the genuine nature of their friendship towards me, for I received a letter, a pheasant and two partridges, with Diana's compliments, requesting me to accept the visit of two lady friends of theirs from Chelsea, who would be only too glad to show me kindness in their name. I was greatly touched, sent a reply, and prepared to leave for Windsor about midday, taking your brother and young Mr. Hurter along with me, as our English is none too fluent, and I want to know that he is in good company while I am at Mme. La Fite's.

We drove first to Mr. Seddon's, a cabinet-maker, and before leaving for Windsor I must tell you a little about our unusual visit there. He employs four hundred apprentices on any work connected with the making of household furniture—joiners, carvers, gilders, mirror-workers, upholsterers, girdlers—who mould the bronze into graceful patterns—and