

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL

CHAPTER I

PARENTAGE

BIOGRAPHY has ever been to me the most attractive of all branches of literature. If the life we read be the life of one whose sphere of experience or activity has been wholly different from our own, so much the better. It must give us some new knowledge, and it will probably awaken some new sympathies. If it be the life of one who lived in a great epoch, and was an agent in, or even only a witness of, great events, there is no such insight into history as that which we may thus acquire. I must make, however, one reservation. The passages—sometimes the pages—which are devoted to family history and genealogies are almost always wearisome. And, except when they tell with unusual clearness on the great question of heredity—on the transmission from one generation to another of special gifts of mind or special tendencies of character—they are as useless as they are tedious. I will not, therefore, inflict upon others what has often been irksome to myself.

For all practical purposes in biography we need rarely go back farther than the second generation. But our grandfathers and grandmothers may have

had quite as strong an influence upon us as our own immediate parents. In many cases grandparents and grandchildren have led contemporary lives for many years, during which continual or frequent personal intercourse has confirmed hereditary character, and has thus helped to establish continuities of thought. This, however, was not my case, and, indeed, it can only arise when the generations succeed each other at short intervals of time. In my family those intervals were, on the contrary, very long. The date of my grandfather's birth was separated from the date of my own by no less than 100 years. He was born in 1723, whilst I was not born till 1823. Our two lives, therefore, did not overlap at all, for he died in 1806, seventeen years before I saw the light. Yet I am perfectly conscious of many influences which came from him, and there were undoubtedly others in abundance, of which I have no consciousness at all. Then, besides this, many of the external conditions of my life were a special inheritance from him. I must, therefore, begin with a sketch of his character and career.

The life of my grandfather, John, fifth Duke of Argyll, was in many ways typical of the epoch in which it was spent. Born between the two Jacobite Rebellions of 1715 and 1745—eight years after the first, and twenty-two years before the second of these events—his early life was passed in the army, and in active service on the Continent. The religious wars of the previous century had not yet come wholly to an end, whilst at home uneasiness as to the security of the Protestant succession had not yet passed away. The French King harboured the exiled Stuarts; and there was still always a faction in England and in Scotland ready to take advantage of any means for the accomplishment of a second Restoration. There was, therefore, much to defend, and much to fight for.

The universal sentiment of mankind has in all ages given a high place to the profession of arms. And well it may, seeing that, as a matter of fact, there

is not a single nation in the world which has not been made by war. The military spirit is one of the primary instincts of man, given to him for the great purposes which it has actually served in the development of our race. But its ethical character depends entirely on the conditions under which, and the objects for which, it is indulged. And never were these higher or purer than in the contests of the British people to keep what they had gained, first, in the Reformation, and, secondly, in the Revolution.

My grandfather, therefore, was, and must have been, a soldier with a will. The generation in which he was born and brought up was in close touch with those which had witnessed the great Civil War, and which had tried the dangerous experiment of a Restoration, with the natural and almost inevitable result of another Revolution. His own family had done much, and had suffered much, in the recent years. His immediate ancestors had taken a prominent part throughout. In his boyhood he must have met with some old men who in their own boyhood had seen his great-great-grandfather, the Marquis of Argyll, who was beheaded by Charles II. in 1661, and many more who, in middle life, had seen his great-grandfather, Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll, who was beheaded by James II. in 1685. Both were judicial murders of the worst type characteristic of the Stuarts.

A sense of insecurity still brooded in the minds of men during the thirty years between the two Jacobite Rebellions. Some conspiracy, or some suspicion of it, was always in the air. Moreover, by a curious by-path of association, the tyranny and corruption from which the nation had escaped had left in the popular mind, and even in the minds of statesmen, a fear and jealousy of the best remedy—namely, that of some permanent military organization. It is strange to remember that in my grandfather's youth there was no such thing as that which we now call a standing army. But, of course, this fact only increased the

importance of the families, and of the men who, from traditional and territorial influences, could, when occasion required, speedily raise considerable military levies. This is one of the many services, too much forgotten now, which such families rendered to the State, when as yet the value of feudalism had not wholly passed away.

My grandfather was exactly in that position. In his youth, indeed, there was no certain prospect of his succeeding to the dukedom. He represented a younger branch of the family, and, during a great part of his life, the title and estates were held in succession by two brothers descended from the eldest son of the Earl who was beheaded in 1685. My grandfather was descended, in the same degree, from a younger son of that unfortunate statesman. But his two cousins* who successively held the dukedom during his early and middle life were men who ruled his spirit from their urns. Both of them died without a male heir, and so the succession opened to their kinsman. But they left behind them the memory and the influence of a splendid example. The elder of them was that John, second Duke of Argyll, who, for his great public services, was created Duke of Greenwich by Queen Anne. He was a man whose military reputation was second only to that of Marlborough. He was a powerful speaker in Parliament, took an active and efficient part in securing the Protestant succession, and was celebrated by Pope in one of his splendid couplets.† His beautiful monument from the chisel of Roubilliac now fills a large space in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. Perhaps, above all, he still lives, and will ever live, in the recollection of millions of every English-speaking race

* John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, and Archibald, third Duke of Argyll.

† 'Argyll, the State's whole thunder born to wield
And shake alike the Senate and the Field.'

by his association with Sir Walter Scott's immortal fiction of the 'Heart of Midlothian,' and the pathetic story of Jeanie Deans. He died in 1743, and was succeeded by his only brother, Archibald, who had been previously raised to the peerage by the title of Earl of Islay. Without the brilliant gifts of his more illustrious brother, Duke Archibald had a full share of his substantial abilities, and he continued to be what he had long been, the mainstay of the Government in the management of Scotland.

My grandfather had entered the army at a very early age, and in his twentieth year, 1743—the year of his great kinsman's death—was engaged upon the Continent in the bloody and arduous fight of Dettingen. The foreign campaigns of Queen Anne's time are still well remembered—chiefly owing to our national pride in the great English captain, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, whose military genius has made his name immortal. But the later campaigns abroad, in the reign of George II., are now almost forgotten. No great general left his mark upon them, and they had comparatively little effect on the politics of Europe. Yet in principle and in aim there was a perfect continuity between them—the principle, namely, of antagonism to France, and an instinct that we had a national interest in thwarting her threatened supremacy over other nations.

The battles fought in the Low Countries by George II. were sometimes desperate encounters, and by no means devoid of interest in the art of war. It is curious now to remember that at Dettingen my grandfather saw the last fight in which any English King led his own troops on the field of battle. And on that occasion not only was George II. the nominal commander, but he and his son the Duke of Cumberland personally led their men, and it was by their energy and courage that a difficult and bloody victory was won. But by this time the nation was becoming jealous of wars which seemed more connected with the interests

of Hanover than of England, and which were largely waged with mercenary troops, Hessians, Hanoverians, and Dutch, in British pay. Events, however, soon compelled even the Opposition in Parliament to think better of their jealousy of foreigners and of the necessity of employing them.

Not long after my grandfather returned from the campaign of Dettingen, England was threatened, in 1744, with a French invasion—a repetition on a smaller scale of the Spanish Armada, and an anticipation of Napoleon's Camp of Boulogne. In this new moment of alarm only 7,000 native troops could be collected by the Government to defend the home counties, and the aid of foreign mercenaries was admitted to be indispensable. But, as before, the elements intervened, and the French fleet was scattered by a storm. Then came, soon after, in 1745, the landing of the Pretender in Scotland. The insurrection he raised was immediately seen to be formidable, and again the native British Army was felt to be inadequate.

When the Rebellion of 1745 began, my grandfather was sent to Argyllshire to raise a force to co-operate with the army of the King. This he did successfully. The royal officers, however, had a natural distrust of all raw levies, and invariably managed, if they could, to place them in some position which was disadvantageous or useless. If my grandfather resented this treatment, as Highlanders generally did, he speedily had his revenge, for immediately after joining the King's army, before the Battle of Falkirk, he witnessed there, from a flank position which had been assigned to him, that disgraceful rout of the royal troops which greatly increased the national alarm, already serious, on account of those early successes of the Rebellion which had brought the Pretender's army into the heart of England. My grandfather then joined, with his contingent, the forces collected by the Duke of Cumberland to meet the insurrection

in the North. Again holding a flank position, he was a witness of, and an actor in, that rout of the insurgents which Wordsworth calls 'Culloden's fatal overthrow,' on the 16th April, 1746.

The suppression of the Rebellion of 1745 brought to a close my grandfather's active service in the field. But it did not bring to a close his services in the army. These services were efficient and prolonged. They were rendered at a time when the making of the British Army, as we now understand the term, was a process which had, indeed, been begun, but was as yet very incomplete. The disloyalty of the Stuart Kings to the supremacy of law over arbitrary power had impressed upon the people and upon Parliament the risk of placing in the hands of the Crown so dangerous a weapon as a standing army. The mark of this fear still survives in the limitation to one year only of the Act which enables military discipline to be enforced, and in the consequent annual passing of the Mutiny Act. But the alarm of French invasion in 1744, and the alarming Jacobite Rebellion of 1745, had opened men's eyes to the dangerous military weakness which on both those occasions had compelled the Government to rely on aid from foreign mercenaries. The army which did such good service at Culloden was largely foreign.

It was therefore a happy—and, as it proved, a very fruitful—thought to appeal to the military spirit of the loyal Highland clans, and thus to open a new field of recruitment for the national army of the Crown. By some unaccountable mistake, this happy thought has been universally attributed to a man who had nothing whatever to do with it—except to take advantage of it years after its practicability and triumphant success had been proved on one of the bloodiest of the battlefields of Europe. That man is the elder Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham. It is almost a law that reputations so splendid as his attract to themselves elements which are purely

mythical. My old friend and political chief, Lord Aberdeen, who in his youth was intimate with the younger Pitt, and must have known the devotion of that great man to his illustrious father's memory, used, nevertheless, to say that Chatham was 'a very overrated man.'

The impression, however, which such men make on their own generation is, after all, the best proof of the reality of their power, whilst it leaves us free, without fear of unjust detraction, to deduct whatever items of popular fame may turn out to be untrue in themselves and unjust to others. I hardly know how to account for the blunder which has been made by honest historians in this matter of the Highland regiments. It is conspicuously repeated, and almost ludicrously emphasized, by Lord Mahon, afterwards Earl Stanhope, in his 'History of England.' Not only does he ascribe as a fact the whole merit to Chatham, but he exalts that merit to the skies, as if it were almost the chief glory of his career. After alluding to some acknowledged defects in the character of Chatham, Lord Mahon proceeds thus: 'And yet, in spite of such defects, I must maintain that there are some incidents in Chatham's life not to be surpassed in either ancient or modern story. Was it not he who devised that lofty and generous scheme for removing the disaffection of the Highlanders by enlisting them in regiments for the service of the Crown? Their minds, which Culloden could not subdue, at once yielded to his confidence: by trusting, he reclaimed them: by putting arms into their hands, he converted mutinous subjects into loyal soldiers! Let Rome or Sparta, if they can, boast a nobler thought.*' We may suspect, indeed, that the fervour of this rhetoric has been heated by the natural favouritism of family connection, since Chatham was married to a Stanhope, a near kinswoman of the historian.

* Mahon's 'History of England,' vol iii., p. 26.

But I knew Lord Stanhope for many years well enough to be sure that he was incapable of intentionally perverting the facts of history so far as he had knowledge of them. Yet nothing can be more certain than that the whole merit of the scheme for the enlistment of Highlanders, whatever that merit may have been, belonged, not to any English Minister, but to two Scottish statesmen, both themselves Highlanders, who were already in possession of power and of a high reputation in years when the future Chatham was yet a boy.

These two Highlanders were Duncan Forbes of Culloden, proprietor of the estate on which the battle was fought, and his intimate friend, Archibald, Lord Islay, younger brother of John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, who succeeded to the dukedom in 1743. Five years before the elder Pitt had even entered Parliament—in 1730—the scheme had been commenced by the enlistment of local companies, which received the now famous name of the Black Watch. They were employed in the service of the Crown and of the established Government, in watching suspected districts of the Highlands. In 1738 Duncan Forbes drew up a paper advising an extension of the policy by enlisting Highlanders in the regular army. It was warmly received by his friend Lord Islay, and by him laid before Sir Robert Walpole. By him also it was approved, and in the following year, 1739, the original six companies of the Black Watch were formed into a regular regiment of the Line—the famous ‘Forty-second.’ In 1743 the regiment was sent abroad to take its part in the campaign of Dettingen. In that year and in 1744 they rose to great honour both in fighting and in the camp. In 1745, in the disastrous Battle of Fontenoy, not only did their gallantry, but their discipline, win for them golden opinions in the face of Europe.

During all these years the elder Pitt was not yet in even subordinate office. As a member of the

Opposition, he not only gave no help to the policy of native recruitment for the army, but he was still denouncing every step towards the establishment of any standing army at all, and was even inveighing against the military life as a profession. He did not become Secretary of State till the end of 1756—a date when the enlistment of Highlanders was no longer in the stage of an experiment, but was a proved, and even a splendid, success. The Forty-second had become one of the crack regiments of the British service. Gentlemen of the oldest Highland families—the most distinguished officers of the army—were proud to be promoted to its command. Accordingly, my grandfather became the Colonel of the Forty-second in 1747, and for seven years, during which the regiment was stationed in Ireland, he devoted himself to the perfecting of its discipline, and to the maintaining of its high moral character.

It is pleasant to know that at this period—some fifty years before the Irish Rebellion of 1798—there was not only no hostile feeling against the British troops stationed in that country, but, on the contrary, such cordial relations with both officers and men of the distinguished corps which my grandfather commanded, that, when the regiment was ordered to Canada in 1756 by Chatham's administration, the Irish people exhibited every mark of sorrow on account of their departure. My grandfather did not accompany the regiment to Canada. But he received the colonelcy of another corps, and was promoted to higher and higher rank in the service during the remainder of his life, until in 1806 he died the oldest Field-Marshal in the British Army.

I must confess, however, that as all this was only one-half of my grandfather's life, so it was not the half which has had any hereditary influence on my own. I never have had the slightest inclination to military service, although—perhaps all the more on that account—I have always had the highest apprecia-

tion of the military character. Pitt's doctrine, when as yet he had not become himself a great War Minister, that the regular profession of arms is an unworthy profession, I have always held to be singularly false. That profession promotes and encourages the highest public virtues—obedience to legitimate authority, the obligations and the sense of duty, and the need of self-sacrifice even unto death. Its code of honour is a high one. The stress it lays on discipline has a far-reaching influence on virtue and success in all the affairs of life; and as the great object of all war ought to be the securing of a lasting peace, so does the military life serve as an admirable preparation for the conduct of civil and economic administration.

Such, accordingly, in a marked degree, was its effect upon my grandfather. The second half of his life was very different from the first. Both were inconspicuous indeed in the public eye, because the work of organizing the first elements of an army is not less quiet and unobtrusive than the work of leading the organization and development of agriculture in a poor and backward country. And the latter was the work to which he was really called. Soon after his service with the Forty-second Highlanders in Ireland had come to an end, the second half of his life may be said to have begun with his marriage in 1759. He was now thirty-three years of age, and the progress of time had then made it almost certain that the last of the two brothers who, ever since my grandfather was born, had in succession held the dukedom of Argyll would leave no son. After his own father, who was still alive, my grandfather was the next heir, and, although he was then only Colonel Campbell, he held, in consequence of this prospect, a position in society which gave him every advantage. This advantage, together with his own attractions, he turned to good account in the choice of a wife.

Some years before he went to Ireland in 1751, that country had made a notable contribution to the attrac-

tions of the English capital. A country gentleman from the county of Roscommon, and his wife, had brought over to London their family of three daughters, to push their fortune in the world. The second of these girls was instantly recognised as the most beautiful woman of her time. Contemporary writings are full of the sensation—rising to excitement—made by Elizabeth Gunning wherever she appeared. Men and women stood on chairs in every crowded assembly to see her as she passed. The door of the theatre or opera, when she was known to be present, was mobbed by crowds to get a glimpse of her as she arrived or left. The highest names in the English aristocracy were at her feet. At last—not very wisely, by all accounts—she accepted the Duke of Hamilton, and was married to him in February, 1752. But his death within six years, in 1758, left her a young widow with two sons and one daughter. I do not know under what circumstances my grandfather met the beautiful widow, nor the story of his courtship. He was himself a good-looking man. His own father had been known as ‘handsome Jack,’ and his mother was the famous Mary Bellenden, one of the greatest beauties of the Court of George II. He had the reputation of a brave soldier and of an excellent officer. He had a courteous and dignified manner, and a most amiable and attractive disposition. Suffice it to say that he was accepted by the still young and beautiful Duchess of Hamilton, and that the marriage took place in 1759—a happy marriage, which lasted thirty-one years, until her death in 1790.

It is often very difficult to obtain any vivid impression of the beauty of celebrated women, or to understand fully the impression they made on their own generation. Their form—such at least as statuary can represent—may have little or nothing to do with it, and even the far more adequate art of painting fails, not infrequently, to translate to us what our fathers saw. Of this, Mary, Queen of Scots, is a conspicuous

example. Not one of her portraits can give us the least idea of what she is described to have been. A miniature of her which is preserved at Windsor Castle, and which was a favourite likeness of his mother in the estimation of her son, James VI., is, I venture to think, not only not beautiful, but not even well-favoured. Movement, grace, and charm, may be all either lost, or but faintly suggested to the imagination, even in the finest pictures. There are, of course, some kinds of beauty which can be represented more easily, and more completely than others. But these are, generally, not of the highest type. The beauty of 'Nelson's Lady Hamilton' is an excellent example. The brilliant colouring and the other physical attractions of that celebrated adventuress are reproduced for our admiration, with probably as much complete success as art can attain, in the beautiful and innumerable reproductions of Romney. But although Lady Hamilton fascinated many men, she never did, and never could, enthral the world. Crowds never waited on her steps, nor did men and women mount on chairs to see her pass. Beauty of this high type evades the limner's art.

There are some portraits of my grandmother, even by distinguished artists, which do indeed depict an evidently pretty woman, but which give us no explanation at all of the universal sensation produced on a society where beauty was abundant. There are, however, some two or three pictures which, in some measure at least, allow us to understand what her beauty was. One of these represents her as she was when Duchess of Hamilton. The other represents her as she appeared some ten years later—in 1767—as Duchess of Argyll. It is painted by Cotes. The first of these is at Hamilton Palace; the second is in my own possession at Inveraray. My father, who was her youngest child, and who was a boy of thirteen when his mother died in 1790, remembered her well; and his opinion was that the portrait by Cotes is the best he knew. It represents a beauty

of the very highest type—a beauty absolutely devoid of any element merely meretricious. Her general complexion was fair; her eyes were long rather than large, of an almost pure blue, but set off with eyelashes which were dark; all her features were clear-cut, delicate, and harmonious. Everything is in keeping, no colour very brilliant, but enough for warmth. Perfect refinement, and perfect symmetry of features and of figure, with great sweetness of expression, are the predominant characteristics, with a pose of the head and neck in lines of faultless beauty. One sees that her carriage and her walk must have set off the whole effect with extraordinary dignity and grace. The artist in this beautiful picture has represented in the background a sunflower throwing its golden disc towards his lovely subject—a graceful artistic compliment, well conceived and well deserved.

Of my grandmother's mental gifts we have ample evidence that she was a woman of strong character, of decided opinions, and with excellent habits of business. In her correspondence she expressed herself with force and clearness. For many years she was the guardian of her son, the young Duke of Hamilton. As such she was the principal manager of the great estates and of the great political influence of that important family. On one occasion she heard that abuses were arising in the Island of Arran, due largely to the non-residence of the factor. The Duchess at once wrote to her co-trustees that a gentleman who thought Arran not fit for him to live in, must himself be unfit to manage it. She was an excellent wife and an excellent mother. Her children always spoke of her with great reverence and affection. She was a favourite Lady at the Court of Queen Charlotte—a mark, certainly, of that good Queen's amiability, since the contrast between herself and the beautiful Duchess must have been so extreme as to challenge observation, and perhaps sometimes to provoke comment.

The only inheritance of disposition which I have seen

from my grandmother was a great love which my father had for the Irish people. He never forgot that his mother was an Irishwoman, and wherever he came across her countrymen, whether as bands of reapers employed on the English harvest-fields, or as friends in his own society, he had a special enjoyment in their warm-heartedness and humour.

There is, indeed, one anecdote of my grandmother which I record with special pleasure. In the first decade of the reign of George III. it is well known that the folly of the Government and the folly of the House of Commons had elevated into the position of a champion of the cause of personal liberty that notorious and profligate adventurer John Wilkes. More effectually to defy the Government, Wilkes stood as candidate in 1768 for the county of Middlesex. The populace of London was thrown by the contest into the most violent excitement. Riotous and dangerous mobs paraded the streets. One of the amusements was to attack the houses of distinguished families to compel them to illuminate in honour of their hero. Amongst others they assailed the house of the Argyll family. It was situated in a narrow street, still called Argyll Street, which runs to the east of, and parallel to, Regent Street before it joins Oxford Street. There was at the time nobody in the house but my grandmother, who was expecting her confinement. Her husband, my grandfather, was out of town. The mob broke into the outer courtyard, yelling and shouting as mobs do, and calling on the inmates to illuminate the windows. Although alone, the Duchess was not intimidated, and stoutly refused to exhibit a single light. She contrived, however, to send a messenger by a back way to the nearest barracks, and a company of soldiers came to her relief, and dispersed the mob. There are few women, perhaps not many men, who would have exposed themselves to such a danger. I sometimes think that one of the strongest instinctive feelings of which I am conscious—namely, a detestation of mobs—must be an inherited

instinct from the brave woman who showed such spirit in 1768. The worst passions of humanity are incarnated in mobs ; and no passage in the history of the French Revolution gives me such pleasure as that which records the first occasion on which the bloodthirsty mobs of Paris met their master in the young General of artillery who mowed them down with grapeshot on the 4th and 5th October, 1795.

The complete change of pursuits which began with my grandfather soon after his marriage, and gave its character to all the remainder of his long life, requires a few words of explanation. It was the custom of the great territorial families in Scotland to give or assign, by lease or feu, to the younger branches some farm or farms upon the family estates. According to this custom, the younger son of that Earl of Argyll who was beheaded in 1685 became tenant, or feuar, of a farm on his father's estate of Rosneath in Dumbartonshire—an estate which had been acquired by grant from the Crown in the sixteenth century.

Rosneath is a long and narrow peninsular ridge of hills separating Loch Long from the Gareloch—two arms of the sea which branch off from the Firth of Clyde. Halfway down this promontory, and halfway up the steep face which it presents to the Gareloch, lies the farm called Mamore. This was the home of my grandfather's branch of the family—from which they were called the Campbells of Mamore. I do not know in detail how much of his boyhood my grandfather may have spent at Mamore with his father, and with his mother, the beautiful Mary Bellenden. But his intense enjoyment of a country life in his elder years, and his devotion to agricultural improvement after a long time devoted to military service, finds its best explanation in the influence of an early home, and in particular of such a home as Mamore. Probably in the whole Highlands of Scotland there is not a more lovely spot, or one of which the beauty is so varied and peculiar. The long narrow bed, or basin,



W. B. Kneller del.

J. G. Kneller sculp.

1745

Field-Marshal John Duke of Beaufort.

of the Gareloch lies at its feet, surrounded on east and north-east by steep and lofty hills. To the south-east the view opens out to the Valley of the Clyde and the lower hills of Lanarkshire. To the north-east, the continuation of the Rosneath ridge falls steeply to the shore, well clothed with hanging copse-woods, and fine ash-trees overshadowing little bays of rock and beach. Then, higher up in the same direction, the whole range of the Argyllshire mountains, with unusually rocky and corrugated surfaces and broken outlines, lifts its amphitheatre of rugged battlements against the sky. In the present day these lovely shores are spangled with villas, and the calm waters of the loch are somewhat marred by the Gareloch having been adopted as a hospital for great American liners that have become unfit for active service on the ocean. But in my grandfather's childhood the Gareloch was one of the most secluded sheets of water on the West Coast. There was nothing to remind a dweller on its shores of the stir and bustle of life, still less of bloody fields of battle, like Dettingen and Fontenoy.

If much of my grandfather's boyhood was spent at Mamore, it would account for the facility with which he turned again in middle life to pursuits which took him back to those scenes of quiet beauty in which his childhood had been spent, and in which his destined inheritance was to be. That inheritance, however, did not fall to his branch of the family, in the person of his own father, till 1761, when Duke Archibald died; nor to himself till 1770, when his father also died. In this year—thirteen years after his marriage with the Duchess of Hamilton—he succeeded to the dukedom and estates of Argyll, which he held and administered with great wisdom and success for thirty-six years, until his own death in 1806, at the age of eighty-three.