

count of the boundless resources which West Africa contains. He established the fact, first, that gold, iron, and copper abound in many districts of the country; secondly, that vast regions are of the most fertile description, and are capable of producing rice, wheat, hemp, indigo, coffee, &c., and above all, the sugar-cane and cotton in any quantities; while the forests contain every kind of timber — mahogany, ebony, dye-woods, the oil-palm, &c.; besides caoutchouc and other gums. He also proved that the natives, so far from shunning intercourse with us, have been in every case eager and importunate that we should settle among them.*

While the capabilities of Africa are thus extensive, the facilities for commercial intercourse are on the same scale. He mentioned those afforded by the great rivers on the west coast of Africa, especially the Niger, which had been explored by Lander to the distance of 500 miles from the sea, and the Tchadda, which runs into it; and he dwelt much on the singular fitness of the situation of Fernando Po, as an emporium of commerce. He emphatically declared his conviction that Central Africa possesses within itself everything necessary for the growth of commerce; and he proceeded to point out in confirmation of this statement, that in certain spots on the west coast of Africa, where some degree of security had been afforded, agriculture and commerce had as a consequence immediately sprung up and the slave trade had withered away. He derived his facts from authorities of the most varied and impartial description, including extracts from the authors most conversant with Africa; from the writings of the governors of

* As an indication of the care and labour bestowed in consulting authorities, those may be enumerated, to whom reference is made, upon the single item of cotton. They consist of Sir Fulk Grevell, Beaver, Dalrymple, Col. Denham, Clapperton, Mungo Park, Ashmun, Lander, Laird, the Rev. J. Pinney, the Rev. J. Seys, Mac Queen, De Cailé, Dupuis, and Robertson.

Sierra Leone, Fernando Po, and the Gambia; from those of all the travellers who had explored Western Africa; and from those of African merchants, scientific men, and others, who had studied the subject at home.

“It was not,” he says, “till after I had come to the conclusion that all that was wanting for the deliverance of Africa was that agriculture, commerce, and instruction should have a fair trial, that I discerned that others had arrived by practical experience at the same result which I had learnt from the facts, and from reasoning upon them; and I was very well pleased to renounce any little credit which might attach to the discovery, in exchange for the solid encouragement and satisfaction of finding that what with me was but theory, was with them the fruit of experience.”

While he laid such stress upon the importance of protecting and encouraging legitimate commerce in Africa, he enforced, with equal earnestness, the necessity of raising the native character by imparting Christian instruction. “Let missionaries and schoolmasters, the plough and the spade, go together.” “It is the Bible and the plough that must regenerate Africa;” and he gives details proving the powerful influence, moral and physical, which missions have exerted over the aborigines in different parts of the world.

The following were some of the specific steps suggested by him for turning the attention of the Africans from their trade in men to the trade in merchandise—That the British Government should increase the efficiency of the preventive squadron on the coast—should purchase Fernando Po, as a kind of head quarters and mart of commerce—should give protection to private enterprises—and should enter into treaty with the native chiefs for the relinquishment of the slave trade, for grants of lands to be brought into cultivation, and for arrangements to facilitate a legitimate trade.

He proposed that an expedition should be sent up the Niger for the purpose of setting on foot the preliminary arrangements in Africa for the agricultural, commercial, and missionary settlements; of entering into treaties with the native chiefs; of convincing the negroes of the uprightness of our intentions; and of ascertaining the state of the country along that vast tract of land, which is traversed by the river Niger.

A company was also to be formed, by private individuals, for the introduction of agriculture and commerce into Africa. This was to be effected by sending out qualified agents to form settlements in favourable situations; to establish model farms; to set up factories, well stored with British goods, and thus to sow the first seeds of commerce; and, in short, to adopt those means which have been elsewhere effectual in promoting trade and the cultivation of the soil. He admitted entirely that this company must not expect speedy returns, although he strongly maintained the reasonable prospect of eventual profit.

Upon private individuals, also, would devolve the responsibility of co-operating with the religious societies in sending out a strong force of those upon whom he especially depended for the deliverance of Africa, missionaries and native teachers.

He dwelt much upon the importance of making use of native agency for this purpose.

“The climate of Africa,” he writes to the Rev. Hugh Stowell, “presents an obstacle to European agents being employed in the work to any extent, and we must look to the natives themselves to be the agents in this great enterprise. This is no new scheme, for you will observe that it has been tried in various quarters of the globe with considerable success, and various denominations of Christians are following out the plan, with zeal and perseverance, in India and Africa.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

1838, 1839.

COMMUNICATIONS WITH GOVERNMENT, AND WITH PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS.—AFRICAN CIVILISATION SOCIETY.—PREPARATION OF “THE SLAVE TRADE, AND ITS REMEDY,” FOR PUBLICATION.—DEPARTURE FOR ITALY.

MR. BUXTON watched with great anxiety the effect that might be produced on the ministers by the statements thus laboriously prepared. In the beginning of September he was summoned to town by Lord Glenelg; he writes thence—

To Andrew Johnston, Esq.

“Colonial Office, Sept. 5. 1838.

“Lord Glenelg sent me word on Monday that he wanted an hour’s conversation with me. With the ardour natural to authors, I construed this into a slave-trade conference, the acquiescence of the Government in my plan, and Africa almost delivered. I have now been waiting till half of my hour has elapsed, so I am getting fidgetty and fearful that my dreams will not be realised. However, I believe that a good Providence has undertaken the management of this business, and therefore I will not be troubled.

“Near five o’clock. Thank God! I say it with all my heart, thank God! the Government, says Lord Glenelg, are deeply interested by my book. Melbourne writes to him strongly about it. The cabinet meet on Friday on the subject. Glenelg says they accede to all I have said as to previous failures. They think I have greatly underrated the extent, and still more the mortality. In short, he was convinced, to my heart’s content. I have since seen Lushington; he is delighted with the book; accedes to it with all his heart. In short, a happy day.”

“I am highly pleased,” he writes home, “and very, very thankful, and feel very keenly—what am I that this mercy should be heaped upon me?”

To Joseph J. Gurney, Esq.

“Northrepps, Dec. 7.

“Within the last month, I have been to town, and have had many interviews with members of the cabinet, and I find that my book has made a deeper impression upon them than I had ventured to hope for. They all admit that the facts are placed beyond all dispute. They tell me that they want no further evidence whatsoever of the extent and horrors of the trade; and they admit, in very strong terms, that they are converts to the views which I have developed. In short, the subject now under consideration is, how they shall act? I have been embodying my views in nine propositions, and have stated seriatim the steps they ought to take, and the order in which they should be taken. I expect that this slave-trade question will find me in employment for the rest of my days, and my hope is that you and I may work together in it for many years to come. I am not so sanguine as to expect that so vast a work will be rapidly executed. Our favourite text is, ‘not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.’

“Now for a little domestic news. Everything is going on smoothly with us. * * * I am in fair health, in excellent spirits, and with causes for thankfulness, turn which way I will. * * * The Cottage ladies are much as usual in health. It is a vast pleasure to have their cordial co-operation and assistance in all my objects. *The Book* goes by my name, but in truth it is the production of us all.

“You will be interested to hear that we have at length got a Bible Society at Holt. Finding it in vain to wait for the co-operation of the clergy, we determined to act without them. I took the chair, and I hardly was ever present at so satisfactory a meeting. The ladies are active; they have already got ten districts, though the society is only in its infancy.”

The Government had acceded to his theory: it now remained to be seen whether they would adopt his practical suggestions. He writes from London—

“I was ushered into the presence of Lord Glenelg, muttering to myself, ‘O God, give me good speed this day!’ * * * I soon found that my nine propositions had worked *admirably*. They were formally discussed in the Cabinet. Glenelg intimated that the Ministers were unanimous, and that they had resolved, with some modifications, to act upon them. I was told that Lord — said it was the boldest conception that had been struck out in our days. * * * I am now going to Upton to dinner. God grant I may hear good accounts from Northrepps, and then I shall be full of gladness of heart. Is not my news delightful?

“I did not sleep well,” he tells Mr. Johnston; “who could expect it, after such a day; after finding that it was intended to realise my most intense desire? I was also delighted at learning at the Colonial Office, that the Kat River Hottentots, Caffres, West Indian negroes, are all doing beautifully.”

The result of these interviews was a request on the part of Government that he should enlarge and publish his work to arouse the public mind, but it was desired that the practical suggestions should be kept back till they had more fully determined on their course. The resignation, shortly afterwards, of Lord Glenelg, was deeply regretted by Mr. Buxton. Lord Normanby, however, adopted the views of his predecessor, and the whole Cabinet appears to have considered the advantage which would accrue to England, as well as to Africa, from the opening of so vast a field of commercial speculation, as sufficiently important to warrant their attempting to carry them into effect.

To Joseph J. Gurney, Esq.

“ March 5. 1839.

“Lord Glenelg’s retirement from office is a very heavy blow, and if it were not that I have all-sufficient proof that the great questions of slavery and the slave trade are under the management of better than human hands, I should be very uncomfortable indeed. Our friend Joseph Sturge is somewhat restive about

my slave trade views; won't go along with me. No matter; he'll take his own line, and nevertheless the truth is preached, and therein I will rejoice."

On the 1st of April he was much pleased by receiving the following lines from his valued friend, Mrs. Opie.

To Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq., on his Birthday.

1st of 4th mo., 1839.

I saw the dawn in brightness break,
That usher'd in thy natal day,
And bade my humble lyre awake,
To breathe to thee our votive lay.

Too soon such hopes away were driven,
But, while I sat in mute despair,
I felt a dearer power was given,
And breathed a *hohler* tribute—PRAYER.

And lo! from forth my inmost heart,
For thee did solemn prayers ascend,
Prayers, such as voice could ne'er impart,
Arose for Mercy's child, and Afric's friend!

I wish'd thee years of vigorous health,
Thy Christian labours to pursue:
I wish'd thee still increasing wealth,
To do the good thou fain would'st do.

I wish'd, alas! what ne'er may be,
That ere thou reach thy well-earn'd rest,
Thou may'st behold thy Afric free,
And know her myriads call thee blest.

And, Oh! I wish thy toils this nobler meed,
To thee more dear than aught of earthly fame,
May Afric's sons from heathen darkness freed,
Be taught to know and bless the SAVIOUR'S name!

To Edward N. Buxton, Esq.

“Northrepps Hall, April 12.

“I am hard at work upon my second volume, but the present subject, namely, the mode of delivering Africa, requires a vast deal deeper thought than the mere detail of enormities. I earnestly hope that I shall be kept by a good Providence from falling into any gross errors. I am sure I have very little reliance on my own knowledge or wisdom in such abstruse considerations. But we must hope to be guided by a better than human wisdom, and defended by something stronger than the human arm.”

To the Rev. J. M. Trew.

“Northrepps Hall, April.

“I am amused by the generous indignation expressed by yourself and Stokes, as to the attack made upon me in the ‘Emancipator.’ I cannot, however, say that it provoked me in the slightest degree. I know that a little unfair censure is part of the bargain in any great work, and, for my part, abused as I have been, I must confess that in summing up the two accounts, of unmerited blame and unmerited commendation, I find that the balance is on the side of the latter.

“It would have been utterly at variance with all my notions to have given it an answer. Silent disregard is the severest and most justifiable species of revenge.

“But now for business: I am strongly of opinion with you, that the time is come for doing something more with respect to the agents, with whom the West Indies will supply us. I am entirely engaged with my second volume, and with digesting the details of the general plan; so I must beg you to turn your attention to a new address to the missionaries and schoolmasters in the West. Will you do this? In any other case I should apologise for throwing a burden off my own shoulders on to yours; but I have come to a very convenient compromise with my conscience, viz., that in the great cause of African deliverance I have a right to the energetic services of every one who feels as I do; and hence no scruple is admissible as to giving trouble. Upon this principle I slave all my family, and not a few of my neighbours.

“I send you Miller’s letter from Antigua, telling me that he has already ten good Christian Blacks ready to be located on the Niger.”

To the same.

“I am more and more impressed with the importance of normal schools. It is not only that there will be a great demand for schoolmasters in the West Indies, but I have a strong confidence that Africa will, ere long, be opened to commerce, civilisation, and Christianity; and then there will be need, indeed, of educated and religious black schoolmasters. The idea of compensation to Africa, through the means of the West Indies, is a great favourite with me; and I think we shall see the day when we shall be called to pour a flood of light and truth upon miserable Africa. Pray, therefore, bear in mind, that we ought to do a great deal as to normal schools.”

To Mrs. Johnston.

“April 26.

“Somehow or other I am in rather a low key about Africa. It does not seem much regarded. The world is busy about something else. But this is all nonsense. I have nothing to do with that part of the story; my business is to get my second volume out, and my plan arranged, and then it will be lodged in better hands than ours, so I do not mean to mope about the matter.”

To Miss Gurney and Miss Buxton, at Northrepps Cottage.

My dear Ladies,

“Spitalfields, June 10.

“I have received your magnificent packet to-day, and mean to read it with the party to-night. When shall I have Mr. Richard’s commencement? I spent yesterday at Poles, and very much enjoyed myself, spending hours in the wood. ‘Then are they glad because they be quiet.’ If we do meet at Rome this winter, we *will* enjoy ourselves. ‘We’ll never do nothing whatever on earth,’ and if that is not pleasure, what is? I am sick of turmoiling.”

*To Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, on taking up their residence at
Halesworth.*

“Upton, June 28.

“In the first place, let me utter that which has settled down upon my mind for some days, namely, a hearty desire that blessings of all sorts, and the best of their kind, may be poured down upon your Halesworth habitation, and that you may all of you flourish in health and wealth, cheerfulness and popularity, in neighbours, friends, and dearest relatives, and in a wide and deep stream of that water, ‘which springeth up unto eternal life!’

“Yesterday I was whipt off to a meeting in the City, on the subject of Bethnal Green, and had to tell the Bishop of London that I was ready to join Methodists, or Baptists, or Quakers, or any honest body, in spreading Christianity in Bethnal Green; but he took it *very kindly*.”

Mr. Buxton spent some months in the neighbourhood of London; incessantly engaged both in communications with the Government, and in endeavouring, with great success, to excite the interest and obtain the co-operation of many of his friends. In this as in previous undertakings he acted in complete concert with Dr. Lushington, with whom every plan was carefully discussed, and who bore his full share of the burden. At Dr. Lushington’s house was held a preliminary meeting of a few select friends, before whom Mr. Buxton wished in the first instance to lay his views.*

* The following was the memorandum prepared by him for this meeting:—

“April, 1839.

“The principle has been sufficiently explained:—It is the deliverance of Africa, by calling forth her own resources.

“In order to do this we must:—1. Impede the traffic; 2. Establish commerce; 3. Teach cultivation; 4. Impart education.

“To accomplish the first object we must increase and concentrate our squadron, and make treaties with coast and inland chiefs.

“To accomplish the second, we must settle factories and send out trading ships.

“To accomplish the third, we must obtain by treaty lands for cultivation, and set on foot a company.

He writes—

“ We have had a highly satisfactory meeting. I felt that I had my case well up, and was troubled by no worrying doubts. Every one expressed that they were perfectly satisfied upon every point. Lord Ashley was very hearty indeed.

“ The line I took about the climate of Africa was this: I stated that my plan was, to employ only a few Europeans, and to depend chiefly on the people of colour. I said at once, that I gave up all the mouths of the rivers, and all the swampy ground, and looked only to the high ground at the foot of the Kong Mountains; that I would not pledge myself to the healthiness even of that part, but that I expected that it would prove very different from the general notions of African climate.”

This occasion is thus referred to by the Rev. J. M. Trew :—

“ The first meeting (preparatory to the formation of the African Civilisation Society), which was strictly private, and at which Mr. Buxton made known his plans for prosecuting that great work, was attended by about twenty noblemen and gentlemen. I never shall forget his calm and dignified composure upon that occasion. Before he enunciated a syllable, he seemed to feel as if the destinies of Africa were suspended upon the events of that memorable day. I could not but lift up my heart in silent prayer, that the blessing of the most High God might rest upon his undertaking. And sure I am, that such was the frame of mind in which he ventured upon his work; so humble was he in his address, showing such ready deference to his friends, such touching sympathy for the objects of his solicitude, so alive to the importance of wisdom in his deliberation, and prudence in his plans. Meeting after meeting, private conferences with his more immediate advisers, and public committees of men of

“ To accomplish the fourth, we must revive African institutions: look out for Black agents, &c.

“ What then is actually to be done now by Government? Increase the squadron; obtain Fernando Po; prepare and instruct embassies (or authorise governors) to form treaties; including prevention of slave traffic; arrangements for trade; grants of land. By us; form a trading company; revive the African Institution.”

all parties in politics, and opposite opinions in religion, only tended to show how eminently calculated he was for uniting men together on the great platform of benevolence.

“Nor was it only towards his superiors and equals in rank and station that this truly Christian spirit was evinced. All who laboured with him, from the highest to the lowest, could not fail to love him. How often, when worn with toil, and pressed beyond the powers of his naturally vigorous frame, with the weight of his labours, he has come to town, and visited, as was his custom, almost immediately afterwards the African Office; notwithstanding that such visits were usually the precursors of enlarged activity, yet there was not a servant in that employment who, during the period of their most arduous toils, did not feel his kindness, and gather from his beautiful example fresh motives to patient and enduring activity. Hence, a commission to execute, a paper to copy, or a mission to engage in for Sir Fowell, was undertaken with an alacrity which could not fail to manifest their respect and affection for his character. All loved him, honoured him, and hence strove to please him, with an earnestness which is too seldom to be found in the business of life. And when he came amongst them with a brow clouded with care, or internally perhaps labouring under some recent discovery whereby his great scheme of benevolence was retarded, there was not one amongst the paid servants of the office over which he presided who did not sympathise with him. There was indeed a calmness and a composure in his spirit in his great trials which rendered him an object of peculiar interest in public life. The mind, whilst it seemed as it were so wrapped up in its own contemplations, had not one complaining reflection, as if this or the other course would have been a more successful one. The bitter and cruel reproaches of some portion of the public press in no way affected him. It was evident that he held a principle within himself upon which to fall back; and, thus staying himself upon the Lord his God, he was enabled to possess his soul in patience, and to rest assured that in every event, God’s Providence would finally work for good to the cause of suffering humanity.”

The first meeting of the Society for the extinction of the Slave Trade and the Civilisation of Africa was held

at the end of July: it proved highly satisfactory. The Bishop of London, Lord Ashley, Sir Robert Inglis, Sir Thomas Acland, and other influential individuals, took an active part. Considerable funds were raised, and, "in short," Mr. Buxton writes to Mr. Trew,

"It was a glorious meeting, quite an epitome of the state. Whig, Tory, and Radical; Dissenter, Low Church, High Church, tip-top High church, or Oxfordism, all united. I was unwell, and made a wretched hand of my exposition, but good men and true came to my assistance, and supplied my deficiencies, and no one better than the Bishop of London.

"We determined to form two associations, perfectly distinct from each other, but having one common object in view, the putting an end to the slave trade. One of these associations to be of an exclusively philanthropic character, and designed mainly to diffuse among the African tribes the light of Christianity, and the blessings of civilisation and free labour; the other to have a commercial character, and to unite with the above objects the pursuit of private enterprise and profit."

A few days afterwards Lord Normanby announced to a deputation, consisting, amongst others, of the Bishop of London, Lords Euston, Worsley, and Teignmouth, Sir T. D. Acland, Sir R. H. Inglis, and Dr. Lushington, that the Government had come to the conclusion to send a frigate and two steamers to explore the Niger, and if possible to set on foot commercial relations with the tribes on its banks. Sir Edward Parry, the Comptroller of Steam Machinery, was appointed to prepare these vessels, and thus began the Niger Expedition.

The gratification which this success gave Mr. Buxton was soon clouded by private sorrows. His much-loved sister, Sarah Maria Buxton, of Northrepps Cottage, died very suddenly at Clifton on the 18th of August, 1839. This sister, whose brightness and activity of mind triumphed over the infirmity of very feeble health, was

ardently devoted to her brother, and took the liveliest interest in his undertakings. He deeply lamented her loss, which he said was the loss of a friend no less than of a sister. He thus mentions the event, in a letter to Mr. Joseph J. Gurney :—

“It is a vast void to us ; she was part of our daily existence ; her affection towards me was surpassing the love of women. However, there is exceeding comfort in the reflection that her battle is fought, her pains endured, her labours completed, and that henceforth a crown of Glory is provided for her from her bounteous Lord.”

To the Rev. Josiah Pratt.

“Northrepps Hall, Aug. 26.

“I was absent from home when your letter arrived. A very severe family loss, the death of my sister, rendered it impossible to write on the day of my return. * * * I was very glad to receive your letter agreeing to join the African Society, for my impressions and anxieties with regard to Africa, and my desire for the spread of the Gospel, were planted in my mind in Wheeler Street Chapel, and this has led me particularly to desire to have you as a coadjutor in our present enterprise. I feel deep gratitude to you, little as I show it, for the stream of strong Christian truth which you poured upon my mind and my wife’s, when we were first entering upon life.

“In looking at a great subject, every one has his favourite point of view. None takes such hold of me, as the conception of the possibility, with God’s help, of pouring a stream of true light into Africa.”

To Joseph J. Gurney, Esq.

“Northrepps, Sept.

“While I was in London, we had heavy work to perform. The expedition which we have been urging upon Government, for the purpose of making amicable treaties with the natives up the Niger for the suppression of the vile traffic, and for trying the effect of agricultural cultivation, is to sail in November.

We had also to select five commissioners, whom we propose to send out; and it is not very easy to find persons, possessing at once nautical skill, and missionary spirit, habits of command, agricultural knowledge, and a deep interest in the negro race. We have, however, found them.

“Again, we want black persons from all conceivable situations, from the highest to the lowest, in our African colony, — and every one ought to be a real Christian; but a good Providence has prepared these in the West Indies and at Sierra Leone.

“Again, we want a combination of all sects and all parties in England, without going to the public; this has been managed. The Bishop of London and S. Gurney, Wesleyans, Baptists, &c., sail along very quietly together. The persons present at our first private meeting, will show that politics do not obtrude themselves. It consisted of Whigs: Lushington, W. Evans, Buxton; — Tories: Lord Ashley, Sir R. Inglis, Gladstone. Since that time we have vastly increased. We have obtained plenty of high names, a great deal of money, and a working committee of the right sort. In short, our prospects are encouraging; but I should not say so if I did not perceive, even more manifestly than in the slavery question, that we have ONE, INVISIBLE but IRRESISTIBLE, who takes care of us.

“Ever yours, my dear Joseph, in the threefold cord of taste, affection, and religion, if I may presume to include the last,

“T. FOWELL BUXTON.”

To an offer from his nephew, Mr. W. E. Forster, to assist in the undertaking in any way his uncle might please, whether in England or Africa, he replies —

“Oct. 18.

“I have shamefully delayed answering your letter, but I have been incessantly engaged between a little shooting, which is a kind of duty, and writing with my new secretary Wiseman.

“In the first place, is it with your parents’ knowledge you ask these questions? I am resolved that I will not even benefit Africa at their expense. Supposing them to approve, I answer your questions: — 1st. I do think you qualified for serving the cause, in all essentials, remarkably well indeed. In fact, I think you, upon the whole, better qualified than any one for

the task. 2ndly. If there should be an agricultural society, your paper on Eastern slave trade would obtain you the appointment without influence from me. 3rdly. Judge for yourself whether you can stand the charge of *pocket philanthropy*. I care not a straw for the suspicion of nepotism. I have been too much abused in my day to turn aside a step for vulgar censure. I will give you some strong verses on that subject when I have time; they may be useful to you. I am sure that I shall be serving Africa in getting you into its service: that is quite enough for my satisfaction."

It was at first hoped that the Niger expedition might have been fitted out very speedily, but Sir Edward Parry found that it was necessary for the Government to have ships built expressly for the purpose. In the interval, therefore, Mr. Buxton had the opportunity of following Mrs. Buxton to Rome, whither she had gone, accompanied by her youngest son and daughter, for the benefit of her health. But it was necessary for him before he left England to prepare a complete edition of his work on 'The Slave Trade and its Remedy;' the publication of which had been delayed in order to afford the Government time to deliberate on the plan.

To Mrs. Buxton, at Florence.

"Northrepps, Nov. 3.

"I have been working hard during the week, but yesterday we had our hardest day. With the exception of a few minutes in the garden, and a run to the Cottage, and dinner, I did not stop from breakfast till past one o'clock at night; and what is more extraordinary, I had seven capital secretaries at work, and many of them during the whole day. We got on famously; till then I had been very doubtful whether I should not be obliged to stay a week longer."

To Mrs. Johnston.

"London, Nov. 18.

"My book is finished; there it lies in a bag; a precious tug it has been to get it done. I do not think I have worked so

hard since I left college; day after day, from breakfast till two or three o'clock the next morning, with the interval of only a short walk and meals. I quite wonder at my capacity of exertion.

“The effect of this is, that I believe I shall not, when I start to-day, have a single memorandum unattended to, and hardly a letter unwritten.”

This exertion was of too severe a character. He writes from Montreuil —

“Nov. 19.

“Since I left London I have spent four hours in sailing, some time in meals, a few minutes in chat and reading, but my great business has been *sleeping*, which I have effected with laudable energy.”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1839, 1840.

JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.—MONT CENIS IN A SNOW STORM.—ROME.—ITALIAN FIELD SPORTS.—BOAR HUNTING.—SHOOTING ON THE NUMICIAN LAKE.—ADVENTURE WITH ROBBERS.—THE JESUITS.—ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN.—PRISONS AND HOSPITALS OF ROME.

DURING the winter which Mr. Buxton spent abroad, he became, what he had never been before, a good correspondent on miscellaneous subjects. We shall give some copious extracts from his letters, which are written in a style of playfulness very natural to him when relieved from the pressure of business. Accompanied by Miss Gurney of Northrepps Cottage, and his second son, he travelled quickly through France, and crossed over to Italy by Mont Cenis:—

} " Poste Royale, Mont Cenis.
Nine o'clock, Nov. 30. 1839.

" For our journey from Lyons to Chambéry, and from Chambéry to Lanslebourg, I refer you to Fowell's journal, only stating that we were in the carriage, and moving at a quarter before four in the morning, and out of the carriage at twelve o'clock at night. The last two stages were rather awkward ones to pass in the dark, as we had a continued succession of precipices on one side of the road: on one occasion, on seeing a light straight down, an immense way below us, A — said, ' There is a star, only in the wrong direction.'

" At Lanslebourg we heard accounts of the roads being very difficult, but still passable and safe; so we gave them their own time, and started this morning at half-past nine, with eight horses to our carriage, two to our cart carrying our luggage, and thirteen attendants to bear up the carriage, in case of difficulty

from the snow. Things went smooth enough till about one o'clock in the day, when we encountered a '*tourmente*,' as they call it, and at the same moment, several carts coming from Italy loaded with casks of wine. It was difficult enough to keep the carriage up when we had all the road to ourselves (for it was snowing so fast that we could scarcely see), but when in addition to all this, we had to break out of the way to make room for these caravans, it was by no means agreeable. Our *soundings* of the snow, I should tell you, had not been very flattering; we had, first, a foot deep; after some time, two feet and a half, four feet, five feet; and between five and six feet of snow on the level was the encouraging report just before we met the wine-carts. Well at this pass, just upon the verge of the top of the mountain, the snow falling, the wind howling, we had this encounter with the caravans; and, first, there was a war of words between the leader of their train and the Maître de Poste of Lanslebourg, who had volunteered to conduct our expedition. Words ran to the highest pitch and the shrillest tones, and the most vehement and menacing action seemed to threaten a *charge*, in which the enemy had the safe side, and we the precipice; but at length an amicable compact was made between the belligerents, by which the whole force of both parties was employed in hoisting their carts further into the snow on their side. All this, however, had consumed some time, the tornado had then passed, but the accumulation of snow which it had occasioned, remained; and here we had our greatest chance of an overturn, but not over the precipice, which was a great way off (full seven feet). Over we must have gone, again and again, if it had not been for our little army, half of whom were on one side, pulling the carriage towards them; the rest on the other side, holding it up. Spink* tells me that at times the hind-wheel was nearly a foot from the top of the snow.

“ We had just got through this difficulty, when the men cried out, ‘there’s a wolf;’ and sure enough there sat the beast! This was an almost irresistible bait for us; my gun was loaded after a time (for we had some difficulty in finding the things), but then I recollected that a pretty thing it would be to leave A.—under such circumstances, and go a wolf hunting; so

* Miss Gurney’s coachman.

with a sigh, I was obliged to commit the task to one of our guides, who is a chasseur by profession. He, from ignorance of our guns, got the locks wet, and missed fire, and away went the wolf.

“In comes the Maître de Poste, and tells us that it is in vain to attempt to descend this night. So here we are perched in a little bit of an inn at the top of Mont Cenis; the night very quiet, but hazy, which is a bad business, for last night they killed three foxes, and we might have had famous sport at them to-night; three chasseurs are employed to watch them and give me notice; but, with submission to them, I now conclude my letter and go to bed, only just saying, that though we are on the top of the Alps, we are very comfortable and warm, thanks to roaring fires, admirable trout from a tarn which is close below us, and, double windows. * * * I have just put my nose out, and it is snowing furiously; we have no great taste for a month here with nothing to eat but foxes, but, nevertheless, we are very cheery.”

“Turin, Dec. 2. Five o'clock.

“Well, I must just finish my letter. We passed a quiet night, and found in the morning that a good deal of snow had fallen, but that the weather was bright, frosty, and calm; the last being the question of importance. We did not start early, as our guides begged permission to go to mass first, from which they did not return till nine o'clock. Then we started in a sledge. We called at the monastery, and left something for the poor, and saw the only remnant, as it is supposed, of the ibex, a race of goats. The appearance of the tops of the mountains, gloriously gilded by the sun, was as beautiful as it was strange: we enjoyed it much. We saw on the road several carriages which had been left, and one which had been overturned. It took us between six and seven hours to sledge down to Susa; it was a pleasant mode of conveyance. The little waterfalls,—the water, as it seemed, turned into dust, and glittering in the sun; a little rainbow about six feet span between us and the rock, only a yard distant; the view of the valley, reckoned, and no doubt justly, one of the finest in the Alps; all these united made our journey a delightful contrast to that of the preceding day.”

The party reached Rome about the 12th December. Mr. Buxton thus writes on the 17th :—

“ The weather here is delightful ; I am now sitting opposite a large window on the shady side of the street, wide open, and it is warmer than any day in England last summer. We hear grand accounts of wild boars and woodcocks. I went to the Capitol yesterday morning. I am old, have never cultivated the fine arts, and all romance has been thumped out of me. One might as well expect to see a hackney coach-horse frisking about like a colt as to see me in ecstasies and raptures with antiquities and classical recollections. However, I was greatly taken with the view of the whole of Rome. There we saw before us, gathered in a very small space, the city so famous for everything :—at one time, the mistress of the world in arms ; at another period, the ruler of nations by the fiat of the Vatican ; and, again, the great nursery and school of the arts. You cannot conceive how all the objects of interest are clustered together close around you. Right beneath you, the yellow Tiber ; within gun-shot, as it appears, the palace of the Cæsars : but I will not go on describing, or, in spite of myself, I shall grow quite romantic. But one thing did strike me more than all. In a little narrow dark cell, undoubtedly a Roman dungeon, there is a well-grounded tradition that St. Paul was confined immediately prior to his martyrdom. What a leaf is this in the history of man ! In that palace lived the proud and cruel Cæsar, dreaming of immortal reputation. He is almost forgotten ; while the prisoner, who lay in the dungeon loaded with chains, despised and detested, is still remembered. We daily read his works, and ten thousand copies of the history of his life are published every day !

“ To-day I visited the Coliseum, the Flavian Amphitheatre. It wonderfully revives and brings to life their ancient spectacles,—it is immense ; one can quite understand that a hundred thousand people could have a perfect view of the whole spectacle. The building in its substantial parts is perfect. What an enlightened people to be capable of erecting such an edifice ; and what a set of ruthless savages to take delight in seeing poor captives there slaughtering each other, or torn to pieces by wild beasts ! I have been interested beyond what I could have con-

ceived possible by these two spectacles, and quite vexed that I bring with me so slender a stock of classical lore.

“ But now for business. I was more gratified than you could guess at hearing of your Spitalfields’ school ; that is better than Laocoons and Amphitheatres. I will subscribe what you ask with pleasure, and ten times more when you tell me it is wanted.

“ An officer of justice called here this morning with a huge paper in columns, in which I was to describe myself in all possible ways, and concluding with the question, Why did I come to Rome? I desired Richards to insert, under this head, this —

‘ If the truth I must tell, I came here in the hope
Of curing my wife and converting the Pope.’

But I find that the Pope wants no conversion : he has issued a few days ago a capital bull, hurling the Vatican thunders in excellent style on the heads of all dealers in human flesh. The Portuguese minister here is in a fine fury, but the Pope, having got into the scrape, excuses himself from the charge of being actuated by the English, by employing the Propaganda Society to send his bull to all the bishops and ecclesiastical authorities in Cuba, Brazil, &c. I am mightily pleased with this affair. Pray tell it to the Committee when they meet.

“ Pleased as I am with the conduct of his Holiness, I am still more pleased that the steamers are ordered, and to be built, too, under the direction of Sir Edward Parry ; this is working to some purpose. Dearest ——’s letter describing the Sunday at their new home was cheering and charming ; my love to her and to all who formed that sunshiny picture. I have thought more than once, more than twenty times, that ‘ Godliness with contentment is great gain.’ ”

“ Rome, 44. Via dei Condotti, Dec. 24.

“ The time for wild boars is not fully arrived, though there were five in the market this morning. You must know that my chief duty here is to escort young ladies to parties, as my wife cannot go ; so I have become more fashionable and dandy-like than I have been for the last forty years. On Thursday last, in the performance of this duty, I met Mr. Wyvill, an old M.P. friend, who told me he was going to hunt the boar, and invited me to join them, which of course I did. Conceive us, then,

starting before daylight, Fowell and I inside, and Spink on the box, with three other carriages full, distance about thirty miles, a road good for the first ten, for the next twenty super-execrable; with blocks of granite placed on it by the Romans, and never mended since the days of Julius Cæsar. The journey would have shattered our own carriage to pieces, killed our horses, and broken the heart of the coachman. However, we all arrived about sunset; we brought a sumptuous entertainment with us, and were lodged in the house of a priest, which was clean and comfortable. On our road we passed the beautiful lake and castle of Bracciano, which now belongs to Torlonia, the great Jewish banker at Rome. At five next morning we breakfasted, and immediately mounted a herd of various quadrupeds. Mine was a most raw-boned, lazy stumbling horse, and my right hand suffered much by the effort to get him along; but after awhile seeing that Spink had a sprightly jackass, I changed with him and got on gloriously. Seven miles of rock and quagmire, and stumps of trees, brought us to our hunting-ground, where we saw congregated our native 'Compagnons de chasse.' The leader was Velati, the Roman painter, and a fine fellow. He put us in our places, after first marching us over a fine wooded mountain. This made me reeking hot: but I was soon well cooled, for I was located in a dank sunless valley, the steam from which soon rusted my barrels, and made Spink's hands die away. There I stood for an hour and a half with my rifle in my hand. Spink said to me, 'They tell me these beasts fly out upon you,' and forthwith he produced a case of pistols, but he had no opportunity this time of using them. By sound of bugle we were ordered over the next hill, and such a scene opened upon us! I never saw such a combination of the sublime and the lovely. Our next station was on a jutting rock high up the mountain, the sun in full power, and as hot as with us in July; a valley below us, a high hill (the Monte Sacro) opposite; we ourselves surrounded with myrtle, wild lavender, and arbutus loaded with fruit; and all below and opposite, the same splendid foliage. In the distance, Soracte, as Horace says —

' Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum,
Soracte,'

and to the right the blue Mediterranean.

“The assemblage of the boar-hunt at luncheon was most curious; forty dogs of every degree, from the turnspit to the wolf-hound, upwards of seventy native chasseurs with guns in their hands, clad in skins, —and fame is a lying vixen if they do not at odd times do a little in the bandit line; but here we were upon honour. Two foxes, two deer, and six boars were the product of the excursion. I have wild boar enough to stock a butcher’s shop; one of the boars was the biggest that has been killed for eight years, weighing 400lbs. I have the tusks of the second, which are awkward weapons. You will want to know what F. and I did; but I am as modest in relation as valiant in deeds of arms, and so I only say that each of us did as much as any *gentleman* of the party. We started for home by moonlight, my donkey had been usurped, and I bestrode another of no generous breed; go he would not, and we were left behind. Again I changed with Spink, to whom Fortune had given a capital horse, and I soon joined and headed our party. Well was it we regained the party, or we should assuredly have slept in the open field or in the cave of a bandit; for after a time I was seized with a furious cramp, and had to be hauled off my horse, and this delayed us half an hour.”

“ Dec. 25.

“Last night I finished the history of our excursion against the boars on Monte Sacro. I am now going to tell you of another district famous in classic lore. On Monday, Prince Borghese Aldobrandini, the Duke Roviero, Aubin, Richards, Charles and I, two dogs and a chasseur, started precisely at 4 A.M. for Ostia, the very spot where Æneas pitched his camp, so if you wish to have a description of it you may turn to Virgil. We travelled about fifteen miles along a very decent road, the Tiber almost always close beside us. At length we came to a lake, ‘fontis vada sacra Numici,’ on which, excepting Richards, we all embarked, each having a boat, and started in exact line up the lake, which was covered with wild fowl. I think we must have seen at one time at least a thousand upon the wing together. We had to sit in the boats and fire as they came by. The two boats that went near the reeds had plenty of sport, but as I was in the middle, and had but one gun, I did not get many shots, and the position being awkward, and the distances very long, I was not exceedingly destructive. We got, however,

upwards of seventy head, and it was something to be shooting wild fowl within sight of the grove of pines recorded by Virgil, and on the very spot where Nisus and Euryalus perished. Pray read the story in Virgil, book IX., and in Dryden, for the benefit of the ladies. The most curious part of the affair was the test it afforded of the climate. On the 23rd of December I started on the lake in a wet boat, before sunrise, without anything on but my September shooting clothes, and there I sat till 3 o'clock in the afternoon without moving, no glove on my right hand, and my feet in damp hay; a heavy fog prevailed during part of the morning, and we were often enveloped in thick reeds; but during the whole time I had not a sensation of cold, and only suffered from the bite of musquitoes.

“ But now I must turn to Richards, who went to explore the ruins of Ostia. A discovery had lately been made there of a burial-place on the *Insula Sacra* on the Tiber. As yet little has been done towards robbing the tombs, so that he found a variety of interesting antiques, sarcophagi, urns, inscriptions, &c. He brought us a perfect specimen of a lamp, and we are resolved to go, *en masse*, and lay our sacrilegious hands upon some of these treasures, and astonish the Antiquarian Society by the extent and novelty of our discoveries. To-day I have been, for the first time, at St. Peter's, and seen high mass performed by the Pope himself. But, to tell you the truth, I and my scribe are very sleepy; therefore, instead of attempting to give you a notion of the wonderful grandeur of the building, or the splendour of the ceremonies, I shall confine myself to saying that, as a show, it was pre-eminently grand; as a service, there was

‘ Devotion's every grace, except the heart.’

For ornament, for the display of wealth, for music, for, in short, *a scene*, fifty to one on St. Peter's Cathedral against the Friends' Meeting at Plaistow; for religion, for worship in spirit and in truth, fifty to one on Plaistow Meeting against St. Peter's and all its glories !”

It has been mentioned that on quitting England Mr. Buxton had completed his work on the Slave Trade,

and had left it to be printed. When, however, proof copy was prepared, it was found by those who were superintending the publication that very considerable alterations in the arrangement were expedient. On this being communicated to him, he replies : —

“ Dec. 26. 1839.

“ I wrote last night a ranting letter about wild boars and Nisus and Euryalus, as if these were the only things deserving attention; but your letter of Dec. 11., received to-day, has brought me to my senses, and I am as much in the book as the day I left Northrepps. * * *

“ In truth, I give you at once the warmest thanks, and the most hearty approval of these very untoward suggestions. In fact, the more I have thought of it, the more I have assented, nay, have thought it indispensable, and loath the higgledy-piggledy fashion in which I had tossed my points together. * * * Idleness would have said, sit still; nervousness the same; you might naturally have felt, ‘ I know you to be a hard man, apt to be indignant at those who offer advice, take that is thine own, and a pretty hash it will be!’ ”

To E. N. Buxton, Esq.

“ Rome, Jan. 1. 1840.

“ * * * The tramontane, or northern wind, has come down upon us and has cooled us; nevertheless, we spent three hours yesterday most pleasantly in walking together about the grounds of the Villa Albani; as many the day before on the Palatine Hill. It is wonderful what a deal there is to see in this city. * * * But in all their finery there is dirt, and, on the other hand, in the midst of their dirt there is some remnant of magnificence. You will see a palace and a pigstye close together; and, moreover, the pigstye will have a small touch of the palace, and the palace a large touch of the pigstye. Nothing, however, can exceed the beauty and luxuriance of the villas round about Rome. I only wish you had seen the deep blue sky over the Albani villa; the residences of Cicero and Horace before us; the hills, some of them covered with snow;

and a profusion of roses and oranges growing in the gardens around.

“ I yesterday went with a large party, for the first time, to the Vatican. I have, as you are aware, no knowledge of paintings or statues, no cultivated taste, no classical recollections; and it is well for me I have not. That place would have set me raving; it almost did as it was. You may walk there all day long, and at a good pace too; and at either side of you there is something which strikes the meanest capacity with admiration and reverence. There were two or three rooms full of birds and beasts in marble, to the very life: and then there was the Apollo; why, man, it is beautiful past description. It rivets your eyes. What a most wonderful people those Romans were, to have congregated together such a profusion of excellence! Well, if these sights produce such an effect upon me, old, obtuse, and unromantic as I am, woe betide those who come in their youth, and are lovers of the arts. It is enough to make them all daft. I am going to-morrow to wash off the effects of the Vatican by some snipe-shooting in the Pontine Marshes.”

To Joseph J. Gurney, Esq.

“ Jan. 6.

“ How passing strange it is, that I should write from Rome, addressing you in Barbadoes. I wish we could change places for a few days. Neither St. Peter's, nor the Capitol, nor the dying gladiator, nor Apollo himself, all beautiful as he is, are so interesting to me as would be the sight of the negroes working for their own benefit, and sheltered by law from the lash of the cart-whip. It is a sight I pant to behold.

“ And now as to my worthy self. I have enjoyed both the country and the wonderful works of art in Rome more than I had any notion that I could. I sometimes laugh at my own romancings, and wonder that such an old, untaught man should give way to such true pleasure in matters which he does not understand. Rome is, in truth, a wonderful place. There is hardly any thing more remarkable than the profusion of its treasures. What Rome must have been in its glory, when the relics are so surprising! * * *

“ Everything bespeaks wonderful intellect on the part of the Romans ; but then the base, cruel, cowardly ruffians ! Fancy the whole population pouring into the Coliseum, to see the poor captives hew one another to pieces, and finding infinite delight and merriment in such a holiday ! ”

To Edward N. Buxton, Esq.

“ Jan. 21.

“ I picture to myself your arriving at Northrepps on Monday, January 13th, and you and your party hugely enjoying yourselves during the week ; and I fancy I know precisely where you shot each day, if not the exact number of the slain. I thought you had an especial nice party ; but why did Gurney Hoare absent himself ? I suppose that Edmund was at the top of the tree. I hope you took decent care of yourselves, age and wisdom being absent, I at Rome, and Sam Hoare at Lombard Street. You may well suppose that I was *un peu fâché* to be absent, the first time for more than twenty years, from my humble task of attending to the wants and promoting the sport of a rabble of boys. I was resolved, however, to console myself as best I might, and I accomplished this so effectually that I am ready to back the Pontine Marshes against all Norfolk. On Monday most of our party embarked with three dogs, on board a huge monster of a vehicle, and rumbled along to Albano. The next morning our friend Cresswell, myself, the cacciatore, and our Italian servant Pittini, with three Italian pointers and little Juno, pursued our voyage, leaving the boys and girls behind, and reached Cisterna at ten, where we had fair accommodation, and made friends with another shooting-party, who breakfasted and dined with us. We shot in the woods, an immense tract of which extends on each side of the road.

“ The next day we did very little, our bag being only eighteen woodcocks ; but oh ! such a mishap. While Cresswell and the cacciatore were diving through a thick fen in the wood up sprung three wild boars within ten yards of them, two young ones and one bigger than a donkey ! Cresswell thought them tame ones, and did not fire, though he had a clear and beautiful shot. The cacciatore gave them his two barrels in vain, and roared out to me ; but before I could get a ball into my gun, one of the younger ones passed before me at about fifty yards,

But what was the use of a charge of No. 6. at that distance? however, I had a perfect view of the fellow, as pure a wild boar as ever was littered, about the size of one of the pigs at Cross's.

“ On Thursday morning we passed early through Tre Ponti, the ‘ Three Taverns ’ of Scripture, and thence went on, five miles further, to Appii Forum, so called now, and so called in the days of Saint Paul. I read St. Paul's account of his journey: and on the road he traversed, and in view of the very same hills which he saw (and most remarkable hills they are), I pictured to myself his friends approaching, ‘ whom when Paul saw, he thanked God and took courage.’

“ We had a letter from the Duke of Braschi, the owner of twenty miles square hereabouts, to his steward, who resides in an immense old building, once the palace of the Braschi, and at an earlier period a great monastery. The steward was absent and, alas! the key of the cellar was in his pocket; the servants, however, received us with all civility. Our first inquiry was about beds. To look at, they were very well. ‘ Have they been slept in?’ I inquired. ‘ Oh! yes.’ ‘ Who slept last in my bed?’ ‘ The Duke of Braschi himself.’ At night, when I was going to bed, I asked another little question, which wholly altered the view of things, and would have sent us back to Cisterna that night if we had possessed any mode of conveyance; but, as it was, we were in for it. The unlucky question was, ‘ When was the Duke last here?’ ‘ Ten years ago was his last visit.’ So my bed, it was quite clear, had not been slept in for ten years! The house was haunted to the last degree; it was quite a preserve of ghosts. But there were more rats than ghosts, more fleas than rats, more mosquitoes than fleas, and more musical frogs than any of them. Oh! such a concert, such an orchestra of bull-frogs, such a band of mosquitoes, and such a rattling of ghosts (for assuredly they were ghosts if they were not rats), all combined together, formed, if not as harmonious, at least as remarkable a chorus as ever delighted mortal ears. In the morning I saw poor Cresswell; in addition to my musicians he had had four indefatigable cats, who during the live-long night had serenaded him for admission into his room, where our game was lodged, and over his window was a dovecote, into which the rats were

continually making commandos; in short, he had enjoyed such a concord of 'sweet sounds' as conferred upon him what Milton calls 'a sober certainty of waking bliss.' 'I have not,' he exclaimed, 'slept a single wink all night.' 'How classical!' said I: 'you and Horace attempt to sleep on precisely the same spot, and, for aught I know, in the same bed, and he tells us,—

' Mali culices ranæque palustres
Avertunt somnos.'

"We rode three miles along the canal which carried Horace, then entered a deep marsh with gigantic reeds. There were more snipes there than you ever saw, or ever will see, unless you come to Rome, and yet the people complained that they were very scarce. I believe it, for our sporting friends at Cisterna, declared that the day before they had put up ten thousand; but they had only bagged ten. The snipes were terribly wild; and no wonder, for what between the peasants who are always at them, and the Romans who dedicate their Sabbaths to them, they are shot at every day in the week, and twice on a Sunday. We managed, however, to bring home twenty couple, a rail, a quail, a hare, and three ducks. But the next day was the grand one. We went two miles further, and then entered a noble wood. It was almost impenetrably thick. We had a good stout fellow of a cacciatore, whom we brought from Rome. He wore a breeches-plate made of the skin of a wolf, which even the Roman thorns could not penetrate; he is a hunter of renown here, and his name is 'Gabbiate,' which, literally translated, means 'the uncombed.' I fought, I confess, rather shy of the bushes, and so did Juno, and so did two of our pointers, so also one of our two remaining beaters. In about a quarter of an hour this fellow emerged from the wood, and planted himself by my side; but, as I was sneaking myself, I was up to his tricks, and by signs sufficiently significant, sent him back into the brambles. Of him we saw and heard no more till luncheon-time, when he re-appeared with a pipe in his mouth; and for the remainder of the day, while we shot, he smoked. The woodcocks flew about in every direction. If we had had Larry, and our crew of men, and every dog in North Erpingham, we might have done some work. But this was not the worst; we could not speak Italian,

and our attendants could not understand a word of English; and so, after a very superficial beating of this superb part of the wood, they marched us off, in spite of our unintelligible remonstrances, to another part, where we got but one woodcock and a few snipes, and our day was spoiled for want of being able to utter a sentence:—another illustration added to a thousand before, of the evil of not speaking modern languages. However, this day yielded twenty-one woodcocks and nine snipes. Upon the whole, you may well suppose that I enjoyed myself greatly; but you will hardly guess what it was that pleased me most,—it was the splendid day, and noble mountains, and dark forests, and glittering villages, and various lights, that were, beyond snipes and woodcocks, the great attractions to me.”

“ Feb. 3.

“ Now prepare your mind for an adventure which occurred to us in our shooting excursion on Saturday, into which good live banditti are introduced, and blows struck and all the charming accompaniments of daggers and pistols. You will be dying, I am sure, to hear the story, and to learn the return of killed, wounded, and prisoners. But suspend your curiosity, be content with knowing, for the present, that our adventure is to-day the talk of all Rome, and that troops are sent off to the marshes to shoot, not snipes, but robbers; at least I suppose so. But to business first, if you please.

* * * * *

“ Well, now, sleepy as I am, I will tell you our story:— On Saturday morning, Aubin, I, and Spink, in the inside, our cacciatore and the coachman on the box, with our three dogs, started to Macarese after the snipes. You may remember that I told you in a former letter the distance of this marsh, also that we saw in the road the blood of a man who had been murdered the preceding night, and a little cross stuck into the hedge to commemorate the event. About half a mile further on, turning into a gate, we observed another cross, intimating that another murder had been committed since our last visit; and I hear there is no part of the country where you will find a more choice collection of robbers and assassins than this same Macarese. I took Spink merely to attend me; but he had the wit to borrow a little single-barrelled gun, and, as I saw he was

bent upon signalling himself, I had not the heart to baulk him. Alas! the waters were down and the snipes were up, and, though we shot capitally, we only managed to get eleven couple. We might have brought home a rare stock of vipers if we had wished it, for we saw about a dozen in a quarter of an hour. When we were going to have luncheon I selected my spot, but little Juno made such a fuss that we looked into it, and saw a viper nearly two feet long. We removed, and out of the bush at our feet went another great banging fellow.

“ We lunched, however, and went again at the snipes. At length we started towards home; but an unlucky jack snipe seduced Spink some way back again. He went after it and killed it. No sooner was his gun off, than from a broad, almost impenetrable hedge, which crosses the swamp, out rushed two fellows; the first who arrived snatched his gun, the other seized his collar, gave him a hard kick on his leg, and drew a long knife out of his side-pocket. Could any situation be more forlorn? we out of hearing, his gun discharged, his knees knocking together through terror, his head turning round and round, his heart in his mouth. I use his own expressions, and never did I hear so vivid a description as he gave of the scene, for he lives to tell it. What did he do in such adversity? Why, exactly the right thing: he let go his gun, put his two hands into his waistcoat pockets, and produced a pair of pocket pistols, loaded, capped, and cocked, and presented one at the breast of each robber! The state of affairs was suddenly changed. The heroes, who a moment before jabbered so loud and kicked so hard, turned tail, dropped the gun, and dashed into the hedge, and Spink remained master of the field of battle. But he did not keep it long. ‘ I seized the gun,’ said he; ‘ I did not know where I was, nor anything about it; I ran through a pool up to my waist, and never stopped till I fell from fright and want of breath; then I loaded and fired my gun as a signal of distress.’ Now I must tell you that we had waited nearly half an hour for him, somewhat disconcerted at being detained; and thought it very cool of him to be following his sport while we were kicking our heels. This gave occasion to the cacciatore to exercise the wit for which he is famed. ‘ Why the man must have got a charm, he has had more shots than all of us put together; he must hereafter be called The

Fortunate Youth.' Little did we dream that the poor fellow was then in the extremity of distress, hardly able to move, and not knowing whether his road lay to the right or to the left. But upon hearing another gun fired by him, it occurred to me that he might be making signals, so, having fired our guns, which singularly enough he never heard (probably he was lying down in a kind of swoon from over exertion), I began to halloo as loud as ever I could, and at length he heard me, and was cheered by the sound of my voice, and came running after us.

"When he arrived near me I was beginning an oration to apprise him how we had been all kept waiting; when, on looking into his face, I saw him pale as ashes, and looking most strange and bewildered. I immediately gave him some brandy, told him to compose himself, and at length we heard the history of his adventures.

"His extreme satisfaction that he had not shot the two men, which if they had persisted a moment longer he certainly would have done; his most natural and graphic description of his exquisite terror; his conviction that neither he nor his mistress would ever have been happy again if the blood of these men had been upon his hands; his deep detestation of snipe-shooting, marshes, Rome, and Romans; his solemn resolution never to quit my side if he had the misfortune again to go a shooting; his vivid apprehensions, and most anxious inquiries whether we thought there was a chance of our getting back again to Rome without encountering a fresh gang of banditti—these beguiled our way home.

"Everybody approves the course he took; and it seems likely to be the fashion for every one, in imitation of him, to carry pistols in their waistcoat pockets when they go out shooting. I ought to have told you that, probably, these fellows had been watching us all day. I saw one creeping along on the other side of the hedge some time before, and, if I could have spoken Italian, should have tempted him to assume the place of my attendant which Spink had relinquished. Well, there ends my story. I wish you could have heard him tell what he felt when these hideous fellows rushed out, and when the knife met his eyes. It was, as he told the story, not only very tragical, but irresistibly comical. To do him justice, however, I am right

glad that the accident befel him and not me. I am afraid, if I had had a pair of pistols in my hand, under such circumstances, in such a fright, I should have had to bear upon my nerves a sense of two human beings plunged into a most awful eternity. But, good night. Rome is affluent in robbers; we hear of a robbery or murder every day, and a gang has taken post they say in a wood twelve miles off.*

To Samuel Hoare, Esq.

“ Jan. 28.

“ Of one thing assure yourself, my visit to Rome has not tended to make me a Roman Catholic. This city has as many fountains and as much dirt, as many priests and as much wickedness, as any in the world. Not, however, but that there is a great deal to admire here. The spirit and stimulus with which they urge forward their religion is well worthy the imitation of Protestants. I was yesterday with Father Glover, one of five who rule the Jesuits, and he told me that their Propaganda Society for Missions gets 40,000*l.* a-year.

“ Their mode of proceeding is this: one man engages to collect the subscription, amounting to a halfpenny per week, from ten persons; another, of a higher order, collects ten of these first, and so on; so that, in substance, the last person is answerable for the subscriptions of a thousand. Their plan, also, of Missions, is admirable; their missionaries in every country are instructed to look out for young men of talent and zeal, and likely to make good missionaries. These they import to Rome, and give them, in their Propaganda College, a first-rate education. They detain them there, if upon their first coming they understand the rudiments of Latin, &c., seven years, otherwise twelve, and then send them back as missionaries to the country from which they were taken. In this way, they have here at present under education 130 young men from all parts of the world, and recently discourses were delivered by them in forty-three different languages; and they seem a body of very intelligent and well-educated youths. No wonder, then, that their religion spreads as it seems to be doing. In 1825 they had but thirteen Roman

* This gang afterwards robbed Don Miguel, the ex-king of Portugal, as he was returning from a shooting excursion.

Catholics in Guiana, and now there are 5000! When the United States separated from Great Britain, they had one bishop, twenty priests, and a small Roman Catholic population. They have now 1,500,000 Roman Catholics! Surely these facts, which I collected from the head of the Jesuits, are both stimulating and instructive.

“Excuse me for putting all this down. I keep no journal, and only contrive to record the facts which I wish to remember, by inflicting them upon somebody in the shape of an epistle. I will only add, that I think we must have a grand college at Antigua, or somewhere, for youths from all the tribes of Africa.

“But now for another matter, on which I am really distressed for the want of your assistance. You advise me to visit the prisons. The fact is, I have been doing so. I thought it a shame for an old *prison-fancier* to be here with so much to be seen in this way, and not to devote some portion of his leisure to it. I therefore made a formal application to the Cardinal Minister, and almost immediately I received, to the astonishment of both Romans and English, a full permission to visit all the gaols, with the offer of every species of information; also all the hospitals, and all the places for education. To the two last the Cardinal offered to accompany me; but, as yet, I have not been to them, and it is very likely I shall not have time, but a party of us have gone the round of the prisons within Rome. Tomorrow I visit the prison hospitals; and on Friday next I go to two large out-lying gaols. I shall then have completed this part of my work as far as Rome is concerned. There are some large prisons at a distance within the Papal dominions, and these I shall endeavour to see.

“The subject has attracted some attention. The Romans are mightily taken with it, and look upon the permission given to me as an unheard-of instance of liberality on the part of their Sovereign, and beg that I will avail myself of the opportunity and speak out. Three English noblemen have been amongst the number of my companions, and they are engaged to go with me on Friday. I was yesterday taken by one of them to Lord Shrewsbury, who tells me that Prince Borghese is inclined to establish a Prison Discipline Society. This is what I am at now.

“ The state of the prisons is substantially this: they are very clean (to be sure they knew we were coming, and it must be remembered throughout that we were never able to take them by surprise), the rooms are very lofty, and the air always fresh and good; the provisions good in quality, and, I should think, sufficient. But one of the questions which I especially want you to give me an answer upon is, what, in addition to a ladleful of weak meat soup, — being in quantity, I should imagine, about three-quarters of a pint, — ought to be the allowance of bread for a prisoner, not in solitude and not employed?

“ I now come to the defects. There is no such thing as classification, except, indeed, an attempt upon a small scale with regard to boys. Male prisoners of all ages, and for all crimes, from common assault to murder, are congregated together. In one instance there were 200 in one spacious room. There is no inspection whatsoever. There is no work for the great majority. The felons convicted and sentenced for long periods are worked in the public streets; but the remainder, tried and untried (and they amount to several hundreds), have nothing whatever to do. There is no regular gaol delivery; so that we met with several persons who had been detained before trial for upwards of a year. There is no school; and, with the exception of mass on the Sunday, and the repetition of a creed at nightfall, there is little effort made to convey religious instruction. These, I think, are the leading particulars. I should have said, however, that there are no chains, except for persons convicted of infamous crimes (answering to our felonies), and that there is neither the solitary nor the silent system.

“ Now, then, I want you and Crawford to tell me what I should urge upon the Government. They have plenty of space about their gaols, so that there is room enough within the walls for any improvement; but the Government is poor. I find myself considerably at a loss from my inability to revive my old Prison Discipline lore. I am doing my best to get a book *which I think I once read*; it was written in the earlier stages of the Prison Discipline question, and is called, if I recollect right, ‘Buxton on Prison Discipline.’ If I get this it will be something; but I look far more to an immediate communication from you and Crawford.

“ Neri, who I understand bears the title of Chancellor, and

is a very intelligent man, accompanied me through all the gaols, and has earnestly asked me to apply both to our Government and your Society, for any documents, plans, &c., which might be useful to a Government desiring to improve its prisons. So, if you please, you must get me what your Society can furnish, and Crawford must apply to the Marquis of Normanby, who will, I am sure, cheerfully lend his assistance in such a cause.

“ Executions are rare, especially considering that murders are so plentiful. They told me that there were only two or three in a year. I ought to add, that books are not allowed to the prisoners, except by special permission. We saw, I think, but four or five in all the gaols.

“ Not another moment have I, except to say that I heartily hope the boys enjoyed themselves as much in their Norfolk excursion as you and I used to do some thirty years ago.”

To Edward N. Buxton, Esq.

“ Jan. 30.

“ I went yesterday with Richards to the Santo Spirito Hospital. It beats everything of the kind we have in England, and is a most noble institution. I measured one room, 170 yards long, and broad and lofty in proportion. There were four rows of beds, all superlatively clean, the ventilation perfect: another room as large above, and into each of these other rooms opened, all very spacious. It is capable of containing 1400 patients. There are 260 attendants, including 90 young physicians and surgeons. Any person, no matter of what country or of what religion, has a right to admission, and they have never been reduced to the necessity of sending any one away for want of room. The museum, with preparations of the human body in every form, the library, the lecture-rooms, &c. &c., are all admirable. They have thirteen resident chaplains. In short, everything was of huge dimensions, and in the highest order. Annexed to it was a criminal prison. There was also a madhouse, in which there was no solitary confinement, and only ten out of the whole number had strait waistcoats; and these were concealed under their clothes. They told us that one-fourth were annually dismissed as cured. There were also a Foundling Hospital, and an institution for the

girls who had been brought up in it. We saw 550 of these damsels all employed; and they have one curious plan. Anybody who wants a wife may order one at this shop. He has but to knock at the door, prove that he is respectable, and then they are singly paraded before him, and he has to pick out one to his liking: and, after a time, he carries her off, and with her a hundred crowns. What fine fun the ladies must have when any one comes to inspect them! The old abbess who accompanied us seemed highly amused by our diligent inquiries, especially on this point, and by the notes we took."

To Mrs. Johnson.

"Jan. 31. 1840.

"I must tell you about the dinner party at Lord Shrewsbury's yesterday. Except myself, and, I think, one more, there was no one who had not some mark of nobility in his coat. There were three ambassadors, some English noblemen, and about half-a-dozen princes,—twenty-four in all. I had scarcely entered the room before a Monsignor seized my hand and affected to kiss it; this was the Governor of Rome, who had given us the order of admission into all the prisons, hospitals, &c. He and I had a very interesting conversation, and as long a one as could well be expected, considering that he understood but two words of English, and I about three of Italian. Oh! this plague of languages! Next came up Prince Borghese, a very pleasing young man, who spoke a little English, and before whom I threw the proposal that he should become the chairman of a Prison Discipline Association. I was afterwards introduced to the Duc de Bordeaux, with whom I had some conversation on the slave-trade, and who expressed a wish to see my book. He also said mighty civil things. Poor fellow! he has a sweet expression of countenance; conceive Mrs. —, with the same expression, and the same extreme clearness and cleanliness of skin, but with broader features, and a stouter person, and a heavier eye, and you have a good picture of the man.

"The Pretender's course is not a smooth one. If he has either extreme of character he may do well. Let him be excessively quiet, devoid of ambition and enterprise, that may do. Or let him be clever, daring, sagacious, ambitious, and com-

manding, and that, perhaps, will do. But, if there is any mixture in his composition,—if the least dash of adventure is coupled with his love of ease, or the least love of peace is mingled with his ambition, he will assuredly be a martyr. One cannot see the Duke without liking him, and wishing that he may have the good sense to steer clear of turbulent politics.

“At dinner I sat next to Lady Shrewsbury’s sister, who told me everything about everybody. Among the rest, that that beautiful refined creature, the Princess Doria, actually goes every day in the Holy Week to wash the feet of the patients in the hospital. Well! well! good people may abhor the Roman Catholics if they please, and may feel, as I do, that they are led dangerously astray in their doctrines, but I never will join in setting them down as creatures devoid of deep feelings of religion, nor can I deny that there is humility and self-denial in such an act as I have described.

“I will now tell you a circumstance which, as I think Andrew Johnston was a party in the matter, will please him, as I confess it did me. Does he recollect that a clergyman named Nixon wrote to me from Ireland, complaining of the operation of the law, by which he and several others severely suffered; some losing a third, some half, and in two or three cases all their income? Does he recollect also that I took up the case, and got Lord Morpeth to insert a curing clause in the Irish Church Bill? That Bill, however, was thrown out; so I presumed that my effort had been fruitless. Not so, however; Nixon is here, and tells me that last year, when there was a new Church Bill, they reminded Morpeth of his promise—my clause was again introduced—it became law; a hundred clergymen in his diocese, and an equal proportion in all the other dioceses, were greatly benefited by it, and some very deserving men saved from complete ruin. This has really pleased me; I am glad that my slight effort has contributed to the comfort of these good people.”

“ Feb. 6.

“I had fixed to start early this morning snipe-shooting, but the rain has kept me in. I have been in Rome now nearly two months, and till a week past we had no rain; but when it does come it is in right down earnest. To walk along the streets then is as if there were people at every window throwing

buckets full of water at you. It is calculated that the number of days of rain at Rome is one-third less than in London, while the quantity of rain which actually falls here is one-third more.

“On Wednesday next I am engaged to the Prince of Musignano *, Bonaparte’s nephew and heir, who, if we had been beaten at Waterloo, would probably have been king of the world. Not that I believe a word of this. I am well persuaded that there is a good Providence over England, and that, while she is employed in abolishing slavery and the slave-trade, sending out missions and Bibles, she is safe enough, both from Chartists and French. We have a great many friends here. In the mornings I have for some time been visiting the prisons, hospitals, &c., two or three days a week, and afterwards joining the ladies. On Tuesday I finished the prisons by seeing the San Michele. This is an asylum for orphans, old men and old women (several hundreds of each), and a very good one it is. Annexed to it was a female prison, 280 women in it; some imprisoned for life, others for periods from twenty years down to one. It is a wretched place, with next to no instruction. Of the 280 prisoners, only thirty could read. Why don’t they elect me Pope? The army of priests should soon have something to do in the way of Infant Schools, &c. I am going to make a report to the Governor here, who has been excessively liberal in furnishing me with information; but I am sadly distressed for want of my book on Prisons.

“On Tuesday, as I said, after seeing the San Michele, I went with Lord Meath, Lord de Mauley, and Richards, to the church of San Augustino. The panels adjacent to the altar were covered with knives and pistols, which had been presented by robbers and murderers to the Virgin. I suppose you have heard of Spink’s adventure; it made us look upon the knives with something more of interest. On Wednesday we went to the Corsini Palace: there are two *such* pictures there of Christ, with a crown of thorns; the one, the *Ecce Homo* of Guercino, — the other, in some respects still more touching, by Carlo Dolce. There was also the exquisite picture of the Virgin and Child by Murillo. I longed to steal it. Yesterday we saw a splendid collection at the Borghese Palace, and then we had a

* Now Prince de Canino.

long conversation with a Jesuit. I am very anxious to make myself master of their system of missions and of that of the Lyons Society. They seem to effect so much with means so limited; besides, I am persuaded they are upon the right principle. Their whole fight is for *native* missionaries. Their first act is to establish schools, in which, however, the instruction of the people is a very secondary object; the main purpose being to get a number of children, so far educated that they may pick out a few fitted by talent, disposition, and ready reception of Christianity, to be sent to Rome to receive a thorough education. Here they detain them, in some cases for seven, in others for twelve years, and send them back, well instructed as missionaries, to their own country.

“ Now I must tell you that the Jesuits and I are playing a game of chess. They hope, I fancy, from my willingness to listen, from my eagerness to learn, from my ready laudation of all that I find reason to approve, that they will make me a convert to Popery. I, on the other hand, wish to make myself master of the secrets of the system which has rendered the Jesuit missions so eminently successful; and I tell them, without reserve, that this is my object. Nevertheless, they are vastly communicative.

“ I was adverse to the Catholic religion when I left England, because I saw the error of their doctrines; but now, when I see in their practice the fruit of their system, and the depravity of the people that are so taught, I am still more Protestant than ever, if it be possible. To do them justice, preaching Christ is part of their practice, but the divine powers of our Saviour are shared with the Virgin Mary, and she takes not only the mother's but the lion's portion. Then their system of religion seems to be destitute of spirituality. Moreover, they seem to teach scarcely any morality. I found my wife yesterday announcing to our Italian maid the *novel* intelligence of the Ten Commandments. This girl had had an education, but apparently not a very profound one; for according, as she said, to the practice of Rome, she had only remained at school one week, in order to learn how to say mass.

“ I have just been looking out of the window at the rain, the like of which I never saw, except at our pic-nic at Beckham, when, as some one described it, ‘ the drops were as thick as hail,

and every drop a pailful.' Collier (the Jesuit) told us of a speech of a priest in Maranham against slavery, of so powerful a nature, that after it the whole congregation liberated their slaves; and he said that priests in slave colonies had been the natural and enthusiastic protectors of the negroes. He also used or quoted a sentence which just hit the mark in my mind. Speaking of some one he said, 'He is of the body of the church, but not of its soul.' "

Among all the occupations and amusements of Rome Mr. Buxton's mind continually turned to his accustomed objects of interest. He thus writes to the Bishop of Calcutta on the 15th of February: —

"I need scarcely say that I feel deeply your promptitude in acting upon my letter relating to the Indian slaves. It was just like yourself, and reminded me of the Daniel Wilson who used to pour his whole heart into a good cause, and who, unvexed with the cautions and qualifications of ordinary men, threw the whole weight of his influence into the right scale. I have no doubt that this movement of yours will be attended with real advantage. I regret that I have little further intelligence to communicate to you. There was towards the conclusion of last session, so much party spirit, and such a nice balance of parties that Lushington thought it inexpedient to bring on the question of East Indian slavery. This discretion is scarcely in consonance with my disposition; I am more inclined for working in season or out of season, with the tide or against it. But on the other hand, Lushington is most true and faithful to the cause; knows far better than I do the temper of the present House of Commons, and is swayed by no other motive than a desire to act for the best. I send him a copy of your remarks, which cannot fail to be an encouragement to him. I expect to be in England in April, and you shall then know what is intended to be done; but assure yourself of this, the question will not be allowed to go to sleep. I learn that a grand Anti-slavery congress is to meet in London next June; and India will form one great branch of discussion.

"Now for another subject, the slave-trade. Again I must express the pleasure which your cordiality gave me. The Go-

vernment have, as I told you before, embraced and adopted my plan, and have acceded to our request that an expedition shall proceed up the Niger, in order to make treaties with the native powers, and to explore the country; and possibly to acquire territory, on which we may set the example of growing cotton. The expedition will sail in October. It will consist of three steamers of large dimensions, but of little draught of water. They will be commanded by Christian officers, some of them renouncing better prospects, and going in a true missionary spirit. I have considerably enlarged my 'Remedy,' and have especially dwelt on Christian education, and the elevation of the native mind. I do not enter here into particulars, because I have ordered a copy to be forwarded to you as soon as it is printed, and also a copy of the prospectus of our new Society, which is something akin to our old African Institution.

"I am vexed to tell you that Fernando Po is not as yet acquired; the negotiation is, however, still going on, and till that be settled, one way or the other, the Government object to my book being published. It is vexing enough thus to be kept in suspense, or rather it would be so if I did not feel a comforting assurance that there is a great and guiding hand regulating all our movements.

"I am happy to tell you that there is true harmony among the friends of the cause. Two of its principal supporters are Sir Robert Inglis and Lushington. We have many others, with the same views, belonging to the two great political parties. Our prospectus, too, will be signed by the Bishop of London, and by the heads of the Methodists, Baptists, Quakers, &c.

"It grieves me that we cannot agree upon one great and uniform system of religious instruction. Men will divide their affections between their religion and the denomination to which they belong. But what we cannot do as one great body must be effected by us as separate bodies. If you ask me what of all things I should best like, I answer, to see somewhere on the coast of Africa, in a healthy situation, a great Black College, for the education of native missionaries and schoolmasters for Africa, on the purest and most evangelical principles. That is what we want. Without Christianity all our efforts will be but idle dreams; and happy am I to say that this is the unanimous and avowed sentiment of our Society. If you like our

prospectus, I must ask you to permit me to enrol your name amongst our members."

To Edward N. Buxton, Esq.

"Feb. 15.

"On Thursday, after a busy morning, I went with Richards and had a thorough study of the forum, and stood on the very spot where Cicero pronounced his speeches against Catiline; and where, in view of the capitol, he uttered those noble words, 'Tum tu, Jupiter, quem Statorem hujus urbis atque imperii vere nominamus, hunc et hujus socios a tuis aris, ceterisque templis, et tectis urbis ac mœnibus, a vitâ fortunisque civium omnium arcebis, et æternis suppliciis vivos mortuosque mactabis.' This was in the senate, then held in the Temple of Concord. I also saw the place where the rostrum stood, from which the orators used to address the people at large; also the Temple of Antoninus, and the one which Augustus dedicated to Jupiter Tonans, in commemoration of his servant being killed at his side by a thunderbolt; also the well-preserved and beautiful remains of the Temple of Fortune. What scenes have passed within a stone's throw of the spot where I stood! There Romulus fled from the Sabines, and there he rallied, and built a temple to Jupiter Stator; there the Gracchi had their tumultuous meetings; there Antony made his oration over the dead body of Cæsar; and there the Roman senate issued their decrees affecting all the known world, which they say were designed, 'Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos,' which, properly translated, means 'to slaughter those who resist and make slaves of the rest.' I put down all this parade of learning (with much of which Richards has crammed me), with no view to your edification, still less for your amusement; but when one has more learning than one knows what to do with, it is very convenient to deposit it in a letter, where it is safe for future use without the trouble of carrying it about."

CHAPTER XXIX.

1840.

MR. RICHARDS' RECOLLECTIONS. — PRISONS AT CIVITA VECCHIA. — ITALIAN BANDITTL —GASPARONI.—ILLNESS.—NAPLES.—POMPEII.— PROSPECT OF A WAR BETWEEN NAPLES AND ENGLAND.— EXCITEMENT AT NAPLES. — MR. BUXTON RETURNS TO ENGLAND.

SOME recollections of Mr. Buxton's stay at Rome are thus given by Mr. Richards, who was an inmate of his family at the time : —

“ Our sojourn at Rome was a critical period of Mr. Buxton's life — the period between the full development of his ‘ Remedy ’ and the anxious moment of putting it to the test of experiment. He came to Rome fatigued and exhausted, and it was evident that the weight of care for Africa pressed heavily upon him. Often, amidst the ruins of Rome, whilst leaning upon my shoulder and surveying the objects around him with apparently the liveliest interest, he has suddenly become silent and abstracted, and, from the deep-drawn sighs that escaped him with painful frequency during these often protracted reveries, I soon discovered that the ruins on the shores of the Tiber did but transport his thoughts to the more frightful desolation of the Niger. Even then I had forebodings, that whatever might be the success of that expedition, its author at all events was doomed to be one of its martyrs ; and I for one have a firm conviction that such has been the result. In fact, the subject needed a composition of ‘ sterner stuff ’ than his to bear its consideration. Nevertheless, the strife in his mind neither impaired its activity nor paralysed his efforts of usefulness, for almost immediately on his arrival in Rome he conceived, and proceeded at once to carry into execution, his plan of visiting the prisons and charitable institutions of that city. These were not visits of mere curiosity ; they were concerted and arranged with a view to the suggestion of practical improvements where necessary, as well

as to the acquisition of new ideas upon matters which had long occupied his thoughts; and in carrying out this, which he apprehended to be his present duty, he had often to struggle painfully against the prostrating effects of bodily languor and mental oppression. I had the privilege of being his constant companion in his visits, and deeply interesting it was to watch the satisfaction and delight which he derived from whatever was excellent in these institutions, and the intense sympathy with which he examined the state of the inmates of those dungeons. Clear it was that his was no capricious sentiment in favour of one colour or race, but a deep feeling for suffering, degraded humanity, under whatever circumstances. Whilst engaged in this pursuit, by which he seemed to endeavour to divert his mind for a time from its engrossing care, he likewise often entered, *con amore*, into the field of classical antiquities. He delighted to revive his classical recollections, and often they awoke at his call, most aptly and successfully. I cannot easily forget our first walk through the Forum, nor the enthusiasm with which he surveyed the campagna from the tower on the Capitol, now and then illustrating with great zest, from the Roman poets, the objects of interest which were pointed out to him. Juvenal was his favourite poet, who appeared to hold in your father's estimation the same place among the ancients as Dryden among the moderns; the peculiar raciness of their style being exactly congenial to his taste. From my first acquaintance with him, I had been struck with his partiality for this poet, an apt quotation from whom, whether cited by himself or another, would always give him the highest delight; and now, amidst the still-surviving shadows of Roman manners, his references to the keen satirist were frequent. Another minor characteristic of him, which I had before observed, but which I now saw brought out into stronger light, was his great fondness for romantic incident and adventure. He would listen, with almost a boyish interest, to the tales of heroic daring, and lawless adventure and enterprise, which are still rife among the Apennines, and he never lost an opportunity of collecting the stories which any known locality might afford.

“In now bringing him more distinctly before my mind, I am filled with admiration and love; and I esteem it the highest privilege of my life that I was acquainted with him, that I

knew something of his inner mind, and, above all, that I was honoured with his friendship."

To Samuel Hoare, Esq.

" Rome, March 3.

" I have had occasion to remember the excursion to the prison at St. Albans, which you and I took long ago, when, on Monday morning, Richards and I were trotting along in a diligence to Civita Vecchia. The gaol there, which was the object of our journey, is an old and strong fortress close by the sea, and contains 1364 desperate-looking criminals, all for the most aggravated offences. I am sure you never saw such a gang of malefactors, or such a horrid dungeon. We went, first, into a vaulted room, with a low ceiling, as I measured it, thirty-one yards long, twenty-one broad. There was light, but obscure. A good deal of the room was taken up by the buttresses which supported the arches. The noise on our entrance was such as may be imagined at the entrance of hell itself. All were chained most heavily, and fastened down. The murderers and desperate bandits are fixed to that spot for the rest of their lives; they are chained to a ring, fastened to the end of the platform, on which they lie side by side, but they can move the length of their chain on a narrow gangway. Of this class, there were upwards of 700 in the prison; some of them famed for a multitude of murders; many, we are told, had committed six or seven; and, indeed, they were a ghastly crew, — haggard, ferocious, reckless assassins. I do not think that the attendant gaoler very much liked our being there. A sergeant, in uniform, was ordered to keep close by me; and I observed that he kept his hand upon his sword, as we walked up the alley between the adjacent platforms.

" There was a fourth room at some distance, and our guide employed many expedients to divert us from going there. * * * This was worse than any of the others: the room lower, damper, darker, and the prisoners with, if possible, a more murderous look. * * * The Mayor afterwards told us, that he, in his official capacity, knew that there was a murder every month among the prisoners. I spoke to a good many of them, and, with one exception, each said that he was condemned for murder or stabbing. I will tell you one short conversation: ' What

are you here for?' said I to a heavy-looking fellow, lying on his back at the end of the room. He made no answer; but a prisoner near him, with the sharp features and dark complexion of an Italian, promptly said, 'He is here for stabbing' (giving a thrust with his hand to show how it was done). 'And why is he in this part of the prison?' 'Because he is incorrigible.' 'And what were you condemned for?' 'For murder.' 'And why placed here?' '*Sono incorrigibile.*' * * * In short, this prison combines together, in excess, all the evils of which prisons are capable. It is, as the Mayor said, a sink of all the iniquity of the state. The Capuchins certainly preach them a sermon on the Sunday, and afford them an opportunity of confession; of which, if the prisoners avail themselves, the priests must have enough to do. The sight of it has kindled in my mind a very strong desire that the old Prison Discipline Society should make a great effort, and visit all the prisons of the world. I had hoped that sound principles of prison discipline had spread themselves more widely; but I now fear that there are places, and many of them, in the world, in which it is horrible that human beings should live, and still more horrible that they should die."

" March 4.

"Having in yesterday's letter given you a heavy and dreary account of the prisons here, I must now furnish you with a history of some of their inmates. In the citadel of Civita Vecchia, Gasparoni and his gang are confined, and have been so for the last fourteen years. There are many renowned robbers in this country, but none so celebrated as this Gasparoni; and I had the honour of an interview of two hours with him and his band. He is a very fine-looking fellow, about five feet eleven high, with as strong and *brick-wall* an arm as ever I felt, except, perhaps, General Turner's; he wore an old velvet coat, which had seen service with him, and a large peaked hat. There was nothing ferocious in the expression of his countenance. I am going to have his picture taken, a compliment which his appearance well deserves; for he is the *beau-ideal* of a Robin Hood or Rob Roy. By his side there was a fiendish-looking wretch, who plagued us with his interruptions. This fellow is said to have joined the band chiefly from his love of human blood, and his post was that of executioner.

K K

“ Gasparoni was very communicative ; only that, either from the modesty which belongs to great men, or some latent hope of pardon, he greatly underrates his own exploits. For example, to my question, ‘ How many people have you murdered ? ’ he replied, ‘ I cannot exactly recollect, somewhere about sixty ! ’ whereas it is notorious that he has slaughtered at least double the number. Indeed, the Mayor of Civita Vecchia assured me, that he had received authentic information of 200 ; but he believed that even that number was still below the mark. This man, according to his own account, when he was but a young lad, killed a person in a quarrel and fled to the mountains, where he was joined by a few young men of similar character. Before he was twenty years old he had committed ten murders, and was at the head of a band of fifteen or twenty robbers, which afterwards amounted to about thirty of his own body-guard ; but there were two or three other bands under separate commanders, one of whom was his brother ; he, however, was lord paramount.

“ It is incontestable that he kept a district of country of at least one hundred miles in circumference, between Rome and Naples, in the utmost terror and subjection. Those proprietors who were not slain by him fled the country, and were obliged to receive such a modicum of rent as the tenants who compounded with Gasparoni chose to pay ; but the black mail which he levied was not extravagant. The Government at first offered 200 crowns for his head. This mounted up at last to 3000 crowns, and that was the fixed price for many years, and a thousand soldiers were regularly employed in hunting him. ‘ But how then,’ said I, ‘ did you escape ? ’ ‘ That you will never understand,’ he replied, ‘ till you see the rocks and precipices that are there. I and my men knew every turn ; we have often been close to the soldiers, and let them pass us, when they had no notion they had such near neighbours.’ Gasparoni had many conflicts with the military, in which he was uniformly successful ; but in one affair he received a ball in the lower part of his neck, the scar of which he showed us. He described one conflict, in which, with ten or twelve of his men, he beat off, as he said, thirty-soldiers ; but the ill-looking scoundrel by his side said there were full sixty.

“ Gasparoni’s head-quarters were at Sonnino, where his wife

and children resided, and where the whole population were devoted to him. This town had obtained so evil a reputation, that on his surrender the Pope made a great effort to get it rased to the ground, but could not get the assent of the proprietor. I was interested by learning from him that the haunts he chiefly occupied for the purpose of observing the road were the three little towns perched on the rock, and shining like silver, Cora, Norma, and Sermoneta, which had so much attracted my admiration when I was at Appii Forum. He told me that he had spent a large proportion of his plunder upon spies at Rome, by whom he was made acquainted with the plans designed for his capture, and who also told him what persons coming along the road were worth catching; if emissaries were sent for the purpose of entrapping him, he was forewarned, and the vengeance he took on them was terrible. He crucified one of these men, and wrote underneath, 'Thus Gasparoni treats all spies.' He cut out the heart and liver of another, and sent them back to the man's widow.

"If any persons in the towns were active against him, he always found means to punish them. If their offence was not very deep, they received a letter ordering them to pay on a certain day, at a certain place, 1000 or 2000 scudi; and such was the terror of his name, that these demands were generally obeyed. Some of the magistrates in the strong town of Terracina, thinking themselves secure within their walls, ventured to incur his displeasure. Soon after the boys of the chief school, while taking a walk near the gates, were surprised by him and his men, and carried away to the mountains; and a message was sent to the parents of almost all, fixing the amount of ransom, upon the payment of which they were restored. But the children of those who had exasperated him were not allowed to escape; their heads were sent back in a sack. Of the truth of this dreadful story there can be no doubt. A friend of mine asked Gasparoni about it; he admitted that he had seized the children, but said nothing about the murders. The gentleman said to him, 'I have heard more than this; I have been told you cut off the heads of three of them.' 'It is false,' said Gasparoni, 'it was but two.'

"Mr. Jones, the banker here, told me that last October he saw a man who had been one of this party of boys, and who