

## CHAPTER II

1770-1816

### JOHN, FIFTH DUKE, AND JOHN, SEVENTH DUKE OF ARGYLL

UNTIL his own succession, in 1770, my grandfather had no opportunity of exercising his taste for improvement, except on the farms or residences which he took from his cousin or his father. Mamore had ceased to afford even the scanty accommodation which at that time was deemed tolerably sufficient. At the beginning of the sixteenth century people of gentle birth lived in dwellings which many a modern labourer would not consent to occupy. When Dr. Johnson visited Macdonald of Inch Kenneth in the course of his tour in the Hebrides, he tells us that he was received 'with all the elegance of lettered hospitality.' Yet the houses in which this reception was given were a group of small thatched cottages which no proprietor, however poor, would now consider to be even tolerably comfortable.

But when the heir to his title and estates had married the most beautiful woman of her day, the old Duke Archibald assigned to my grandfather another residence on the same promontory of Rosneath, nearer to his own castle, and in a situation not less beautiful than Mamore. That house still remains, and is a monument of the scanty accommodation which was yet sufficient to meet the demands and habits of the time. It is a long, narrow building, the principal room occupying its whole width, with windows on each side; low ceilings; steep, traplike wooden stairs; and the ground-floor rather below the level of the ground outside. But

the hand of the improver is now conspicuous in the beautiful double avenue of limes and Spanish chestnut trees, which encloses a still older avenue of yews, which must be older than my grandfather's time.

At a somewhat later date, probably after his own father's succession, my grandfather had a farm on the Inveraray estate, about two miles from the castle. Here, on a very steep bank near the public road, he planted a number of silver fir, spruce, and larch, which have been for many years, and still are, among the glories of our woodland. Recent gales of great violence have thrown over only too many of them. But enough still remain to be a conspicuous feature from many points of view. One of the silver firs cannot be less than 120 feet high, and is 17 feet in girth, taken at 5 feet from the ground. The silver fir is the noblest of all European pines when it is really fine and healthy; but no one who has seen it only in England or in the Southern Lowlands can have any idea of its magnificence when it meets with a congenial soil and climate along the western mountains of Scotland. Almost everywhere it is indeed always taller than other trees, but in the Lowlands generally it lifts against the sky nothing but thin and scraggy tops, which look, and are, unhealthy. But at Inveraray, and elsewhere in the Western Highlands, when it has been planted in shelter from the blast of the open sea, it rears a superb mass of very dark green foliage into the upper air upon a straight, powerful, and massive trunk. It is not very often that we can identify magnificent trees with the planting and the care of a particular man. But I never pass under the shadow of these grand old silver firs without having my grandfather's personality brought very vividly before me.

The improvement and adornment of selected bits of land was an employment which widened out into a much larger horizon of work when my grandfather succeeded to the dukedom. He then became a chief among the great band of workers to whom the wonder-

ful economic progress of Scotland during the eighteenth century was mainly due. This is a subject on which the facts are little remembered or considered now. Yet it is the history of changes greater, perhaps, than have ever passed over any people in an equally short space of time. Through all the Middle Ages the agriculture of Scotland was miserable in the extreme. There was chronic poverty and there were frequent famines. In the Highlands agriculture was backward to really an incredible degree.

From the accounts we have of the rural economy of the monks of Iona in the seventh century, it is clear that agriculture in those regions had not only made no progress for a thousand years, but had retrograded until it had become deplorable. The people did not know how to save out of abundant grass a mouthful of hay for the winter sustenance of their cattle. They did not know how to cut their corn, or how to thrash it out, except by processes which wasted by burning a great part of the straw, and damaged a great part of the grain. Their cattle were miserable in quality, and always, except in the height of summer, half starved in condition. Great numbers actually died every winter.

All these results were inseparably bound up with customs of occupation and of tenure to which the people were passionately attached with the deep but stupid attachment of long hereditary habit. Nothing but some external authority, governed by superior intelligence and knowledge, could abolish, or even modify, these ruinous customs. Reform from within was hopeless—indeed, impossible. Ruinous habits were bound up with the very constitution of society, which, as regarded the usual occupation of land, was communal, and not individual. That is to say, land was occupied by small communities, and not by individuals. No individual could adopt any reform without the consent of all his neighbours. This, indeed, was not peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland, but was



*Elizabeth Gunning (Duchess of Hamilton  
and afterwards Duchess of Argyll  
from the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds at Hamilton Palace*



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common over the whole of Europe, as it still largely prevails in Russia. But it was gradually broken up in Scotland and in England, especially during the earlier half of the century in which my grandfather was born. His eminent predecessors, Duke John and Duke Archibald, under the wise advice of the same remarkable man, Forbes of Culloden, had begun the all-important economic reform which changed the communal holders from being mere subtenants at will under the larger tenants (who almost universally held on lease) to the condition of tenants holding directly from the owner. Mercifully for Scotland, the full rights and powers of ownership had never been muddled away, or confused by any legal recognition of arrangements which rested on nothing but those lazy and ignorant acquiescences which are the greatest of all impediments to human progress. Consequently, the ruinous habits which had so degraded agriculture had never been stereotyped or rendered indelible by being erected into customary rights.

The law of Scotland had a wise jealousy of rights being either lost, on the one hand, or established, on the other, without distinct evidence of intention on the part of those who had the power of keeping or of parting with them. If the long-established usages of a semi-barbarous age had been allowed to establish themselves by mere lapse of time as legal rights and obligations, a large part of the whole rural population of Scotland would have been practically reduced to serfdom. Not money, but personal service, was the form in which rent was paid for the occupation of land during many generations. And these services were often sufficiently engrossing and continuous to impede, if not to prevent, any other kind of industry. But the law never recognised such usages, however ancient, as interfering with the rights of personal liberty. Those who were aggrieved or oppressed by them could always repudiate them by throwing up the possession to which they were attached. On the other hand, the right of ownership in land, which was nothing either more or less than the

right of exclusive use, could not be lost merely because it had not been exercised in some particular manner for an indefinite period of time, and tenants had thus been allowed to sit on, or hold on, without change from one generation to another. The right of exclusive use did indeed also belong to occupying tenants as against all other men, but it could only be acquired by them by express concession from the owner, for a definite time, as by a lease, or for ever, as by a feu charter. What the law demanded, as the law of every civilized country ought to demand, was clear and definite evidence of the agreements by which any man acquired any right not originally his own, or by which any man gave away any right which was in his power to give or to withhold.

It was under this system of legal protection over all rights that, when the owners of land awoke to the inveterate evils which had arisen out of the archaic usages under which they had allowed their estates to be held occupied by the various classes of tenant, they found themselves in possession of the fullest powers to deal with those evils by insisting on changes in the terms of occupancy. Those changes, however obviously salutary to enlightened forethought, and to those who had even the most elementary knowledge of agriculture, were almost always repugnant to engrained habits and affections, and were really tantamount to a complete break-up and reorganization of the whole system of rural society. Nothing could have availed to introduce such reforms except the ultimate power and recognised right of every land-owner to say to his tenants and subtenants: 'Unless you agree to occupy and to hold my land under these new conditions, you must give up that occupation altogether and leave my estate.'

The exercise of such powers on estates comparatively small—consisting of some dozens, or even some scores, of farms—was easy and, indeed, habitual. Such exercise operated slowly and by degrees, affecting only a few individuals at any one time. But on

great territorial estates, such as those of the Argyll family, embracing large areas all over a great country, and containing thousands of people, it is obvious that the exercise of such rights needed the greatest judgment and discretion.

The operation, however, had begun in the days of Duke John, first in a report from his own commissioner, Campbell of Shawfield, Sheriff of the county, in 1730, and secondly on a further report from no less important an authority than Forbes of Culloden, whose devotion to his illustrious friend induced him to undertake a personal inspection of the Hebridean estates in 1738. His plan of dealing with a condition of barbarous ignorance and waste was, in the best sense of the word, radical—that is to say, it went to the root of the causes which had led to such a state of things. But it was a plan which required time and steady perseverance. A whole population could not practically be evicted and removed. Leaseholders could not be changed until their leases had expired. New men had to be found willing and able to take lands on wholly new conditions. Duke John saw the seriousness and difficulty of the task. He wrote to his friend Culloden thanking him for his report and for his advice, confessing that it was a scheme of management which might well engage all the interest of a man younger than himself, and of one who had an heir of his own to follow him. Such, he reminded Culloden, was not his own position. This, however, was only a passing expression of that feeling of discouragement which comes over men who have no children to follow them in the possession of a great inheritance. Duke John ought to have remembered that, though he had no son of his own to profit by his exertions, his next heirs were, after all, of his own blood and lineage.

Only sixty years before that date—well within the compass of a single life—the two branches of the family had a common father in the Earl who had



died upon the scaffold in 1685. It is the duty of every man who occupies such estates to manage them for the best, not only for his own life, but for the lives that are to come. And no doubt, in his more serious moments, Duke John acted on this principle, from that instinctive interest in his family and his name which is the most powerful and salutary influence in the hereditary principle. He did actually begin the reforms so much needed, because he had given full authority to his friend Culloden to take such steps as he could to begin a better system. And, accordingly, such steps were taken. The new principle of emancipating the mass of the inhabitants from the condition of subtenants holding at the will of the large leaseholders, and raising them to the condition of tenants holding directly from the proprietor on fixed and definite conditions, both as to rent and otherwise—this principle was adopted and enforced even against the stupidity and opposition of those whose interests were most directly promoted by the change. But after this principle was established, much remained to be done in the application of it, and in the direction given to the conditions on which definite contracts were to be made with the people. Duke John, his brother, Duke Archibald, and the first Duke of the Mamore branch, all continued to work on the lines laid down by Forbes of Culloden—which, indeed, were the lines on which proprietors' rights were at this time being exercised all over Scotland, as well in the Lowlands as in the Highlands.

When, thirty-two years after the report of Culloden, my grandfather succeeded to the dukedom, the same problems awaited him in the administration of his large estates—problems complicated by the rise of new economic conditions which neither he nor any of his contemporaries fully understood. The truth is that economic changes are hardly ever understood, or even noticed at all, by the generations over whom they pass. Even now, when the science of statistics

gives, or may give, perpetual notes of warning, many silent footsteps are unheeded or unknown. But in the last century, when statistics did not exist, still more did great changes creep on, as it were, by stealth. Proceeding often from causes which appear to be trivial, and are entirely beyond control, they attract no notice until the accumulated effects culminate in some great movement which arrests universal attention, or may even excite general alarm.

Such exactly were the economic causes which were working upon the condition and the numbers of the people of Scotland, and especially of the Highlands, during the whole of my grandfather's life, and with special energy during the latter half of it—that is, from about 1750 to 1806. There was, in the first place, an enormously rapid increase of population with no proportionate increase of the means of subsistence. In the second place, there was a sense of poverty and of danger of actual famine, which, in an increasing degree, was pressing home upon the consciousness of the people. In the third place, there were new possibilities of escape opened up before the eyes of the people, by the knowledge of more civilized laws brought home by their friends and relatives returned from military service in foreign and colonial wars. In the fourth place, there was a demand for labour, and high wages were offered, owing to the rising commerce of the cities and towns of the Low Country.

All those things co-operating resulted in a perfect rage for migration and for emigration from the rural districts all over Scotland, but especially from the Highlands. My grandfather was one of the many great owners who regarded this movement with alarm. He could not get entirely rid of the recollections of his early life, and of the teaching of his distinguished predecessors, who looked upon the population of the Highlands as the best of all recruiting-grounds for the British Army. He therefore threw himself with energy

into every scheme, however artificial, for devising home employment for the people. They were all failures—all except one, and that one did nothing to stop the exodus of a population which had become excessive. On the contrary, that exodus was an essential preliminary, and a necessary antecedent of the only real remedy for the poverty of the people. That remedy was the establishment of an improved system of agriculture. But an improved system of agriculture could not even be begun without the emancipation of the individual from the clogging effects of ignorant, effete communities. Every little farm was overloaded with families which tried in vain to make a living out of the immemorial usages of a barbarous age—usages which were incompatible with the first principles of a successful agriculture.

Fortunately, in my grandfather's case, as in many others, the errors of speculative opinions were effectually neutralized by the practical instincts of the farmer and the land-owner. Those instincts told him that it was his duty, as much as his interest, to make the soil yield its largest possible returns of food, and every measure taken in that direction, and with this object in view, was a measure taken in the interests of his country and of its people. In the application of this general principle to the changes demanded in a long pre-existing system, there was new and ample room for the wise discretion of a just and benevolent mind. This was the work of his day and generation. He took in it an active and distinguished part. He was one of the original founders and first President of the Highland Agricultural Society—an organization which played a great part in the progress of Scottish agriculture. He was, on a large scale, himself a farmer, and an improver of the breeds of cattle. His daily note-books, which I possess, show his attention to every minutest detail of rural improvement, whilst the volumes of correspondence with his factors on his more distant estates exhibit the most business-like

habits, the most just and kindly nature, and the clearest views on all matters affecting the interests of the numerous population who were his tenants.

My grandfather appears little as a politician in the history of his time, but he sat in the House of Commons for the city of Glasgow from 1744 to the year 1761, when, becoming Marquis of Lorne, he was disqualified by a stupid law which then prohibited the eldest sons of Scotch peers from representing a Scotch constituency. As my grandfather was only just of age in 1744, and as the electors of Glasgow at first objected to him on account of his youth, it would appear that on further inquiry they had been satisfied of his abilities and fitness. As Marquis of Lorne he obtained an English seat at Dover, but was raised to the peerage in 1766 under the title of Baron Sundridge. Sundridge is a village in Kent, near which his uncle, Lord Frederick Campbell, had bought a residence. It is the title under which I sat in the House of Lords for many years, until in 1892 the Queen was graciously pleased to add to the Scotch dukedom of Argyll a dukedom of the United Kingdom under the same title. I am not aware that my grandfather ever spoke, or ever took any active part in the somewhat confused politics of the years during which he sat in the House of Commons. His mind lay in a different direction, but he attended faithfully to the interests of his constituency, at that time rising rapidly in wealth and population.

Four children, who survived, were born of the marriage of my grandfather with his beautiful wife—two sons and two daughters. The eldest son, George, succeeded his father as sixth Duke of Argyll in 1806, and lived till 1841. The eldest girl (named Augusta) married a Colonel Clavering, and died in 1831. The second daughter, Charlotte, married John Campbell of Shawfield and Islay. She had a numerous family of handsome daughters, and one son, long well known

as Campbell of Islay. The fourth and last child of my grandparents was my father, John, who succeeded to the dukedom on his brother's death in 1841, and died in 1847. Before giving some particulars of my father's life, which was part of my own, I must say a few words about his brother and his two sisters.

Of my uncle, Duke George, who held the dukedom for thirty-five years, I have, unfortunately, nothing very favourable to record. He was very handsome, of dignified and most courteous manners, and naturally of a kindly disposition. But in early life he fell into companionship with the society which surrounded the Prince of Wales, and from sheer carelessness, idleness, and want of purpose in life, did nothing but dilapidate his great inheritance. For many years he was never able to live at Inveraray, and the estate was put under trust. By a strange fate he did revisit Inveraray after a long interval, in 1841, and there died instantaneously when sitting at his dinner-table with a few friends and relatives. I never even saw him. During all the years of my boyhood he lived always in England, whilst my father lived quite as exclusively in Scotland. When he did come down to his early home to die there, an illness prevented my father from going to see him; so that I have no associations with him except the experience I have had of the injury he did to the family estates.

The eldest sister, Augusta, was not happy in her marriage, and, after having had three children, two boys and a girl, she separated from her husband, and lived and died in a retired villa on the Rosneath estate, not far from my father's home. One of her two sons entered the navy, and became an officer of noted promise and ability. He served in an expedition in 1827 to explore the eastern coasts of Greenland, and several names now recorded on the map of that most inhospitable shore are the names given to them by Douglas Clavering, in memory of places near his mother's home upon the Gareloch. He was appointed

in 1828 to the command of a ship of war called the *Redwing*, and ordered to the West African Station. From the moment of her leaving England that ship, with her whole officers and crew, was never heard of again. Some floating fragments, supposed to be part of the *Redwing*, were said to have been picked up at sea. They had on them marks of fire, and the supposition was that she had been struck by lightning, and that her magazine had been exploded, blowing her to pieces. Douglas Clavering was my father's favourite nephew. The news that he was undoubtedly lost is the earliest event of which I have any memory. Children of five years of age are incapable of grief even when death comes very near them. I had seen nothing of my cousin, but the effect I saw upon my father has never been effaced; and to this day the very word 'Redwing' has to me inseparable associations with sorrow and disaster. Of Lady Augusta's daughter, Charlotte, I shall have more to say in connection with my own life.

My father's other sister, Lady Charlotte, had a happier and more distinguished history. In her girlhood she was in no way remarkable for good looks, and I am in possession of a portrait of her by Opie, the well-known Quaker artist, painted in 1789, when she was about thirteen years of age, which certainly does not suggest any extraordinary promise in that direction. But as with great rapidity her growth went on, she developed, like her mother, into being one of the most beautiful women of her time. There is an entry in the journal of Charles Greville which gives at least the impression she made on the London world. He narrates how, at a great dinner, embracing several members of the Royal Family, a question was raised who was the handsomest woman in society, and Greville says the verdict was unanimous in favour of Lady Charlotte Campbell. A fine picture of her by Hoppner which I possess is an ample justification for this opinion. And yet her beauty was very different

from that of her mother. She was a larger and stouter woman ; and the artist, who in this picture has painted her in the character of Aurora, has had some difficulty in making clouds dense enough to sustain the magnificent figure which is represented as dancing upon them and scattering the roses of the dawn. Lady Charlotte had strong literary and artistic tastes, and great sweetness and charm of manner. She was, therefore, a universal favourite, preserving even to a very advanced age not a few remains of beauty, and to the very last, all the old fascination and refinement. In her youth she was the friend and frequent entertainer of the young Walter Scott, who, sitting at her feet, used to repeat to her the Border Ballads and some of his own early compositions of that kind. When the Waverley Novels came out, and speculation was so strangely baffled as to the personality of 'the Great Unknown,' my father always felt certain of the authorship of Scott, chiefly from recognising in those novels verses and fragments of poetry which he had heard Scott reciting to his sister during his visits to her in Edinburgh.

Lady Charlotte published several novels, which, if they took no permanent place, were at least as good as many others of the time. She wrote, also, in later years (1833) a long poem in Spenserian stanza, on the 'Three Great Sanctuaries of Tuscany'—Vallombrosa, Lavevna, and Camaldoli. This volume was published by the great publishing house of Murray, and shows a very considerable power of versification. The King and Queen, William IV. and Queen Adelaide, and almost the whole Royal Family, were subscribers to it. I am bound to say, however, that the chief attraction of the volume consisted in its illustrations. When a widow well advanced in life, she had, much to the dissatisfaction of her family, married an English clergyman, of the name of Bury, whose chief attraction to her lay, undoubtedly, in his really very remarkable artistic gifts. His pencil contributed to her volume



*Lady John Campbell.*



on the great Tuscan monastic sites a series of sepia drawings, which would not be unworthy of some of the greatest of the Old Masters. In accuracy of drawing, in poetry of feeling, and in chiaroscuro splendour of light and shade, they are, to my eye, more beautiful even than anything left by Turner. Lady Charlotte survived her second husband many years, and died in 1860 at the age of eighty-five.

My father, afterwards seventh Duke of Argyll, was born, the youngest of his family, in 1777. He was brought up entirely at home until he was sent to Oxford. Accustomed during all his boyhood to life in the open air, to shooting, fishing, and all kinds of Highland sports, he was wretched in the flat and often swampy surroundings of the great English University. He had no turn for the classical languages, but had imbibed a very early taste for the physical sciences, and especially for chemistry and mechanics. But there was little encouragement for these in the atmosphere of Oxford. He had brought with him an old-fashioned but rather powerful form of air-gun, with which he had been accustomed to shoot rabbits in a wild island of Loch Awe close under the precipitous slopes of Ben Cruachan. But as there were no rabbits in the quadrangle of Christ Church, he felt impelled to practise occasionally on the flower-pots which here and there adorned the windows of the Dons. From time to time utterly mysterious breakages—caused no one knew how—on ledges of inaccessible elevations excited more curiosity than indignation, until, I suppose, suspicion having settled on the young and notoriously idle Highlander, he found less difficulty in persuading his father to allow him to enter the army, and, accordingly, at the earliest possible age he joined the Guards. One of the first services to which he was called was the odious one of suppressing the Irish Rebellion of 1798. I call it odious, both because it certainly was so to him, with his inherited affection and regard for Irishmen, and because the

rough and occasionally cruel work which was of necessity involved was, from the first moment of the outbreak, stimulated and rendered more savage by the cold-blooded and hideous massacre perpetrated by the rebels on the Bridge of Wexford. The worst orgies of the French Revolution, of which it was, indeed, nothing but a horrible imitation, seemed to be reproduced by a hitherto peaceful population, and threatened to be repeated all over Ireland, wherever the infection of its ferocious passions had found admission.

The Rebellion of 1798 was not a Catholic Rebellion. It was not even an Irish Rebellion. It was essentially a Jacobin Rebellion. Its typical representative was not Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the young enthusiast for the restoration of a national independence which never had existed. The type-man was Wolfe Tone, the unscrupulous villain who, before he became a rebel, had twice offered to sell himself to the British Government if they would commission him as a privateer and buccaneer to plunder the Catholic churches and towns on the Spanish Main, and who was not less willing to sell his own country to the French Directory, if only he could wreak his vengeance on England and on her great Minister, Mr. Pitt. The suppression of the Irish Rebellion was, therefore, a work both of necessity and of mercy, however painful the process may have been in particular affairs.

My father never dwelt on this episode of his life. Only one anecdote do I recollect his telling, as a curious illustration of the effect upon men of the near prospect of death, as compared with the effect of an unexpected escape. A band of rebels had been surrounded and caught in a barn with a large number of pikes concealed under some hay. It was impossible to pardon men whose immediate purpose so clearly was to engage in the bloody work of the Rebellion. On the other hand, it was not thought necessary or expedient to hang the whole of them. Some four or

five only were executed, and the selection of them was determined by lot. My father used to relate that those who drew the death lots remained perfectly calm, whilst those who drew the lots for life were violently agitated.

In 1799 my father was elected member for his native county of Argyll, and held that seat in Parliament till 1822.

Three years after his entry into Parliament—in 1802—the greatest misfortune which can befall a man befell my father. He made an unhappy marriage. I know nothing of the details. I only know that before the end of the year he had discovered and had suffered from his mistake—not only in spirits, but in health—and his family and friends advised him to go abroad. His wife, who was Miss Campbell of Fairfield, died in 1818.

The short Peace of Amiens in 1803 was the occasion of a great rush of English visitors to the Continent. It had been practically inaccessible to them since the beginning of the Revolutionary War, and the theatre of so many terrible and extraordinary events exerted an irresistible attraction. My grandfather therefore seized the opportunity to send his son abroad, with the companionship of a medical friend of the name of Robertson, a man of most amiable character, of considerable scientific attainments, and of great charm of countenance and manners. Of this journey I am in possession of a careful journal. They left England on the 16th February, 1803, and went at once to Paris, where Napoleon Bonaparte had established himself as ruler of France under the ridiculous title of First Consul—according to that childish echo of old Roman titles by which the ears of French democrats were at that time tickled and befooled. Provided as he was with introductions to the best people in Paris, my father was anxious to see the men whose names had become so famous. The first sketch he gives is of one of the most famous, and of one who survived almost all his contemporaries, Talleyrand.

On the 6th March Bonaparte was to have a review of troops in front of the Tuileries, and thereafter to hold a levée at which strangers could be presented. But it was a necessary preliminary that they should have been presented first to the Foreign Minister. On the previous day, therefore, March 5th, our Ambassador at Paris, Lord Whitworth, took my father to be presented to Talleyrand. My father's description of that celebrated man is short but graphic: 'Monsieur Talleyrand is the most disgusting-looking individual I ever saw. His complexion is that of a corpse considerably advanced in a state of corruption. His feet are distorted in every possible direction. His having learned to walk steadily with such wretched materials is a proof that he is a man of considerable abilities.'

Next day, March 6th, my father went in the morning with Lady Cholmondeley and an English party to one of the lower windows of the Tuileries, which was a very favourable position for seeing the review which was to precede the levée. 'The First Consul mounted his horse and rode to the right of the line, passing close to the window at which I was placed. He was dressed in a blue coat with broad white facings, white pantaloons, and military boots. His hat was a cocked one, but perfectly plain—without any lace or ornament whatever. After reviewing all the troops, he returned to the Great Gate of the Palace, and remained on horseback surrounded by his Generals, delivering muskets and sabres of honour to several soldiers who had distinguished themselves in various actions. During this period all the troops marched past him and saluted him.'

The levée was held later in the day, and is thus described in my father's journal: 'At three o'clock all the Foreign Ministers with the persons they had to present were admitted. A circle was formed round the room. The three Consuls stood at the fireplace—Bonaparte in the middle, Cambacères on his right, and Le Brun on his left. As soon as all the people were

assembled, Bonaparte began to go round the circle, speaking to several persons. When he came to Lord Whitworth (the British Ambassador), he stopped, and continued speaking to him some time, after which Lord Whitworth presented us, the other Englishmen, to him. He then proceeded round the circle, and returned the same way, again talking to Lord Whitworth. During this time I stood close to him, and had a very good opportunity of examining his countenance. His hair is straight, of a dark brown colour and scarcely reaching the cape of his coat, his forehead straight, but the brow projecting more than is common. His nose is large and prominent, and forms a gentle curve from the forehead to the point. The upper lip is short, and its edge rather turned up. The under lip does not project nearly so far as the upper. The chin, rather long, projects considerably at the end. His eyes are light gray. He has not much eyebrow. His complexion is uncommonly sallow. His limbs are small, but neatly made. His stature does not exceed 5 foot 6 inches. His countenance varies astonishingly in its expression, and when he laughs or smiles is very agreeable and engaging. His teeth are fine, but he does not show them much. When he had spoken to as many persons as he chose, he again placed himself between Cambacères and Le Brun, and made three bows, as a signal for our departure.'

I may add to this short written description that in conversation my father used to express himself with less restraint in respect to the countenance of Bonaparte. He used to say that his smile was the most beautiful he ever saw. Whether from the fascination he had felt, or from the momentous interest which attached at that time to one who was undoubtedly the foremost man in Europe, my father had arranged to attend another levée of the First Consul which was to take place a week later—on March 13th. A slight indisposition led to his giving up this intention, an accident which he never ceased to regret, as he

thereby missed being witness of a scene which became historical. Our negotiations with France in respect to the fulfilment of the Treaty of Amiens had then been going on for some time. The imperious tone of the First Consul, particularly in respect to our evacuation of the island of Malta, together with the development of his aggressive ambition in other parts of Europe, were leading every day to greater and greater estrangement. Two days after my father had been so fascinated by Bonaparte's smile, on the 8th of March, George III. sent a message to his Parliament to ask for armaments as only too likely to be needed. On this news reaching Paris, Bonaparte was much incensed, and had a long interview with Lord Whitworth, in which he raged and scolded for two hours, without allowing Lord Whitworth to get a word in edgeways. But this was not the worst. A few days later, on the occasion of his levée on the 13th March, Bonaparte either was, or pretended to be, in a rage. Never throughout his life a gentleman in his feelings or conduct, he now outraged a ceremony and a time of courtesy by coming up to Lord Whitworth and addressing him in the loudest tones of anger, and even with gestures which suggested the possibility of an assault. Lord Whitworth was a tall, handsome man with great dignity of manner. He stood perfectly unmoved whilst the Little Corporal raged and fumed beneath him—now and then saying a few conciliatory words, as to the desire of his Government to secure an honourable peace. Yet so violent was the demeanour of Bonaparte that Lord Whitworth was compelled to think what he ought to do with his sword, if in his person the Majesty of England was to be publicly insulted by an actual assault.

My father left Paris on the 24th of March without apparently having heard of these scenes with the First Consul, and without, assuredly, any forecast of the experience he was himself about to have of the violence of the character which lay in ambush behind his bewitch-

ing smile. The two travellers posted to Geneva, and on the 30th they were enchanted by that unequalled view of the Lemman Lake below, and the range of Mont Blanc above, which at a sudden turn of the road on the summit of the Jura used to burst like a vision of glory on all who took a route which is now superseded and deserted. At Geneva a warm welcome was given to them by the younger De Saussure, son of the illustrious Swiss geologist and physical philosopher, who first investigated the structure and geology of the Alps, and has left an immortal name in the history of science. His son, although he had not his father's genius, was also eminent, especially as a chemist. My grandmother had wisely engaged him to be travelling tutor to her young son Douglas, Duke of Hamilton, when he made the usual grand Continental tour. De Saussure was delighted to receive the youngest brother of his former pupil, and at once invited him and Robertson to lodge in his house.

Nothing could have been better for my father than the society and the surroundings in which he was now placed. Reserved as his private journal is, it indicates that he was then under the shadow of a trouble which saddened his spirit. Not only the glorious scenery of the Genevan Lake, but the society into which he entered, were both admirably fitted to restore the joy of life. The conversation of De Saussure must have helped that love of physical science to which he was naturally inclined, and which became one of his greatest resources in later life. But the society of Geneva at that time had other elements of the highest interest. Soon after their arrival he and his friend Robertson were introduced to Madame de Staël, and acquaintance with her soon ripened into intimacy. My father's description of this celebrated woman is as graphic as his description of her enemy and persecutor Napoleon Bonaparte. 'Ap. 16.—We were introduced to Madame de Staël. Her manners are unaffected, and her conversation entertaining. She appears to be near

forty. Her eyes are dark and expressive, her features coarse, and her person tolerably good. She invited us to supper on Monday next.'

From this date forwards till their departure from Switzerland, the house of Madame de Staël was the constant resort of my father and of his friend Robertson. The charms of her society evidently grew upon them, and at all her parties, of whatever kind, and very often when she had no party at all, they were her constant and favourite guests. My father used always to say that she was evidently a good deal in love with Dr. Robertson, whose good looks, graceful manners, and charming voice were well calculated to attract her well-known susceptibilities. Soon after their friendship began, Robertson attacked her one evening for having said in one of her books that Scottish music was 'destitute of interest.' She denied having said so, and professed to like Scottish music much. The dispute ended in a bet, she inviting them to dine a few days later, for the settlement of the affair. On referring to her book, Robertson found her words to be '*comme la musique des Ecosais qui composent des airs dont la parfaite harmonie éloigne tout critique sans captiver profondément l'intérêt.*' Of course, this is a very different thing from Robertson's quotation. When they met again, Madame de Staël said that she might have cavilled about the word 'profondément,' but that she would prefer to confess having been in the wrong, 'and to publish a new edition amended and corrected by Lord John Campbell and Dr. Robertson.' This pleasant bit of raillery—so good-humoured, yet so sharp and so unanswerable—is doubtless a specimen of one at least of the characteristics of those conversational powers which attracted many of the most distinguished men in Europe at that time. Like other very vivacious women with highly strung susceptibilities of character, Madame de Staël seems to have been much dependent on the sympathy of those with whom she was conversing. My father



noticed that her dinner-parties were comparatively dull. This appears to have been largely due to the fact that, from his rank and his being a stranger, he always was seated next to her at dinner, where his sadness and reserve affected the spirits of his hostess. She told Robertson, with whom she was more familiar, that she was conscious of a depressing influence from what she called my father's *mauvaise honte*. At suppers, however, and at what we should now call garden-parties, among the cheerful villas around Geneva, and amidst the rich vegetation of advancing spring in that lovely country, my father continued more and more to enjoy the brilliant society of Madame de Staël and of the wide circle of which she was the centre. He speaks with admiration in his journal of her dramatic powers as an actress in Racine's play of 'Phèdre,' and the frequency with which he closed his evenings at her house, after other parties had broken up, shows how completely the spell of her genius had been cast upon him.

On the 18th of May Madame de Staël sent to her two friends the earliest intimation that had reached her of the rupture of the negotiations between France and England, and the departure of Lord Whitworth from Paris. Nobody at that moment could expect, or even dream of, the disgraceful act of vengeance which Bonaparte was about to wreak on private travellers from England who could be caught in France. My father and Dr. Robertson therefore continued to enjoy their life at Geneva, with excursions to Lausanne, Yverdon, on the beautiful Lake of Neuchâtel, and other parts of Switzerland.

On returning from one of these on May 19th, and repairing as usual to the house of Madame de Staël, they found her engaged with a children's ball; and she explained to them that she had intended to finish her entertainment with a dance for the older generation; but, on consideration, she thought it better not, as she did not know whether the First Consul might

not consider it an insult to himself, as a rejoicing over the renewed war with England. This scornful joke on the meanness of Bonaparte is significant, not only of what she already knew of his character from personal experience, but also, no doubt, of the frequent sayings which, from time to time, were sure to be repeated, and which account in some degree for the increasing and unmanly animosity with which he pursued the illustrious authoress. On the 26th of May my father heard of letters-of-marque having been issued by the British Government, and next day he heard of the retaliatory step taken by Napoleon in ordering the arrest of all Englishmen in France. He and Robertson at once consulted their friend De Saussure, who advised them to leave Geneva—which was then French territory—early next morning, before the mail from Paris could bring the actual order for arrest. Their flight from Geneva being determined on, they repaired to Madame de Staël to tell her of their course. They found her receiving a visit from a French member of the Council of Geneva, from whom they wished, of course, to conceal their communication. My father accordingly undertook to engage the Councillor in conversation in French, whilst Robertson was to speak to Madame de Staël in English. My father narrates in his journal how he was amused by Madame de Staël's evident agitation and annoyance, wishing on the one hand that her friends should escape, but equally wishing, on the other hand, to keep Robertson's society. So evident was Madame de Staël's perturbation, that my father was afraid the French Councillor would see it, and suspect that something was wrong. However, he luckily had only one eye, and only saw enough to understand that his *tête-à-tête* with the hostess was hopelessly interrupted—whereupon he took his leave. The result of the consultation with Madame de Staël was that she advised her friends to go no further than Coppet, her father's famous villa, a few miles from Geneva, but within the

Swiss frontier. Their flight took place on the morning of May 28th. On the 30th Madame de Staël followed them to Coppet, bringing the news that the order for the arrest of the English had been actually received at Geneva.

On the 4th June my father and Robertson left Coppet for Lausanne, to which place Madame de Staël followed them on the 6th. From this date to the 30th of June they moved about with Madame de Staël to various places of beauty and interest in the Pays de Vaud. On the 30th Madame de Staël went home, and my father and his friend continued till the 11th July to travel about the country. On that day they had reached Baden, a small watering-place within a few miles of the Rhine frontier. They had been advised, on account of the unscrupulous violence of Bonaparte, to get out of Switzerland as soon as they could.

On the morning of the 12th July my father had slept unusually long, and at ten o'clock he was surprised by Robertson coming into his room and telling him that a French officer had just arrested him, and that, under a threat of the alternative of a close confinement, he (Robertson) had at once given his parole. Robertson advised my father to take the same course. The officer had asked where his companion was, and Robertson had replied that he was then out, but would certainly be found later in the day if the officer called again. My father at once told Robertson that he would never give his parole—that even if he were made prisoner he would never cease to try to escape. Robertson told him that, if so, he would be sent to confinement in a fortress, and urged him not to incur so disagreeable an alternative. On my father positively refusing to give his parole, Robertson asked him what, then, would he do? as the French officer would certainly return early to effect his arrest. My father replied that he would get up at once and think over the situation.

It so happened that a Swiss lady, who was governess to Lady Charlotte Campbell's children, was at that time on a visit to her own home, and had accepted the invitation of my father to accompany him and Robertson on their return journey to England. She had joined them a few days before, and was at that moment in the same hotel. This lady, Mademoiselle de la Chaux, was a woman of great vivacity and character, much valued as a friend and companion, not only by Lady Charlotte, but by all her family. Hearing from Robertson of the arrest which had fallen on him, and was impending over my father, she, with a woman's ready wit, sent him a message that if he would consent to dress in woman's clothes, and pass himself off as her maid, she thought she could probably get him across the frontier into Germany. My father jumped at the idea. No time was to be lost. So Mademoiselle de la Chaux brought into his room all the necessary garments, and in a few minutes my father was duly habited as a young woman, and acted the part of *fille de chambre* to his deliverer. Her plan was to drive out in a carriage on a road towards the Rhine till they came to some hills covered with forest. He was then to get out of the carriage and conceal himself in the woods till the evening. Mademoiselle de la Chaux was then to return to the hotel, as from a drive, and another carriage was to be ordered, when the shades of evening might facilitate escape from any probable detection. On arriving at the foot of the hills where my father was concealed, she was to make her postilion wind his horn. This was to be the signal for him to emerge from the woods and join the carriage.

This plan was carried into effect with perfect success. My father, although then almost twenty-six years of age, was singularly youthful in appearance. He had fine and delicate features, much resembling those of his beautiful mother, and a stature of only 5 feet 6 inches. He passed through the passages of the hotel without

the least suspicion, and mounted the rumble of the carriage.

About three miles out of Baden, at a solitary part of the road leading to Schaffhausen, he dismounted, and was at once safe in the thick woods which covered the hills. There he remained all day—half starved, since he had had no time to take breakfast or to provide any food for the day. Restive under the embarrassment of petticoats in walking up a steep hill, he had gathered them well up under his arm, when, at a turn of the path, he saw a group of charcoal-burners very near him. Fortunately, the rapid readjustment of his garments by simple gravitation was not perceived, and he proceeded unmolested. The sound of Mademoiselle de la Chaux's postilion-horn came none too soon, and running down the hill he joined her carriage, and they drove without interruption to the Rhine. At that frontier there was a bridge to cross, and a French sentry was stationed at it. As it was, of course, now dark, he held up a lantern to my father's face before allowing the carriage to pass on. But not detecting anything to lead him to doubt the sex which had been assumed, he was satisfied with a passing glance, and in a few minutes my father's escape had been effected. He remained some days in the neighbourhood of the Rhine, hoping that Robertson might be released. But hearing that this was improbable, he determined to make his way to Vienna, by the line of march soon afterwards followed by Bonaparte in his famous dash across Europe from the Camp of Boulogne, when his project of the invasion of England had broken down.

At Ulm he overtook a French General and his wife whom he had met in Switzerland, and they offered him a place in the boat which they had hired to carry them down the Danube to Vienna. This was then a six days' journey, floating down the rapid current of the Danube at from six to eight miles an hour. At Vienna Robertson did rejoin him. General

(afterwards the famous Marshal) Ney, who had ordered my father's arrest in Switzerland, was very angry when he heard of his escape, because in his ignorance he imagined that a 'Lord' and a member of the British Parliament would be an important prize. Finding that Robertson was only what he called *un pauvre médecin*, he let him go, as not being worth detention. After a short stay in Vienna, my father and Robertson travelled home by Dresden, Berlin, and the Low Country, to England, where they arrived early in September.

My father now resumed his ordinary life in London as a member of Parliament and an officer in the Guards. In 1809, however, the corps to which he was attached was one of those sent on the splendid but abortive and inglorious expedition to Walcheren, which was intended for the capture of Antwerp. In that expedition he was for the first time under fire, and did not escape from the Walcheren fever, which is said to have carried off, before the return of the troops, about 7,000 men. He has often told me that he first felt relief from the feverish attack after a night's sleep in what he called 'a wet ditch'—a prescription, certainly, on which no medical man would venture.

During a great part of the ten years which elapsed between my father's return from Walcheren and the year 1822, when he resigned his seat for the county of Argyll, his life was one of much trouble.

There are, as we have seen, several indications in his journal that his young life had been saddened. Madame de Staël had noticed the effects, though mistaking the cause. But another lady in Switzerland, to whom, perhaps, he had spoken more freely in the frequent social meetings in Geneva, had penetrated deeper. She told him that she had herself once been under the influence of a gloomy sorrow, which destroyed all the enjoyments of life. She exhorted him to struggle against it, by forcing himself to

take an interest in a variety of subjects, and in Nature. He told her that this was exactly what he was then doing, but theretofore with little success.

The day after my father's escape across the frontier, his friend Robertson wrote to him a most interesting and affectionate letter, from which it is plain that he saw in his friend a deeply wounded heart. He said that he himself felt as if he had caught the contagion of my father's 'extravagant susceptibility,' and urgently advised him to prolong his stay upon the Continent. I have no other record of the details of his life after his return than that in 1816 a haven of rest was provided for him by the death of his uncle, Lord Frederick Campbell, who left to him a small estate on the Firth of Clyde, called Ardencaple. Lord Frederick had bought this estate a good many years before from the Macaulay family, whose seat it had been for many generations. In no long time death relieved my father of his domestic embarrassments, and the beginnings of a more fortunate attachment ushered in the dawn of a happier life.