

despondency, I would have resigned all, for the comfort and solace of one genuinely loving, and truly sympathizing mind.

I had followed the advice given me in London, not to enter into society, or I might have dissipated this unwholesome gloom; but I well knew that it was necessary to abstain from familiar intercourse, in order to sustain my part as a wonder-worker.

At last, I unbosomed myself to Johan, and he decided at once, that I ought to marry. But who? He had a niece of his own, an artificial flower-maker, in London, an excellent and pretty girl, whom he could strongly recommend.

But we shall not interfere with the doctor's private affairs. It became necessary, after sundry moving acci-

dents by flood and field, that he should change the scene, and also his name; so, visiting Glasgow and Edinburgh, he settled in Paisley, and adapted himself to Scottish practice. How the Professor fared in Paisley; his brilliant successes, and black reverses; and how, finally, he returned to Germany, and set up as "Count Von Eisenberg;" travelled throughout Europe, but without again attempting practice; and married a woman of family, &c. &c. we leave to the reader; content with stating that, as a mere tale, the work has considerable merit. As to the quackery and professional arts exposed, it is to be feared that these are not confined to the Homœopathic practitioners.

### LOUDON'S LEGACY TO GARDENERS.\*

THIS is a posthumous work. The idea of it originated with Mr. Osborn of the Fulham Nursery, who, having many young gardeners under his charge, felt how much they might be benefited by this sort of private instructor. Mr. Loudon, the author of many—perhaps too many—books on cognate subjects, accordingly seized the hint, and produced a work in which young men may find instructions in arithmetic and book-keeping, geometry, mensuration, and practical trigonometry, mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, land-surveying, levelling, planning and mapping, architectural drawing, &c. &c. Mrs. Loudon was induced to publish the book, which a friend felicitously named, her husband's "Last Legacy to Gardeners." What was left incomplete in the manual, has, by Mr. Loudon's dying directions, been finished by his friend, Dr. Jamieson. The brief Memoir, written by Mrs. Loudon, will, to the great majority of readers, be the most attractive portion of the volume. Young gardeners are comparatively a small class; while all feel interested in the pursuits, struggles, and fortunes of a man of considerable ability, and of untiring industry and perseverance, who devoted himself, from early youth until his dying hour, to spreading the knowledge of a useful and beautiful art. Apart from his scientific and literary labours, and the formation and development of his character and mind, Mr. Loudon's life is uneventful. John Claudius Loudon was born in April, 1783, at Cambuslang, in Lanarkshire, the eldest of a large family. His father was, at that period, a farmer at Gogar, near Edinburgh; and an intelligent man, possessed of the admirable Scottish ambition of giving his son a good, which was then fancied a classical, education. Young Loudon, however, displayed a taste for landscape gardening, before he could be induced to apply to the study of Latin and Greek; and while dallying over these languages at the public schools of Edinburgh, he acquired a knowledge of French, and made good progress in arithmetic, writing, and drawing. In the latter art he made such proficiency, that at an early age he was competent to act as draughtsman and assistant to a nurseryman and landscape-gardener, *Scottie* planner, at Easter Dalry, near Edinburgh. His master, Mr. Mawer, died before his pupil was sixteen; and for the next four years young Loudon resided under the roof of Mr. Dickson, nurseryman and *planner*, Leith Walk. His ardour for congenial studies was now so great, that he sat up two nights a-week at his books. He also attended

the botany, chemistry, and agricultural classes in the university, and was considered by Dr. Coventry, the professor of agriculture, as his most promising pupil. This gentleman† furnished him with many useful letters of recommendation, when, at the age of twenty, he repaired to London. Scottish gardeners have for generations been esteemed and sought after in England; and Loudon was soon very extensively employed as a landscape-gardener, both in that country and in Scotland. Of her husband at this early period, Mrs. Loudon remarks:—

It is curious, in turning over his memoranda, to find how many improvements suggested themselves to his active mind, which he was unable, from various circumstances, to carry into effect at the time, but which, many years afterwards, were executed either by himself or by other persons, who, however, were unaware that he had previously suggested them. Throughout his life similar occurrences were continually taking place; and nothing was more common than for him to find persons taking the merit to themselves of inventions which he had suggested years before. When this happened, he was frequently urged to assert his prior claim; but he always answered, that he thought the person who made an invention useful to the public had more merit than its original contriver; and that, in fact, so long as the public were benefited by any invention of his, it was perfectly indifferent to him who had the merit of it.

By his suggestion, the gloomy Scottish pine, and the sepulchral yew, were either supplanted in the squares of London, or improved by the intermixture of such deciduous trees as will best bear the smoke of a city. Loudon became, at an early age for such distinction, a member of the Linnean Society, and first appeared before the public as an author, forty years since, in a work on the formation of plantations, and on landscape-gardening. This was followed up by several other treatises on the same subjects, composed while he actively followed his profession of landscape-gardener. From violent rheumatism, caught in a night journey on the outside of the coach, he not only suffered severely, but, at the age of twenty-three, became lame in the left knee for the remainder of his life. Among the many advantages of railway-travelling, protection from the severity of cold, and its serious consequences, are not the least. While suffering under this illness, Mr. Loudon lodged at a farm-house near Harrow, and, always active with mind and pen, a work on English farming was the result; while he amused himself with painting land-

\* Self-Instruction for young Gardeners, Foresters, Bailiffs, Land-Stewards, and Farmers, &c. &c. &c. By the late J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., H.S. &c. with a Memoir of the Author. Octavo, with portrait. Pp. 240. Longman & Co.

† Our readers have lately been introduced to this rare Scottish professor in the Memoirs of Niebuhr.

scapes. He soon became so much alive to the bad husbandry then common in England, that he urged his father to come south, and apply his superior skill to the soil; and the family, in the following year, removed from Gogar to the farm of Wood-Hall. And now, one of those occurrences which Miss Edgeworth loves to invent as steps in the prosperous and onward career of a young man of ability and worth, really led to the direct furtherance of Loudon's worldly interests. A pamphlet, entitled *An Immediate and Effectual Mode of Raising the Rental of Landed Property in England, &c. &c.* caught the attention of General Stratton, a large proprietor in Oxfordshire, who offered the author Great Tew, a farm of fifteen hundred acres, at a low rent, that he might introduce Scottish husbandry, and thus realize the promise of his pamphlet. The experiment succeeded; and by farming, but principally by the emoluments of his profession, our Scottish gardener had, before he was thirty, amassed a fortune of £15,000. His father also prospered on his Middlesex farm, which, at his death, was sub-let for £1000 per annum, the rent at which he held it being £300. By this time, Mr. Loudon had made what might have been considered a very competent fortune; and he, in 1813-14, allowed himself the improving relaxation of a long tour in the north of Europe, in Austria, Russia, and Poland, during which, besides making copious literary memoranda, he took views of every palace and garden which were worth visiting. The devastations of war were every where visible in his progress; and when he reached Moscow, he found the houses yet black from the recent conflagration of that capital. Mrs. Loudon is surprised that her husband did not, on his return, publish his travels; but he appears to have found less pleasing occupation. Like too many men, being really rich, for his station, possessed of an ample competence, a handsome independence, he wished to be still richer, and, accordingly, dabbled in mercantile speculations, and in underwriting ships at Lloyds', until, in 1815, he found himself deprived of nearly the whole of his previous over-rapid accumulations, and his health seriously affected by the anxiety of mind which he had undergone. It was, in our opinion, the misfortune of Mr. Loudon (his profession considered) to have acquired his money far too easily. Again a poor man, he now, in 1816, settled at Bayswater, in a house to which a large garden was attached, and, after publishing several works, commenced his celebrated "Encyclopædia of Gardening." With a view to professional objects, he, in 1819, visited France and Italy, which countries had been sealed during his former tour. Mrs. Loudon gives a sketch of his progress, and tells its results. At its conclusion, he began in earnest to his Encyclopædia, being now furnished with fresh and copious materials. His labours were, however, suspended by another desperate attack of chronic rheumatism, of which the cure proved worse than the disease, as his right arm was actually wrenched, broken, in the process of shampooing in Mahomet's Vapour Baths, so close to the shoulder, that it could not be set, and he soon lost the use of it. As a warning against the rash use of extraordinary and violent remedies, we copy out Mrs. Loudon's account of her husband's tortures, from having submitted to the violent shampooing and stretching which left such consequences.

During the whole of the year 1828, he suffered most excruciating pain, not only from his right arm, the bone which had never properly united, and to retain which

in its place he was compelled to wear an iron case night and day, but from the rheumatism which had settled in his left hand, and which contracted two of his fingers and his thumb, so as to render them useless. It is, however, worthy of remark, and quite characteristic of Mr. Loudon, that, at the very time he was suffering such acute bodily pain, he formed the plan of his houses in Porchester Terrace, Bayswater, and superintended the building of them himself, rising at four o'clock every morning, that he might be on the spot when the workmen came to their work.

When, shortly after, his right arm was broken a second time, and he was obliged to submit to amputation, though he gave up landscape-gardening, it was only to devote himself more assiduously to his pen. He was, however, now no longer able to write or draw himself, and he was compelled to employ both an amanuensis and a draughtsman. Still, though he had only the use of the third and little finger of his left hand, he would frequently take a pen or a pencil, and make sketches with astonishing vigour, so as fully to explain to his draughtsman what he wished to be done.

During the time that he was suffering so severely from the pain in his arm, he found no ease but from taking laudanum; and he became at last so habituated to the use of this noxious potion, that he took a wine-glassful every eight hours. After the amputation of his arm, however, he wished to leave off taking it, as he was aware of its injurious effects upon his general health; and he contrived to cure himself by putting a wine-glassful of water into his quart bottle of laudanum every time he took out a wine-glassful of the potion, so that the mixture became gradually weaker every day, till at last it was little more than water; and he found he had cured himself of this dangerous habit without experiencing any inconvenience.

The "Encyclopædia of Gardening," which, with the exception of the "Cottage Architecture," is Loudon's most popular, and certainly one of his most pleasant books, was published in 1822, and in 1824, the "Encyclopædia of Agriculture," and some smaller works, a proof of his wonderful energy of mind—"the power of the soul over the body." In 1826, he established the *Gardener's Magazine*, a periodical which was from the first very successful, and which, though it latterly fell off considerably, at one time yielded him a profit of £750 a-year. This magazine was very useful in many respects, not only to gardeners, but to the nobility and landed proprietors, into whose heads it indirectly introduced some good and generous ideas as to their treatment of their dependents. Mr. Loudon, who always, as we think, erred on the side of attempting too much, and who at one period was engaged in *five* different periodical works, in 1828 commenced the *Naturalist's Magazine*. His mental and manual activity were unbounded; his head literally teemed with projects thrown out in his periodicals, often hasty and crude, no doubt, but sometimes sound or suggestive. In 1824 he married. But we must let Mrs. Loudon, who proved a most congenial-minded, and fitting helpmate, tell the brief story of this happy wooing.

About this time Mr. Loudon formed his first acquaintance with me. My father died in 1824; and finding, on the winding up of his affairs, that it would be necessary for me to do something for my support, I had written a strange wild novel, called *The Mummy*, in which I had laid the scene in the twenty-second century, and attempted to predict the state of improvement to which this country might possibly arrive. Mr. Loudon chanced to see the review of this book in the *Literary Gazette*, and as, among other things, I had mentioned a steam-plough, it attracted his attention, and he procured the work from a circulating library. He read it, and was so much pleased with it, that he published, in *The Gar-*

*den's Magazine* for 1828, a notice of it under the head of "Hints for Improvements;" and he had from that time a great desire to become acquainted with the author, whom he supposed to be a man. In February, 1830, Mr. Loudon chanced to mention this wish to a lady, a friend of his, who happened to be acquainted with me, and who immediately invited him to a party, where she promised him he should have the wished-for introduction. It may be easily supposed that he was surprised to find the author of the book a woman; but I believe that from that evening he formed an attachment to me, and, in fact, we were married on the 14th of the following September.

Soon after his marriage rival periodicals appeared; the *Gardener's Magazine* fell off, but languished on for many years, and was given up on the editor's decease. Mrs. Loudon gives various sketches of tours which she made with her husband in England and Scotland, partly on professional business, and partly for health and recreation. They were, however, both hard workers, though more ardent than prudent, perhaps; as health and domestic enjoyment were the high price paid for doing in one season the fair business of two or three; and much time must also have been consumed in vain or resultless labours. Mrs. Loudon states, that in 1832 her husband commenced his most popular work, the "Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture." She says:

I was his sole amanuensis, though he had several draughtsmen. The labour that attended this work was immense; and for several months he and I used to sit up the greater part of every night, never having more than four hours' sleep, and drinking strong coffee to keep ourselves awake. The *First Additional Supplement* to the *Hortus Britannicus* was also prepared and published in 1832.

This work was published at his own risk, or "on his own account," and its success tempted him also to publish, on his own account, the "Arboretum Britannicum," an expensive undertaking, which involved him in pecuniary difficulties that preyed severely upon his mind, and probably accelerated his death. While preparing this work he began the *Architectural Magazine*, another abortive undertaking. Mr. Loudon, in short, attempted too much, and necessarily failed. The principle of the power-loom has never yet been successfully applied to science or literature. The details are sufficiently melancholy, though the same sympathy may not be called forth by the pains and penalties attending undertakings which partook largely of the character of mere commercial speculations, that is excited by the struggles of uncalculating, irrepressible genius, under adverse circumstances. Yet it is with sincere pity, not unmixed with admiration of really extraordinary fortitude, that we read what follows.

From the year 1833, to Midsummer 1838, Mr. Loudon underwent the most extraordinary exertions both of mind and body. Having resolved that all the drawings for the *Arboretum* should be made from nature, he had seven artists constantly employed, and he was frequently in the open air with them, from his breakfast at seven in the morning, till he came home to dinner at eight in the evening; having remained the whole of that time without taking the slightest refreshment, and generally without even sitting down. After dinner, he resumed the literary part of the work, and continued writing, with me as his amanuensis, till two or three o'clock in the morning. His constitution was naturally very strong; but it was impossible for any human powers to bear, for any lengthened period, the fatigue he underwent. In 1836, he began *The Suburban Gardener*, which was also published in monthly numbers, so that

he had five monthly works going on at the same time. He soon found, however, that three monthly works, besides the *Arboretum*, were as much as his health would permit him to undertake the management of, and he disposed of *The Magazine of Natural History* to Mr. Charlesworth. In 1838, he also gave up *The Architectural Magazine*, and at Midsummer in that year, he finished the *Arboretum Britannicum*. He was now in circumstances that would have discouraged almost any person but himself. His health was very seriously injured, partly by what was supposed to be a liver complaint, and partly by an enormous swelling in his right knee, which some of the most eminent medical men in London supposed to be produced by a disease in the bone. In addition to the large sums in ready money he had paid to the artists and other persons employed during the progress of the *Arboretum*, he found at its conclusion that he owed ten thousand pounds to the printer, the stationer, and the wood-engraver who had been employed on that work. His creditors, however, did not press him for their money, but gave him a chance of reaping the benefit of his labours at some future time, by consenting to wait till they were paid by the sale of the *Arboretum* and the *Cottage Architecture*, upon condition that he placed these works in the hands of Messrs. Longman, to hold for the creditors till the debt was paid.

Notwithstanding the state of his knee, which was now such that he was unable to walk without assistance, immediately on the completion of the *Arboretum* he arranged and published his *Hortus Lignorum Londinensis*; and in the last number of *The Suburban Gardener*, which was finished about this time, he informed the public that he intended to resume his profession of landscape-gardener, and that he would not only go out, but give advice at home, on any plans that might be sent to him. To us, who saw the state of his health, this intimation gave the greatest pain, and we determined to do every thing in our power to prevent the necessity of his exerting himself. Two of his sisters learned wood-engraving; and I, having acquired some knowledge of plants and gardens during the eight years I had acted as his amanuensis, began to write books on those subjects myself. In the mean time, he grew so much worse, that we had very little hope of his recovery, till he placed himself under the care of William Lawrence, Esq.; when that eminent surgeon took a different view of the case from what had been before entertained, and by his mode of treatment rapidly restored him to health.

In the following year Mr. Loudon became editor of the *Gardener's Gazette*, which profitless employment, however, he soon relinquished, and, in 1840, he visited Paris, and, in the following year, Scotland. On this last tour, he had a violent illness; but he rallied, and, in the course of the winter, and the following year, he improved several of his former works, and contributed to others. In the spring of 1842, he had an attack of inflammation of the lungs, from which, however, he partially recovered to write more books and lay out more grounds. A second attack came on, and Mr. Lawrence, in whose professional judgment he had the highest confidence, did not conceal the truth, which only roused the doomed man to increased exertion, if that were possible. He had now a wife—soon to be a widow—and a daughter, to stimulate industry, which needed no impelling motive save that inherent ardour and activity which had actuated Mr. Loudon through every hour of his life. Accordingly, we are told,

As soon as Mr. Loudon found that his disease was likely to prove fatal, he determined, if possible, to finish the works he had in hand, and he laboured almost night and day to do so. He first, with the assistance of his draughtsman, finished a plan for Baron Rothschild; then one for Mr. Ricardo, another for Mr. Pinder, and, finally, a plan for the cemetery at Bath. He had also

engaged to make some additional alterations in the grounds of Mr. Fuller at Streatham, and he went there on the 11th of October, but he was unable to go into the garden; and this was the last time he ever attempted to visit any place professionally. He continued, however, to walk in the open air in his own garden, and in the grounds of Mr. Hopgood, nurseryman, at Craven Hill, for two or three days longer, though his strength was fast decreasing; and after the 16th of October, he did not leave the house, but confined himself to his bedroom, and a drawing-room on the same floor. Nothing could be more awful than to watch him during the few weeks that yet remained of his life. His body was rapidly wasting away; but his mind remained in all its vigour, and he scarcely allowed himself any rest in his eagerness to complete the works that he had in hand. He was particularly anxious to finish his *Self-Instruction for Young Gardeners*, which is published nearly in the state he left it, though, had he lived, it would probably have been carried to a much greater extent. About the middle of November, the medical men who attended my poor husband pronounced his disease to have become chronic bronchitis; and this information, combined with the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, had a powerful effect upon him. He now made an effort that can only be estimated by those who know the natural independence of his mind, and the pain it gave him to ask even a trifling favour. He wrote a letter stating his situation, and that the sale of 350 copies of the *Arboretum* would free him from all his embarrassments. This letter he had lithographed, and he sent copies of it to all the nobility who took an interest in gardening. The result was most gratifying. The letter was only dated the 1st of December, and he died on the 14th of that month; and yet, in that short space of time, the noblemen he appealed to, with that kindness which always distinguishes the English aristocracy, purchased books to the amount of £360. Mr. Loudon had intended to forward similar letters to all the landed proprietors and capitalists; and, though only a few were sent, they were responded to with equal kindness.

Notwithstanding this prompt kindness, and the generous dealing of his printers and publishers, the latter hours of Mr. Loudon were embittered by the difficulties in which a sanguine temper, or a disposition to grasp at too much, had involved him. But the end of a melancholy tale was drawing near. The assignees of his engraver, who had become a bankrupt, were threatening to make Mr. Loudon also a bankrupt; and even to arrest him for a debt of £1500. Mrs. Loudon does not believe they would have carried their threats into execution; but the anxiety, correspondence, and consultations attending them, had a fatal effect upon the invalid. She relates,

On Wednesday the 18th of December, 1843, he sent me into London to see the assignees, and to endeavour to bring them to terms, our kind and excellent friend, the late Mr. Joseph Strutt, having promised to lend us money for that purpose. The assignees, however, refused to accept the terms we offered, unless Mr. Loudon would also give up to them his edition of *Repton*, which he was most unwilling to do, as the debt on that

work was comparatively small; and, consequently, he had reason to hope that the income produced by it would be soonest available for the support of his family. He was accordingly very much agitated when I told him the result of my mission; but he did not on that account relax in his exertions; on the contrary, he continued dictating *Self-Instruction* till twelve o'clock at night. When he went to bed he could not sleep, and the next morning he rose before it was light. He then told me he had determined to sacrifice his edition of *Repton*, in order to have his affairs settled before he died; adding, "but it will break my heart to do so." He repeated, however, that he would make the sacrifice, but he seemed reluctant to send me into town to give his consent; and most fortunate was it, as, if I had gone to town that morning, I should not have been with him when he died. He now appeared very ill, and told me he thought he should never live to finish *Self-Instruction*; but that he would ask his friend Dr. Jamieson, to whom he had previously spoken on the subject, to finish the work for him. Soon after this he became very restless, and walked several times from the drawing-room to his bedroom and back again. I feel that I cannot continue these melancholy details: it is sufficient to say, that, though his body became weaker every moment, his mind retained all its vigour to the last, and that he died standing on his feet. Fortunately, I perceived a change taking place in his countenance, and I had just time to clasp my arms round him, to save him from falling, when his head sank upon my shoulder, and he was no more.

I do not attempt to give any description of the talents or character of my late husband as an author; his works are before the world, and by them he will be judged; but I trust I may be excused for adding, that in his private capacity he was equally estimable as a husband and a father, and as a master and a friend. He was also a most dutiful son and most affectionate brother.

To this we can add nothing. Mr. Loudon was a lover of strict or of *literal* truth. He even thought it falsehood for a servant to deny his master to impertinent visitors. He was a lover of order, and most punctual as to time and all affairs of business. Of his fortitude of mind we have seen several strong instances, and his industry was certainly unsurpassed. He worked on and on, like a well-going well-oiled machine. We are told, by a friend, that, though a matter-of-fact man, Mr. Loudon had "a good deal of poetry in his soul." He could not have been a Scot of the last century, and remained altogether devoid of poetic sensibilities, though, we must confess, his poetry seems generally to have lain dormant. Yet it required enthusiasm of some kind to keep alive and support his wonderful industry. We do not feel qualified to pronounce upon every part of his posthumous work, "*Self-Instruction for Young Gardeners*," &c. &c.; but, from Mr. Loudon's own sound early training, his mature knowledge and long practical experience in business, we are almost confident that it must be a safe and valuable guide. And the finishing touches have been added by persons perfectly competent for the task.

## MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY.\*

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

It sounds like the tolling of funeral bells, as the annunciation is made of one death after another amongst those who supported our canopy of empire through the last most memorable generation. The eldest of the Wellesleys is gone: he is gathered to his fathers; and here we have his life circumstantially written.

Who, and of what origin are the Wellesleys? There is an impression current amongst the public, or there *was* an impression, that the true name of the Wellesley family is Wesley. This is a case very much resembling some of those imagined by the old scholastic logicians, where it was impossible either to deny or to af-

\* By Robert Rouvere Pearce, Esq. 3 vols. London: Bentley.