CHAPTER XXIII

1854

DIFFICULTIES IN THE CRIMEA—LORD RAGLAN—BILL FOR ENLISTMENT OF FOREIGN TROOPS

Curiously enough, our first Cabinet after a considerable interval was held on the 17th of October, the very day on which all our siege-guns and all our ships first opened a combined fire upon Sebastopol. I went up to London to attend the Cabinet, and was not displeased to find that it had been summoned to consider renewed overtures from Austria for a closer alliance. This was all in the direction of my own views, as expressed in the Memorandum above mentioned. But I soon found myself in line with two powerful allies who could not be resisted. The first was the French Emperor, who somewhat suddenly conceived a great desire to be in alliance with Austria. At home we had to contend with a very strong, but a very irrational prejudice. Among the tides of passion which surged at this time through the British people, one of the strongest was a democratic hatred of Austria as one of the leading members of the old Holy Alliance. One of the most violent cries against Aberdeen in the Tory press was that which regarded him as Austrian in his sympathies. So vulgar and so violent were the articles at this time against him, that he had alluded to them recently in one of his letters to me, and in my reply, only a few days before this Cabinet, I had said: 'What I have seen of the Opposition papers is so stupid as well as so discreditable that it appears to me very harmless. The personal turn which politics have taken

since the break-up of the old party divisions has led to very disgraceful results, and in no point more disgraceful than in the perpetual and malignant attacks upon you individually by those who entreated you to join them when they could hardly do without you.' Nevertheless, such gusts of political passion and prejudice, however contemptible in themselves, have an appreciable effect even upon those who despise them, and I doubt whether Aberdeen himself, with all his resolute love of truth, would have thought it wise at that moment to propose renewed negotiations with Austria. It was therefore a great help to me, and to others who agreed with me, to find our view taken up by our powerful ally the French Emperor, and to find also that, at a second Cabinet on the 20th, sensible progress was made towards an agreement with Austria which could not fail to lead to some more definite understanding as to our final objects in the war.

But the time was now coming when another ally besides the French Emperor was to enter an appearance on our behalf. This was an ally, indeed, which we would gladly have done without. It was adversity. We had all been too excited, and too confident of immediate success. And yet it is forgotten now what good grounds we had up to the 17th of October for the most sanguine expectations. We had sent out the largest army which had ever been despatched from the shores of England. We had conveyed it, and also many of our French allies, in a magnificent fleet of armed vessels and of transports. We had landed it without a hitch on the shores of an enemy 3,000 miles away. We had accompanied it with a heavy siege-train and 4,000 horses. We had encountered our enemy in a pitched battle on his own ground and behind his own entrenchments, and we had defeated him completely. We had marched round the great fortress unopposed, and had seized an important harbour, furnishing a secure naval base for whatever future operations might be required. The whole fleet of our

enemy was beneath the sea. Both our naval and our military departments had thus really done wonders, and we had every reason to be proud of them. Yet, just at this moment, began a series of events which brought upon us unexpectedly loss, sorrow, terrible anxiety, and well-nigh disaster. Few changes of horizon have ever been more complete. If on the 17th of October, when we were reluctantly turning our thoughts to peace, we had been able to hear and to see what was then going on at the seat of war, we should have heard with something like dismay, from morning till night, the baffled roar of those ineffectual guns on which we had all been counting so surely for the reduction of the fortress. But this bitter disappointment was not all that was in store for us. Only eight days after our Cabinet, our army was attacked from behind Balaclava, and suffered severely in repulsing the attack. The loss included a large part of our cavalry. It really looked as if our army before Sebastopol, instead of investing the fortress, was itself to be invested on all sides, and swept into the sea. Then, again, only ten days later, on the misty morning of November 5th, we were attacked by a large and fresh Russian army, advancing from the north. For a time it went hard with our scanty battalions, and a great disaster was only prevented by the extraordinary pluck of our men and the timely succour of our allies the French. This was Inkerman. And, again, when our ranks had been seriously thinned and overworked, came the dreadful gale of November 6th, in which many vessels that carried stores for the army were lost, and this at a time when it became clear that the hardest work would be needed for preparing winter quarters in the Crimea.

Our army is so drawn from every class and rank in the nation, that in any great war death is liable to enter every kind of home. And at this time of great public anxiety it did enter ours. My wife's younger brother, Lord Frederick Leveson-Gower, a youth of

great amiability and elevation of character, had recently entered the Rifle Brigade, and embarked with his regiment for the East. He was naturally delicate, and in the unhealthy camp of Varna he contracted fever. His billet for the Crimea was in a common transport, where he could have neither suitable food nor accommodation. When the fleet of ships and transports anchored near the Crimea, poor Frederick Gower was very ill and low. The skipper found his vessel near H.M.S. *Bellerophon*, commanded by Lord George Paulett, to whom he sent a message informing him that a son of the Duke of Sutherland was ill on board his ship. Lord George at once sent his own barge, and brought Frederick to his ship, where he tended the invalid with every care. But it was too late to save his life, and he died shortly after, and was buried in the Black Sea. This sad event did not reach our ears till the first days of November. It was a great shock to the Duchess of Sutherland, and my wife at once went off to Dunrobin when she heard of the misfortune.

The first twenty-four days of the month of November were days of intense anxiety and suspense. Our communications with the Crimea were very slow, chiefly through Bucharest. It took between a fortnight and three weeks before any authentic accounts could ever reach us. But meanwhile all sorts of rumours came flying across Europe—through Embassies, through the Rothschilds, and others—all more or less aggravating our misfortunes, and some of them revealing what the Russians had hoped to achieve by their grand assault at Inkerman. The Charge of the Light Brigade on the 25th of October was one of the few misfortunes which turned out less than we had feared. The explanation did not reach us till November 12th. It was not till the 15th that we heard the details of Inkerman, and a week later before we got Lord Raglan's private letters telling us that we must send to him any men we could spare. It may be well to give here the words

which I find in my political journal, as expressing our feelings at the moment: 'On the 5th November, instead of our assaulting Sebastopol, as had been contemplated, we were attacked by greatly superior forces, but after a desperate contest repulsed the enemy, with tremendous loss to them, but great loss also to ourselves. It is felt that this cannot last, and that we are in danger of sinking under the weight of such bloody triumphs.' In order to comply with Raglan's requisitions, we needed the leave of Parliament to call out the militia for garrison duty, and therefore, on November 24th, at a Cabinet, we determined to summon Parliament for the 12th of December. Palmerston was at the time on a visit to Paris, where he was, of course, in communication with the French Government, and it was not reassuring to us to find that the buoyant confidence which had been so much too great at first had now entirely given way, and that he wrote with much anxiety about the position of our army.

In Lord Raglan's private letters the gallant old man did not breathe one word of abandoning the enterprise. But he did tell us that, at a council of war upon the 6th, they had determined to spend every effort, in the first place, in defensive works, awaiting reinforcements. This spoke volumes. Our army had become visibly and obviously inadequate for the work, and in the meantime at least it had to give up the idea of assaulting its enemy, and to be content with defending itself. Meantime no time was lost in sending men. Another battalion of the Guards was sent out on the same day, and the Prince Consort went to Portsmouth to see them off.

It was at this moment of universal depression, not unaccompanied by alarm, that I had my first opportunity of seeing the high spirit and courage of the Queen. There are some people who are cheerful when others are sad, only because of a want of knowledge or of thought. But this was impossible at Windsor. The Queen and the Prince Consort knew everything

and thought of everything connected with the critical situation of public affairs. Admirable papers came from the Prince, full of suggestions on the best means of strengthening the military resources of the country, many of which were adopted by the War Office. Yet, on a visit to Windsor for a couple of days, on the 27th of November, I was struck by the Queen's high bearing under the anxieties of the time. She was proud of the courage and tenacity shown by her army during the recent battle, and spoke of the pleasure she had had in writing personally to Lord Raglan, both after the Alma and again, on sending the Field-Marshal's baton, after Inkerman. There was no sign of depression about the Queen, but a cheerful confidence that her army and her navy would yet recover our position.

When at Windsor, I first heard from Lord Aberdeen a story which had been related elsewhere, but about which I have always entertained the greatest doubt. It is that when our army, after the Russian rout upon the Alma, made the famous flank march round the fortress to the north, in order to seize and occupy the naval base of Balaclava, it would have been possible, and even easy, to occupy Sebastopol itself, whilst the Russian army, in a panic, had retreated out of the Crimea. It never has seemed to me really credible that so important a fortified arsenal should have been left quite open and unfortified on its rear face, although, of course, it is true that all the probabilities of attack were from the sea. I have been always suspicious of the stories on this matter which have since been attributed to our gallant foes, the officers of the Russian garrison. Splendid as their defence was, they were beaten at last, and it is always a temptation to the vanquished to say to the victors: 'What fools you were! If you had but known our situation after the Alma, you might have assaulted and taken Sebastopol as an open town, when you took us so completely by surprise in your march from the Alma to Balaclava.'

It does not at all follow, of course, that Raglan was wrong in declining to make the experiment, because we now were told that it would probably have been successful.

As regards our part in the story, Lord Aberdeen had the best means of knowing the truth, and that part is what our other Generals thought and said on the occasion. According to the information Aberdeen received, Lord Raglan was advised to make the direct assault on Sebastopol by General Cathcart, one of the most distinguished Generals in the army, and whose death was one of the greatest losses we suffered at Inkerman. His information, further, was that Raglan was dissuaded from the attempt by the advice of General Burgoyne, the head of the artillery, who assured Lord Raglan that his guns, when once opened, would reduce the place in three days. I have no doubt of the truth of this anecdote, not only because Aberdeen had at that moment access to the most authentic information, but still more because of the perfect consistency of the narrative with all the preceding and all the succeeding facts. Burgoyne's perfect confidence in his guns was but the reflection of the confidence felt in all the military departments—a confidence on which our own in the expedition as a whole was founded. Our War Office had taken pains to supply a siege-train of great power. It included some eighty-three guns of the largest calibre, and the universal expectation was that it would pulverize any fortification that it could command from a reasonable range. Burgoyne's advice to Raglan was strictly according to the game as it was intended to be played—a game of bombardments followed by assaults. We none of us had ever thought of taking Sebastopol by a fluke—rushing it through a back-door left open. No blame whatever, therefore, can be attached to Burgoyne and Raglan for declining to try an experiment which might be futile, and which, if not successful, would certainly be dangerous. But let us observe the light which

Burgoyne's confidence in his siege-train threw upon the events which followed. When the army got round to Balaclava, they spent their whole time and strength in getting up the siege-train into position in trenches at the front. Before this could be accomplished, no less than twenty-seven days had passed from the Battle of the Alma, and twenty-one days from the assurance which Burgoyne had given to Raglan. Then came the great promised bombardment of the 17th October, which turned out to be utterly ineffectual. Then followed another interval of a fortnight, during which the army was preparing for a second bombardment, interrupted by a dangerous attack on our naval base of Balaclava on October 25th, and finally put an end to by the still more dangerous attack of Inkerman on the 4th of November. During all this time—more than a month—there was no time or thought expended on fortifications much needed to defend ourselves, and no work done in establishing good roads between our only base for all supplies and the trenches.

With that long interval of time expired the long tract of fine weather with which we had been favoured. With the hurricane of November 6th that weather broke up, and the bare uplands to which we had dragged our guns and supplies became an impassable sea of mud. In this lies the whole secret of our subsequent misfortunes. The magnificent apparatus of men and of transport, of guns and of provisions, which had made the expedition such a splendid success up to the victory on the Alma—all was still in the hands of our Generals and of our Admirals. The whole littoral of the Black Sea, and all the resources of the great capital of Constantinople, were within easy reach of our ships and vessels of all kinds. Surely the organization which had landed such an army, and had gained such a battle as the Alma, and had such an absolute command of the sea, was competent to keep that army in comfort as to food and clothing for an indefinite time, if necessary. Such had been our calculation, and we

were right. This was the combination of conditions which did bring all things round at last. But it was only at last, after an interval of time during which our army almost perished. Nothing that Raglan could do for himself when he awoke to his position, after Inkerman on the 4th, and after the hurricane on the 14th of November—nothing that we could do for him—could make up for the waste of the precious days of fine weather, when good roads ought to have been made between Balaclava and the camp, and when an ample supply of baggage animals ought to have been provided for the necessary carriage. Meantime, for some weeks our army was undermanned and overworked, underfed and insufficiently clothed, exposed to cold and wet, without fuel. England was flooded with letters from the camp and from correspondents of the press, giving in terrible detail the sufferings of our brave soldiers, whose pluck and tenacity at Inkerman were really nothing compared with their endurance in the trenches.

Excited as the public mind had been before with the confident expectations of victory, it was correspondingly excited now by contending feelings of grief and astonishment and indignation. 'Whom shall we hang?' is always the public cry under the shock of great calamities, the complex causes of which people are wholly unable to understand. In our case, political asperities had been for some time unusually violent and bitter, and any apparent failure on our part was visited with unusual directness on the head of the Government, because he it was who had rendered possible that fusion of parties which was so hateful to the disintegrated factions. It was not difficult to foresee what would be the result of facing Parliament at a moment of such reverses and of only too possible disaster.

There are few things that would be more repugnant to me than to write a single line which could be unfair to the memory of Lord Raglan. I was then, and I am still, more sensible than most men of the noble associa-

tions inseparable from the name of Fitzroy Somerset. They were associations all redolent of the great Duke. And so was the man. Not in his case only, but at least in one other case, I had observed the expression and the bearing acquired by men who had been habitually living in that illustrious companionship. It was as if something of the strength and of the power of their great chief had passed into their demeanour and their faces. I had seen this in my boyhood in the case of Sir George Murray, the Quartermaster-General of the Duke throughout his wonderful campaign in the Peninsula, and I had noted it still more markedly in Fitzroy Somerset, who was his military secretary. When we were face to face with a great war, after a peace of nearly forty years, we had no new Generals of known capacity, and we had to fall back on the survivors of the school of Wellington. Of those, Fitzroy Somerset was the most distinguished, and although well advanced in years, he accepted the duty to which we called him, in the spirit of his great master. In that duty there was one peculiarity for which, above all others, he had preeminent qualifications. Our army was to act in alliance with a French force greatly superior to our own in numbers. The Generals of the second French Empire were rather an unknown body of men, so the task of dealing with them was in the highest degree difficult and delicate. Fitzroy Somerset was the very man for that. His noble presence, his dignified and courteous manners, and his calm and resolute character, all reinforced the historic splendour of his services and the weight of his reputation. It was well known that he did not himself much approve of the enterprise against Sebastopol. But when he did undertake it, he carried it into execution with all the determination which he met in our splendid Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons. His landing of the army on the enemy's coast was beautifully effected. His victory on the Alma was brilliant and complete. His sudden flank march round and behind Sebastopol to seize Balaclava Harbour was universally

lauded at the time as one of the finest strategic movements that had ever been devised by any General. Well do I remember seeing Lord Lansdowne lifting his two hands in the air, as he was wont to do when his admiration was excited, in token of his unbounded delight in the narrative of that flank march.

But if we give Lord Raglan the whole credit of all those parts of the campaign which were so brilliant and successful, it is not less due to others to specify the points of conduct which brought on subsequent disasters. There is nothing that I recollect with greater pain, in the miserable weeks that followed Inkerman and the hurricane, than Lord Raglan's silence, in his private letters to us, on the whole subject of the sufferings of his army in the trenches. When all England was ringing with the most heart-rending accounts of the want of food, of clothing, and of firewood, under bitter exposure, Lord Raglan's letters were wholly silent on the subject. He did ask for reinforcements and for hutting materials, because these could be supplied from home. But as regards all other necessary comforts, he knew that the difficulty and the block lay in Balaclava itself, and in the nine miles of muddy roads between it and the camp. Raglan was not a man to make complaints which he knew could only lie in his own hands to remedy. The quays of Balaclava were choked with supplies which we had sent out, when as yet they could not be carried to the front, and while our men were being more and more decimated by want and sickness.

Our Cabinets about this time, although heavily engrossed with reinforcing the army, were also engaged a good deal with the old peace negotiations, carried on through Austria. On the last day of my visit to Windsor (November 28th) Prince Albert showed me a Memorandum on this subject which he had drawn up for the Cabinet. I was delighted with it. It was indeed a very able paper. It took very much the same line of argument as I had taken in my letter to Claren-

don, pointing out that the Four Points, however vague and indefinite, were large enough to cover and include everything that we could desire in any possible terms of peace, and insisting on the high value attaching to our concurrence with the German Powers in a general definition of our aims. At a Cabinet on the 1st December we had an important discussion on a draft despatch to Austria, defining what we meant by the Four Points. I succeeded in cutting out a paragraph which professed to disclaim on the part of the allies any desire to establish for themselves a protectorate in Turkey such as we had been condemning on the part of Russia. I maintained that the fourth of our points distinctly held out to the Christians of Turkey that they would find in the four Powers compensation for any protectorate of Russia alone, and that it would be breaking faith with them not to avow our wish and determination to secure for them their privileges. I objected also to the passage on the ground that it drew a parallel between two things essentially distinct. It is one thing for one Power to claim such a protectorate exclusively for itself as the basis of further claims and designs, and quite another thing for United Europe to declare its common interest in the conditions of Christians in Turkey.

It is a great satisfaction to me to have found this passage in my political journal of 1854, and to record it here. It proves that the argument I advanced in later years regarding the duties towards the Christians in the East involved in our opposition to Russia was an argument which I brought before my colleagues in the Aberdeen Cabinet, and which they unanimously accepted, modifying in accordance with it the documents which were to be the foundations of the ultimate Peace of Paris two years later.

It was at this time that an incident occurred which we all thought significant, but of which we could make no possible use. Clarendon had sent a British officer to visit and report upon the Austrian

army which had occupied the Danubian provinces evacuated by the Russians. This officer found the Austrians full of admiration of the Russian army, and speaking freely of the comparative inferiority of their own. If this feeling was prevalent and deep-seated, it was enough to account for the shabby politics of the Cabinet of Vienna. On the other hand, whilst it explained the difficulties we were encountering at Vienna, what light did it not throw on the general policy of the war ? If Russia even then was a name of fear to Austria, how completely dominant would she be over the whole of Eastern Europe if she were allowed to absorb into her vast dominions the shores of the Danube and the Bosphorus ?

So far we had done well in the Cabinet as regards the comfort of our discussions and our perfect good-fellowship, even in the midst of difficult questions. Since the quarrel between Lord John Russell and Palmerston on the subject of Reform, the one great centre of disturbance amongst us had suppressed its fires, and, as the question of Reform was now by universal consent postponed to the end of the war, I had no fears of any renewal of internal strife. It was, therefore, with immense surprise that, on my return to London after a few days' visit to the Sutherlands at Trentham, I found a Cabinet box in circulation, full of correspondence between Aberdeen and Lord John Russell, in which Lord John made the demand that the Duke of Newcastle should be removed and Palmerston put in his place at the War Office. Of course, this was an open assumption on the part of Lord John of the functions of the Prime Minister. There was no pretence for dismissing the Minister under whom our army had been organized, and had won the three great victories of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman. Aberdeen, therefore, although treating the proposal with temper and dignity, held firmly to a definite refusal, and ended by telling Lord John that he must absolutely decline to advise the Queen

to take any such course. Lord John said he would appeal to the Cabinet.

On the 6th of December there was a Cabinet dinner at Aberdeen's house. When business began, Aberdeen said he had circulated the correspondence with Lord John, and he had nothing to add. But he did add one observation, which was that from some things Lord John had said it seemed clear that his objections really pointed not to a change in the departments, but to a change in the head of the Government; that if Lord John could get the Cabinet, or any Cabinet, to join him, he (Aberdeen) would not stand for a moment in his way; that he had not wished to keep his present place, but had felt the difficulty of getting out of it, now as much as ever, or more than ever, and he was quite ready to go if he could see his way to any other combination. Lord John, in defending his own case, had not a word to say against the Minister whose removal he demanded, and under whom the British army had just won victories, pronounced to be glorious days in its history by so competent a judge as Fitzroy Somerset. All he said was that he felt uncomfortable in his position as a leader whom nobody followed; that he could not get any of his measures passed through the House; that he thought the War Minister ought to be in the House of Commons, and that the office should be held by Palmerston. Considering that the other great War Department—the Admiralty—was represented in the House by a Minister who was at Lord John's left hand in the Commons, and was one of the most powerful debaters in the House, and that Palmerston was on his other side to defend the Government, it did seem unreasonable to insist on the removal of a colleague against whose administration he himself had not one word to say.

Palmerston now interfered, and behaved splendidly. He said that, on the principle laid down by John Russell, he (Palmerston) ought to be the Minister called upon to resign, because he had not succeeded in passing

one single measure of any kind through the House of Commons during the last session of Parliament. Then, as regards the general policy of the Government, the only criticism he was inclined to make was that in his opinion the expedition to Sebastopol should have been undertaken sooner; but when he had proposed this, Lord John Russell was the Minister who opposed him. We all intimated our recollection of the truth of this, whereupon Lord John admitted the fact, but defended his course upon the ground that, till Russia evacuated the Principalities, it was dangerous to leave the Turkish army unsupported. But this was the argument on which the whole question then turned, and apart from it there was unanimous agreement. Aberdeen was not given to jokes in his conversation, still less was he disposed to indulge in chaff. But when Palmerston told us how completely he had failed in legislation in the previous session, Aberdeen could not resist the comical aspect of the situation, and he gravely interpolated the remark that the failure must have been due to the want of vigour in Palmerston. The laughter raised by this sally on the part of our generally very solemn chief lightened the tension due to a very odious dispute, and as not a single member of the Cabinet said one word in support of Lord John, he subsided into a threat that, although he would remain with us during the approaching December session, he would retire after it was concluded. Aberdeen protested against this intimation, but the Cabinet seemed disposed to hope that Lord John would again change his mind.

In public affairs at this time the greatest trouble we had concerned the negotiations with Austria on the Four Points of a future peace. Our position was extremely embarrassing, because of the eagerness of the French Emperor on the subject, and the difficulty of knowing what he or what Austria really wanted. My view was that, provided the contemplated treaty with Austria did not involve any proposal for an armistice, or for any interruption in our military

operations, it would be wise and prudent to welcome any clearer understanding on the ultimate terms of peace. But there were many risks in a negotiation carried on indirectly through no less than three Foreign Offices, with an unavowed reference to a fourth. First there was France, hot on some scent that we did not quite understand. Secondly, there was Austria, who would probably be satisfied with terms of peace but little satisfactory to us. Thirdly, there was Prussia, little to be trusted. Then there was Russia, who was evidently kept aware of everything, and whose sole aim was to find means of dividing the Western allies. There was just one satisfaction at this moment: on our foreign policy there were no divisions among us in the Cabinet. Our military position made it then impossible to foresee what we might and what we might not be able to demand as terms of peace. All we could do was to keep our course open, and to avoid ambiguous engagements.

Our short session of Parliament in December, 1854, lasted only a fortnight, and was in every way successful. The only proposal we made which was in any way critical was a Bill to enable us to raise some foreign troops to reinforce our own. Fortunately, this happened to be a favourite scheme of Lord John Russell. I went to the House of Commons to hear him speak, which he did extremely well. In the House of Lords we had some formidable opposition to encounter. Our chief enemy was not Derby, but Ellenborough, whom I always thought the finest speaker in the House. His forcible diction, his fine delivery, and his apparently passionate conviction, were qualities which made him a great orator, and we had to endure on this occasion one of the finest examples of his power. But nothing except oratory could make his argument tolerable. At that very moment we were companions-in-arms with Frenchmen and with Turkish subjects of every name and nation, whilst we were trying our best to enlist in the same cause Austrians and Germans, and even

Italians. The war we were waging was essentially a European war, and why we should not obtain, if we could, the aid of foreign soldiers, it was impossible to conceive. I had been afraid of the proposal on one ground only: I felt sure that the ignorant prejudice against Prince Albert, which had been so violent not long before, would attribute to his influence any proposal for the enlistment of foreign troops. I was convinced that, although unavowed, this was the feeling that animated Lord Ellenborough, and which could alone account for his furious harangue. Some of his language was very violent, and in the end he denounced the Bill as 'one insulting to a generous and confiding people.' When he sat down none of us rose to reply. I had never intended to speak on the subject, whilst Granville had. So the debate languished till Derby rose in triumph at the close, and condescended to the use of every kind of claptrap about 'mercenaries' and 'declining empires.' I was excited by this speech, and I at once rose when it concluded. I denied emphatically the truth and justice of his representations, and pointed out the essentially European character of this war as fairly entitling us to the auxiliary aid of other countries. Just as the German Legion had been called to aid us in driving the French from Spain, because on that field a great European contest was being decided, so on the shores of the Crimea another such contest was being decided also, and Germans, above all others, were interested in the result. I spoke with energy and effect, and was loudly cheered and much congratulated when I sat down. We won the day by a majority of twelve, no inconsiderable triumph over two of the greatest debaters in Parliament.

There was another incident in our debates on this Bill which gave me great pleasure. On the first day Lord Lansdowne was ill of gout, and could not be present. But on the third reading he was able to come down to the House, and delivered a most forcible and telling speech on behalf of the measure, of which he

was a warm supporter. Lansdowne was now generally regarded as a figure-head in politics, and chiefly useful as giving a flavour of old Whiggism to the new combination which had arisen. But in this speech he came out full of fire and vigour, and able to bring the measures and principles of an earlier generation to illustrate and support the necessities of our own time. It was most interesting to me to hear this speech, remembering that it came from a man who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1806, and belonged to the generation which had heard Pitt and Fox. The historical review which he gave of the subject was most important, and we fully expected that it would tell on the division in the Commons, which was impending two days later. Accordingly, we triumphed over our opponents by a majority of thirty-nine. On the 23rd December Parliament adjourned for a month, till the 23rd January, 1855.