



CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. Hastings examined before the Houses of Parliament—Degree conferred upon him by the University of Oxford—Greated a Privy Councillor—Introduced to the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia—Dinner to the Duke of Wellington—Returns into Private Life.

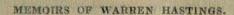
From the year 1806, when he made his first and last attempt to take some share in the management of public affairs at home, Mr. Hastings spent his days in comparative obscurity. Contented he doubtless was; for the consciousness of deserving well of the country which neglected him continued present to his mind throughout, and in the pursuits of agriculture, and the indulgence of a pure and classical taste, he found ample occupation as well as great enjoyment. Moreover, his home was to him what it had ever been, a scene of the purest happiness, while his benevolence, the prominent feature in his character, was never at a loss for objects on which to exercise itself. There is a large portion of his correspondence now before me, which, for obvious reasons, I feel myself prohibited from making public, but of which I am free to state, that in every line it bears testimony to his excellency of heart and the strength and clearness of his judgment. Were any of his more



distant friends anxious about the education or the general welfare of their children? They seem invariably to have thrown themselves upon Mr. Hastings for counsel, which, as well as more active assistance, was in no single instance refused. Did domestic differences arise, even between man and wife? Mr. Hastings was appealed to as the individual, among all their acquaintances, the best fitted either to bring the estranged parties together, or to arrange, in a manner satisfactory to all concerned, the terms of an amicable separation. As to applications for aid, either in launching young men into the world, or relieving widows and orphans from the pressure of pecuniary distress, there is really no end to them. And finally, his letters to the youth of both sexes, especially to boys, whether at school or college, or preparing themselves for the service of the East India Company, are all models of gentleness, and wisdom, and high principle. In a word, the years which Mr. Hastings spent apart from the busy world, and, as far as the world's observations went, in total neglect, were not only not passed in indolence and uselessness, but were devoted to the well-being of his fellow men in all ranks, and ages, and conditions. I question, indeed, whether even he ever did more good-I mean individual good-at any interval in his career, than during the season, when to society

at large he appeared to have laid aside all active interest in the sayings and doings of its members.

It was not, however, in the arrangements of God's providence that Mr. Hastings should quit for ever the stage of life without having his wisdom appealed to, and his merits acknowledged, in quarters where both had been so long and so unaccountably neglected. When Parliament proceeded, in 1813, to inquire into the working of the revenue and judicial systems, and to make other preparations for the renewal of the Company's charter, Mr. Hastings was called from his retirement in the country to give evidence before both Houses. He obeyed the summons, cheerfully, preferring then, as on all former occasions, public duty to private ease; and, at the age of eighty-one, found himself, for the second time. ushered into the presence, first of the assembled Commons, and by and bye of the Lords. How different was his reception then from what it had been seven-and-twenty years previously! At the former of these periods he stood at the bar of both houses a prisoner, charged with heavy offences, and arraigned for his trial: now his entrance within their doors was greeted by the Commons of England with marks of respect, such as they have rarely bestowed upon a subject. The members, rising as if by common consent, stood with their





heads uncovered, and so continued till be had assumed the seat which was placed for him within the bar. In like manner, after his evidence had been given, and he prepared to depart, the members rose again, thus demonstrating the total absence of sympathy which was between them and their predecessors in that place a quarter of a century before. Neither were the Lords behind hand with the Commons in paying respect to the venerable man who came to give them light on the subject of Indian politics. They, too, afforded him the accommodation of a seat; and, from the beginning to the close of the examination, heard him with a silence which was well nigh reverential. But he shall describe for himself, and his friend, Mr. Thompson, shall describe with him, both the scenes as they passed before their own eyes, and the feelings which they stirred up in Mr. Hastings's bosom. The following letters refer almost entirely to this subject.

To Mr. CHARLES D'OYLEY.

London, 15th April, 1813.

My dear Charles,—Though I date this from London, from which place I shall despatch it, I write it at a distance from it, and have not your letters by me. I think I have two acknowledged; but it is a long time since I wrote to you, and am glad of an interval which I have at my sure command to resume that office. By a late despatch I wrote to your father, and related to him all that was in my mind, and that bore a common

interest to us both. The two subjects of this letter will be of that relation, and you will both equally partake of them.

Though my acquaintance with Lord Moira is but v distant, at least more so on my side than his, it has obtained for me his spontaneous permission to recommend to him any special friends under his immediate government, a privilege, of which I have made but a scanty use. Your father's name and yours I have given in memorandum, as those of friends that were dear to me. Of John I have said nothing, because a considerable time must elapse before he will stand in need of that patronage that will lead to emolument. In the mean time his father will be his best patron, and if John through him is made known to the Governor-general it will be sufficient. His own conduct, and the growing interest of his father and brother, will entitle him, as I trust, to future favour. I have already written thus much to your father, and this must serve as a duplicate, and a provision against accidents.

I have lately received two most convincing and affecting proofs of my having outlived all the prejudices which have, during so many past years, prevailed against me. I have been called before both Houses of Parliament, and questioned at large concerning the points that bore a principal relation to the conditions proposed by the administration for the new charter of the East India Company. By the Commons I was under examination between three and four hours, and when I was ordered to withdraw, and was retiring, all the members, by one simultaneous impulse, rose with their heads uncovered, and stood in silence, till I passed the door of their chamber. The House was unusually crowded. The same honour was paid me, though, of course, with a more direct intention, by the



Lords. I consider it, in both instances, as bestowed on character, not on the worth of any information which . they had drawn from me; for your father knows that I am in a singular degree deficient in the powers of utterance. To the same predilection I attribute it, that what I said on both occasions gave unanimous satisfaction. The Duke of Gloucester, with his accustomed goodness, took me with him in his carriage, calling upon me for the purpose, to the House of Lords, sat with me in the outer room till I was called in, conducted me to the chamber, where the Lords sat in full committee, afterwards reconducted me to his carriage, which reconveyed me home by his orders; and when the House broke up, he himself came to make his report of what had passed to Mrs. Hastings, with the same kind of glee that you, or your dear father, would have expressed upon the same occasion. And I bless him for it.

I believe I wrote to Sir John, that I had been visited by a first fit of the gout. It was not violent, but continued long, and kept me sedentary while it lasted. I am now quite free from it, and well: My dear Mrs. Hastings is uncommonly so, and affords me the delight to witness the influence which the happy exuberance of her spirits produces on those of every society in which she mixes. We meditate to return to Daylesford before the end of this month; but I believe I shall soon come back to town, as I feel too great an anxiety to see the progress of the present discussion of the affairs of India in Parliament, to bear that I should remain at a distance from the field of action. How it is likely to terminate I cannot yet form a conjecture; but I fear the worst, from the more than political animosity which has marked the proceedings against the Company. The party in opposition to the government is in this contest-united with it.

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I shall close my letter here, and write again to Sir John on my return to town. With Mrs. Hastings's kind regards and my own to you both, and to Mrs. D'Oyley, I remain, my dear Charles, yours most faithfully.

From Mr. THOMPSON to Sir JOHN D'OYLEY.

London, 17th May, 1813.

My dear Sir John,-Mr. Hastings has already sent you his evidence before the House of Commons on the India question. By his desire I have now the pleasure to forward to you that which he delivered before a committee of the House of Lords. I wish you were now in England for many reasons, but particularly that you might participate in the triumph which our great friend has obtained over all his enemies. He has not, I believe, one remaining. Those whom death has spared, remorse has converted into friends, and I am most perfectly convinced there is not at this moment a man in England, the worth of whose private and public character is more universally and indisputably admitted than his is. I accompanied him to the House of Commons when he went to give his evidence. Whilst we were sitting in the Speaker's room preparatory to his examination, Sir Thomas Plumer came to us, and I congratulated him on the very different auspices under which we now assembled from those which formerly brought us there. He heartily participated in this feeling, and earnestly said, "Did you not hear just now a great noise in the House?" upon our answering in the negative, he added, "I made sure you must, for when Mr. Hastings's name was mentioned, and a motion made that he might be offered a chair, a louder acclamation followed than I ever remember to have heard within its walls." At the close of his evidence the members, influenced by one common feeling of respect, rose spontaneously, and taking off their hats, stood whilst he retired. You



who know the warmth and generosity of his heart will readily conceive how forcibly it was touched, and how delightfully affected by so unequivocal, unlooked for, and rare a testimony of public esteem. His reception before the Lords was hardly less flattering. Duke of Gloucester, at his own request, called upon him and took him in his chariot to the House, waited with him in one of the chambers till he was summoned, accompanied him into the committee room, attended whilst he gave his evidence, and at its close conducted him back again to his Royal Highness's chariot. Whilst before the Lords he was accommodated with a seat, an honour which I am told is almost unprecedented. Throughout the whole investigation the most marked attention has been paid, both to his person and his opinions. The very officers of both houses, even to the printers of their proceedings, as well as the persons employed by the Company, seem to have vied with each other in manifesting their respect for him. You will not fail to observe that he gave his testimony under disadvantages not felt by the other witnesses. Being the person who was first examined in both houses, he was in some measure a guide and pioneer to his followers, showing and clearing the way, not merely for those who were to answer the questions, but for those who were to ask them. Neither the Commons, nor the Lords, nor even the Council seemed at first distinctly to see their course, and when you shall compare the direct, luminous, and copious answers which he gave to questions frequently indistinct and irrelevant, you will, I think, perceive that at the very outset of the inquiry he enlarged and liberalized its scope and tendency, confirmed the succeeding witnesses, and gave to their evidence that firmness, decision, expansion, and consistency by which it is upon the whole so remarkably and so honourably distinguished.

As I know Mr. Hastings has lately written to you I shall say nothing of his situation or views. He intended to have left town last Tuesday, but he was on the preceding day attacked by a fever, the consequence of a cold, and was obliged to delay his departure till Friday, when he set out for Daylesford in a state of convalescence, and with the prospect of a speedy and complete recovery. Mrs. Hastings was in high health.

I formerly wrote to you concerning your pecuniary transactions with Mrs. Hastings. I now enclose for your information the copy of a letter which I lately addressed to your respective agents, Messrs. Butler and Burrowes, on the same subject. I earnestly wish that the two policies of insurance may be found in the possession of Mr. Edmund Grange; but I have the pleasure of informing you that, even if they should be lost, we may recover their amount upon giving to the office a bond of indemnity against their future production.

I was sorry to hear from Mr. Hastings that you had lately suffered much indisposition. Sincerely wishing you a return of health, and the long enjoyment of that and every other earthly blessing, I remain, dear Sir John, very truly yours.

If you should be disposed to favour me with a letter, direct it to the care of Messrs. Edmund Boehm and

John Tayler, London.

From Mr. Hastings to Mr. Thompson.

Daylesford House, 23rd May, 1813.

My dear Thompson,—I wrote to you a feeble letter on Friday, and am going to write another. Mrs. Hastings was so pleased with your letter, that she had a copy taken of it, which she keeps as a memorial; and has desired me to return the original. I read it with as much pleasure as she did. In the choice of senti-





ments which might give a name to what I felt on my reception from the two houses of Parliament, it was consistent with your accustomed partiality to prefer the best. I certainly felt a "warmth" of some kind; but whether of "generosity," pride, or vanity, I am not able myself to distinguish. It is neither pride, nor vanity, in the common acceptation of those words, to delight in the good opinion of my fellow countrymen, to see such a sanction afforded to my friends for their predilection of me, and to be the means of reflecting my own credit on the person whose happiness so many years past have bound to my own. The suffrage of my masters, conveyed to me through their chairman, has consummated my exultation. After all these demonstrations of self-satisfaction, it is but fair that I should proceed to its counterpoise. I was employed during the greatest part of my sitting hours yesterday in correcting the manuscript copy of my evidence in the House of Lords by your errata, and was mortified at meeting with errors, incongruities, and unfinished paragraphs, which were all my own, and incorrigible. I have given (that is, I have lent) David Anderson my printed evidence, and I want one now sadly to correct it.

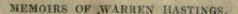
In my answer to the eleventh question, instead of "pensioners left upon the country of government," read "bounty of government." There are other errors of the manuscript, such as, in the first answer, ??, (i. e. 39th line, the paragraph consisting of 135 lines), "possessors" stands for "professors"; ??, "successively" for "successfully;" ??, "trait of their character, their temperance is," &c. for "trait of their character, their temperance, which is," &c. But I will not proceed, as I suspect that this may have mistakes which are not in the print. I meet with one, a sad one, which I cannot correct.

I mend slowly, am very weak, and have left off animal food and wine. If that won't save me, brandy won't. Adieu! Your affectionate friend.

P.S. Mrs. Hastings desires me to give her thanks for the copy of your letter to Sir John D'Oyley.—Have I not? She is just returned half starved from church.

Among other mistakes, it might have been a curious one for the next century to have discovered among the Daylesford archives, an envelope superscribed a letter from the Chairman of the East India Company, the address of which was, Ma bien aimée Madame.

I do not know how far the proceedings of Parliament may have drawn the attention of the University of Oxford to the slighted merits of Mr. Hastings, but this much I am enabled to statethat he was scarcely returned to his seclusion at Daylesford, ere he received from the Vicechancellor an announcement that it was intended to confer upon him, at the ensuing commemoration, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. To the compliment thus offered, as well as to the flattering manner in which it was carried out, I find a pleasant reference made in Mr. Hastings's diary; where he likewise speaks of Dr. Phillimore's Latin oration in terms of high praise, though not more highly than the elegance of its composition deserved. Yet of one fact, which appears to me to mark more conspicuously than all the rest the triumph of his good name over prejudice, the journalist has omitted to take notice. As the Commons had done in the house, so the





junior members of the University of Oxford did in their theatre; they rose to a man when the illustrious octogenarian appeared, and greeted him, both in coming and going, with reiterated shouts. I need not inform those to whom the customs of the university are familiar, that the season of the commemoration is to the under graduates a sort of Saturnalia, during which they bestow, with unsparing lungs, tokens either of respect or its opposite upon the several public men who come under their notice. On this occasion Warren Hastings was, above all the different candidates for university honours, the decided favourite; and it is but just to add, that in his case the young men exhibited the same good sense and perfect impartiality that they are accustomed to do on all similar occasions. The following letters refer, in part, to this transaction, and therefore demand insertion.

To ELLIAH IMPEY, Esq.

Daylesford House, 11th August, 1813.

My dear Elijah,—I availed myself of your kind permission to draw upon your bookseller for three copies of your poem,* which I have duly received, and thank you for them most heartily. How much I was pleased with the poem I cannot tell you; but I have a greater pleasure in conveying to you the sentiments and words of my dear Mrs. Hastings. "Tell him," she said, "that I am delighted with it. It is excellent, charming, and has nothing of sickness in the compo-

^{*} Addressed to Dr. Phillimore on his Latin speech presenting Mr. Hastings to the degree of LL.D. at Oxford.



sition of it; nor is it possible to be better." Similar is the judgment of all our present household, who are all good judges, and have delivered their opinions in terms that marked the feelings of the heart in full accordance with the discrimination of the mind. I have just now read it over anew, for the purpose of selecting such passages as were praiseworthy above the rest; but I like the whole so much, that I should appear to myself to depreciate what I omitted in particularising. Yet I may, without the invidiousness of comparison, notice some peculiar excellences which have struck me as such. Lamenting as I do the cause which drew from you the emphatical allusion to your state of health, I must agree with Mrs. Hastings, that the poem has no intuitive symptoms of a mind enfeebled by sickness; and even those six lines possess a beauty, which in a body at ease mere inspiration could not have given. The whole of the address to Dr. Phillimore possesses at once the merit of harmony with that, in the high degree, of compression; and, if I may (after what I have declared against selection) fix upon one part that rises high above the rest, though high, it is the following couplet, which closes the enumeration :-

> "The deep, well-omen'd voice of thunder, given To speak and ratify the will of Heaven."

But I may pronounce my praises of the four lines in the tenth page, which allude to my domestic felicity, without scraple; for my judgment has no share in them; and yet my approbation of them (of the sentiment I mean) is boundless, and another person feels the same kind of partiality to them.

The tardy utterance of the evidence delivered at the bar of the House of Commons is most happily, and richly, transmuted; and the line describing the rising of the members ("How the mute Board," &c.), is cer-



tainly not inferior to the original, if the well appropriated epithet does not give it a superiority. You already know my opinion of the passages which relate to Lord Nelson and Lord Wellington. They are fine, as the principle on which they are founded is just, and well applied.

After having disclaimed all intention of separate encomium, I have bestowed it separative on all inclusively, and after all, am compelled conscientiously to lament, that the whole is a beautiful exaggeration. But proceed with truth, or fiction, I defy you to exceed its intrinsic worth.

Mrs. Hastings desires me to assure you of her kind and grateful regards, and unites with mine to dear Lady Impey and our dear Marian. Adieu, my friend, yours most affectionately.

To Mr. THOMPSON.

Daylesford House, 15th September, 1813.

My dear Friend,-I am ashamed to have let a letter of yours remain an age unacknowledged; and it was one of all others, the neglect of which would have added remorse to shame, had not my own self-love been at the same time a sufferer by it; for I certainly should have indulged that infirmity, had I written to you, by accepting, with a much stronger complacency than I now feel, your congratulations on the honours bestowed upon me by the University of Oxford. Of these you have your share, and, with the addition of one or two more select names, this was a predominant sentiment in my mind when I received them. Mrs. Hastings and I thank you for your reflection on the forbearance of the mad dog, and both agree, that independently of the affectionate interest which excited it, it was the best thing that any dog, mad or sane, ever gave occasion to be said of him.



Since the receipt of your letter, and for some time before, I have not seen Mr. Leigh, nor can I learn when he may be expected at Adlestrop. I do not like to write to him, because I should fear that the formality of it would frustrate my intention; but if I must, I must write before he loses the remembrance of my claim on him as an old neighbour.

Where are you? To tell you the truth, to ask this question was the prime motive of my writing this letter, as Mrs. Motte (God bless her!) is to leave us to-morrow, and has undertaken to find you out and convey it. My dear Mrs. Hastings is well, and desires me to assure you of her affection. I am well, but suffer under something like an anniversary languor, to the first occasion of which you were a witness in the year 1781. Perhaps there is no great necessity for an octogenarian to seek for adscititious reasons for not feeling himself in such spirits as when the Lords and Commons of the realm bestowed so much pains to keep them in action twenty years preceding. I am ever, my dear Thompson, your truly affectionate friend.

Mr. Hastings was exceedingly delighted, as indeed he had the best reason to be, with the evidence thus afforded to the triumph of truth over prejudice; and to the estimate in which, after long years of persecution and neglect, his own merits as a faithful servant to the public were beginning to be held. Yet was his situation at the moment as embarrassing as can well be conceived, and particularly to one who, like himself, both dreaded, with an almost superstitious dread, the accumulation of debts, and shrank from the only means by which its accumulation could be avoided. Mr.



Hastings had by this time outlived the period for which his annuity from the East India Company was granted, and found himself in the eighty-second year of his age on the very verge of pauperism. There is something so unbecoming the rightful position of the preserver of British India in these repeated exhibitions of his pecuniary distresses, and of the course which he was driven to adopt for the purpose of relieving them, that I may well be excused if I pass, with a rapid pen, over the transactions of this particular epoch. Enough is done when I state, that he appeared again before the Court of Directors as a suitor; and that the Court, after some delay, came to the resolution of continuing his annuity for the term of his natural life. To a proposition, which was hazarded, of increasing the pension to five thousand pounds, and including the name of Mrs. Hastings with that of her husband in the grant, the Court would not however listen; and it would be idle to deny that Mr. Hastings experienced both disappointment and mortification at the refusal.

Meanwhile, the affairs of Europe had taken that mighty turn, which led first to the loss of the French army in Russia, and ultimately to the abdication of Napoleon, and the re-settlement of the grandson of Louis the Sixteenth on the throne of his ancestors. 'It was a period in our history when the hearts of all men, from the Prince Regent

down to the beggar by the highway side, appeared mad with joy. The triumph of England was indeed complete, and, as if to mark the sense which they entertained of her unwavering constancy and stubborn valour during a war of unexampled duration, emperors, and kings, and warriors, and statesmen, from all the European nations, whom her example had finally roused, flocked over in crowds, and took up their residence in her capital. It is no business of mine to describe the succession of fetes and public entertainments which kept London, for a brief space, in a state of violent excitement. By all orders and degrees of its inhabitants they were freely shared, and upon the good feelings of all they produced their customary effects, by calling them strongly into action.

I am not prepared to say that Mr. Hastings owed anything to the operation of this common principle of human nature in the highest quarter, yet the fact is beyond dispute, that on the 5th of May, 1814, he received, to his extreme surprise, an official intimation that the Prince Regent having been graciously pleased to add his name to the list of privy councillors, his presence at the next meeting of Council was desired, in order that he might be sworn in. Mr. Hastings obeyed the summons, as a matter of course, accepted the honour so handsomely bestowed upon him, was admitted to a lengthened audience by his royal master soon afterwards,



and returned home highly gratified by the whole proceeding. Not however within these limits was the favour personally shown to him circumscribed. When the allied sovereigns repaired to Oxford, Mr. Hastings was especially invited to meet them there, and again received, in their presence, marks of unqualified respect from the senate, and of ardent and not less sincere admiration from the under graduates in the theatre. Again, he was not only present at the magnificent entertainment given at Guildhall, on the 18th of June, but the Prince Regent embraced that opportunity of presenting him to the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, as the most deserving, and at the same time one of the worst used men in the empire. "But I have made a beginning," continued his Royal Highness, " and shall certainly not stop there. He has been created a Privy Councillor, which he is to regard as nothing more than an earnest of the esteem in which I hold him; he shall yet be honoured as he deserves." Flattering words, no doubt, to fall from the lips of a prince, and doubly grateful when spoken by one who knew so well as George the Fourth how to give to them their full effect; yet were they followed by no results favourable to the fortunes of him who was their object. Mr. Hastings played his part in all the pageants which cast their halo over that brief season of national joy. He



even presided at a dinner given by the gentlemen connected with India to the Duke of Wellington, on the 11th of July, and proposed the illustrious duke's health, in a speech remarkable for its neatness and good taste. Yet he returned, when all was done, to his seclusion at Daylesford, and for purposes of further advancement was never heard of more. The following letters, which I have taken at random out of a number written at this period, will best explain his own movements in the throng, and the feelings which were called forth by the sort of reception which everywhere attended him.

To DAVID ANDERSON, Esq.

London, 20th June, 1814: 6, Portugal-street.

My dear Friend,—When I write to you, my mind forcibly recurs to your sorrow, yet (I fear) but little abated; for you have more than your own to compel its duration, and I feel, as if every endeavour to draw your attention from it, was a painful intrusion. Yet it is from the interchange of friendly communications alone, that you can obtain that effectual composure, for which your own strength of understanding will have laid the foundation. But of this perhaps I repeat too much, and shall proceed to subjects of inferior interest.

I have received your affectionate letter, and one which has interested me much from my young friend David, with an elegant testimony of his regard for the friend of his father. I allude exclusively to the short, but very comprehensive, and (if I may say it) appropriate address prefixed to his judicial disputation;



which, as far as it falls within the compass of my general knowledge, I am much pleased with, particularly with its conciseness of connexion and perspicuity, which accommodates a subject of a nature so new and technical to my own comprehension. In whatever way he may apply his chosen profession, I have no fears for his success in it.

I shall now say something of myself. You would have been the first to whom I should have imparted the late honour conferred upon me, if it had happened at another time. You will be pleased to hear, that it was unsolicited, and, except by an indefinite hint, unknown and unsuspected. It was accompanied, and followed in a private audience, by the most gracious expressions of benevolence, from the Prince Regent. same indications I have repeatedly received on other occasions, which have brought me to his Royal Highness's notice, and most conspicuously at the late magnificent festival at Guildhall, where he did me the honour to present me to the Emperor, the King of Prussia, and the Duke of Oldenburgh, in a manner too flattering to be written, and more audible than was merely necessary for the great personages to whom it was addressed. I have a freer and purer sensation of satisfaction in informing you, that I have borne my part in all the late ceremonials and festivals at Oxford, a scene of incessant fatigue during three complete days, without the least injury to my health, and since my return, the dinner at Guildhall, with a cold caught on the journey of my return to town, and not increased by this last and severe trial of my constitution. From these proofs of what I can endure, I think I shall last through another winter, and but for one consideration alone, I think I am pre-reconciled to what may be my destiny beyond it. In the mean time I have the happiness of seeing Mrs. Hastings improve in health, even in the tumult of this town, and though she has not yet received any accession to it by the gratification of those incitements of curiosity, which prevail to a degree approaching to madness in all the world around her. We often talk of you, and dear Mrs. Anderson, and always with fervent wishes for your present tranquillity, and yet reserved happiness. To these we join our most affectionate regards. Pray remember me, with Mrs. Hastings's commissioned affections, to both your sons. I will write to my friend David. with one of the first intervals of leisure that are afforded me, which are not many. Adieu, my most dear friend.

We shall not leave London very soon, nor without

apprising you of it.

To the same.

London, 12th July, 1814.

My dear Friend,-Some time before I received your last kind letter, I heard, by two indirect channels, of the loss of your brother John. I grieve for it on your account, and much on my own; for I am much indebted to him for a series of personal kindnesses; and at this time feel my concern for this event aggravated by the regret, that I had never testified to him the sense which I really entertained of the obligation. I believe, too, that it was some addition, that he seemed to have undergone so little change in his person, as to have justified the expectation of a life of extended duration; but I have lived to a strangely checkered period of my own; interested, and not without a degree of compunction, in the daily occurring diversity of passing satisfaction, and its intermixture with the severe domestic distresses of one friend, and the past and impending afflictions of others. In these you have a fellow share; for most of my friends are in the same degree yours; but hopeless as the cases are, I will not antici-



pate them. Let me turn to myself, a subject at this moment not unpleasing. In the first place, I have the great satisfaction of seeing Mrs. Hastings, who came in a sick state to London, at once improved to a state of unmixed health and exuberant spirits, and looks, if not of youth, of something full as good. I, on my part, have undergone various scenes of fatigue, to which I should have thought myself unequal some years ago, and have not suffered from any, except going to the thanksgiving at St. Paul's, which almost put a period to my career of exertions; for I had a sharp, but temporary fever that night. By a day's abstinence, and a little quiet, I have been since enabled to go through the office which had been assigned me of presiding at the dinner given by the Indian gentlemen to the Duke of Wellington; and I accomplished it with more success than the past, having (in spite of my natural impediments, both in voice, utterance and recollection) prefaced the health of the Duke with an address which was well received. If I can get a frank, I will send you a copy of it, with a continuation of my reflections on the combination of past events, from which much of what I said was taken. I cannot proceed in that work. live too much in the world, to be able to think of what passes in it; and the time approaches, when I shall be too little in the world to know what passes in it. I believe we shall return into the country next Monday, the 18th.

I shall be anxious to hear how David has acquitted himself of his first essay in his profession.

I am not surprised that Mrs. Anderson had not recovered sufficient composure of mind to admit the return of society. I am convinced, that it must have cost her much to see her friends and relations the first time. Time and society in grief are more likely than satiety to temper it.

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Since I wrote a little more than the first sheet of this letter, I have been at my friend Toone's door-He was not at home; from which I draw a bad omen, as his youngest daughter, of whom, till very lately, they had begun to entertain more sanguine expectations than of the elder, was expected in town two days ago, if she was able to bear the journey. Desiring to ask the servant some questions, I found myself deprived of the power of utterance. This infirmity, of which I do not know whether I have yet informed you, recurs without pain, affecting at the same time the muscles of one hand (not always the same hand) and of the mouth. It seldom lasts more than ten minutes; but its inferior effects upon my hand are almost perpetual, weakening my hold of my pen, and causing me to make continual blunders. This you must have noticed, and therefore I have mentioned it, and accounted for it. How fortunate that I escaped this visitation on the 11th of the month; that, on the contrary, my voice was clear, and audible, and my mind collected! I now bid you farewell. Mrs. Hastings unites with me in kindest regards and fervent wishes, and I hope dear Mrs. Anderson will bear these remembrances from two persons who love her as dearly as any out of the circle of her own family. Remember us affectionately to David and Hastings and to your sister, and your brother James and his lady. Your affectionate friend.

To the same.

London, 20th July, 1814.

My dear Friend,—I have suffered my vanity to be too much gratified by the applauses bestowed on my address to the Duke of Wellington at the dinner given to him, at which I presided, and have been punished for it in a way that has already almost effaced its first impression by my conviction that I have deserved it.



The managers of the subscription sent a copy of the speech to the newspapers, which they (or one of them) inserted, with the following addition :- " The Chairman's speech, from his feeble voice, could only be heard by those who were near the chair; but it was received with much satisfaction," &c. It is not true that my voice was "feeble;" and it was ludicrous, that what I had said should be "received with much satisfaction" by those who did not hear it. Its design, however, was evidently to cast a doubt upon its authenticity. This conclusion I have since drawn from the following circumstances. At a dinner given on the 16th to the Duke of Wellington by the Court of Directors, the following healths were drunk by the Chairman, in the following order :- " Mr. Hastings, and the Governments of India." Then followed, "The Marquis Wellesley, with thanks to him for his distinguished services in India." I am told, that in all the papers (I know it is in one of them), the toasts are thus delivered :- " Marquis Wellesley, with thanks to him for his distinguished services in India." "Lord Teignmouth. Sir George Barlow, Sir John Macpherson, the Right Hon. Warren Hastings, who have served the East India Company with distinguished honour to themselves, and advantage to the Company." All this is a fabrication, arising from a purpose unknown to myself till yesterday, in which some of my most warm friends, and other persons of high respectability, are concerned, and Sir George Dallas the mover of it. It was a proposal to erect my statue in the India House; which was opposed by the friends of Lord Wellesley, unless a similar honour was paid to him, and preceded mine. This was compromised by joining us together, my name being allowed the precedence, and a petition of nine proprietors has been actually prepared (as I



have said), requesting a Court of Proprietors to be summoned; but not yet presented, on account, I believe, of the lateness of the season. You may wonder, that I should be all this time in ignorance of all this; but so it was; yet something had imperfectly transpired, and not attributing it to any but the Court of Directors themselves, and not suspecting any competition or compromise, I purposely sought to elude any further or direct knowledge of it. Yesterday Sir George imparted it to Mrs. Hastings, and I called upon him this morning, to thank him for his zealous intention, but peremptorily refusing my assent to it, and to every attempt of the kind whatever, except what should arise from the Court of Directors themselves, and from their own mere motion. On his giving me an assurance, that "nothing should be done that should hurt my feelings," I replied, "No, nothing whatever; let the whole business be put an end to all together." I will not trouble you with another long story; but I have been influenced principally by a similar affair which happened in May last; for which I have since reproached myself. Now I will announce the copy of my address, which I will enclose, regretting only that I could not get a frank for it. It is true, I am aware of the incongruity of your existing state of mind with a subject of so worldly a connexion; but I have reflected, that you cannot have an easier to assist in drawing you back to the habits and to a participation in the intercourse of social life; and you owe yourself to society.

We had made progress in packing up all our furniture, and destined yesterday morning for our final departure, when on Monday we received an invitation to the Prince Regent's fete on Thursday next, to morrow. We now hope, for I will never again say, will, to



leave the town on Saturday, I trust, not worse in health than I came, and Mrs. Hastings, I thank God, much better.

We desire to be remembered by you and your dear lady with your usual affection, and pray for the perfect restoration of your tranquillity; and we offer our affectionate regards to all your family. I am ever your true and affectionate friend.

I subjoin a copy of the address, to which so much allusion is made; not without a persuasion on my own mind, that it will be read with general interest.

Address to the Duke of WELLINGTON at Burlington House on Monday the 11th of July, 1814.

The gentlemen of this assembly, who formerly held occupations in the various departments of the East India Company's service in India, have solicited the honour of your Grace's presence in this day's festival, to congratulate your Grace on your happy return to the bosom of your country, and to testify in this manner their admiration of your great and eminent services.

In offering this tribute they are animated with the same sense of gratitude which glows in every British heart; but they claim to feel it, if not in a superior degree, in a peculiar manner, from having been, some of them, the associates of your early warfare, many near witnesses of it, and all possessing a common interest in the train of victories by which you supported and extended the power of the British Empire in India; thus uniting at the same time a brother's glory with your own. They have seen the same spirit displayed in the plains of Berar, as hath since been shown on the heights of Vittoria; but the course of your latter

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achievements has been distinguished by a much more elevated character, in which you have appeared as the delegated champion of the most sacred relations of human society. Let the following facts be taken in proof of this assertion. Whoever looks back upon the wonderful series and termination of events in the Christian world, and traces them through all their combinations, must be convinced, that in the wanton and perfidious aggression at Bayonne, the late ruler of France riveted the first link of that moral chain of retribution, which, closing at Bourdeaux, disselved, as by a talismanic explosion, the whole frame of his usurped dominion; involving in the same simultaneous catastrophe the restoration of the House of Bourbon. till then unheeded in the general contest, though here, and here only, cherished and befriended; and its rights, which appeared annihilated for ever, to their primitive state, rank and integrity in the system of nations, as if they had never been suspended.

It was the Duke of Wellington, who, himself led by an unseen hand, conducted the movements of this awful scheme of overruling justice. It was at Bourdeaux where his arms were arrested in their prescribed course, not by resistance, but by the digressive offer of submission to the legitimate heir of the French monarchy, from the unanimous voice of the inhabitants of that city, composing a population sufficiently numerous to extend its influence, as it did, to all the departments around it.

This was the consummated work of our most noble guest, under the auspices of that Being, who, whatever means he may employ for the chastisement of offending nations, invariably makes choice of the best moral characters, as his fittest instruments, for the dispensation of his blessings and his mercies to mankind

From this time forth the tenor of Mr. Hastings's





existence became as calm and even and undisturbed as if he had never filled in the eve of the world a wider space than appertains, as a matter of right, to the well-educated country gentleman. . His intimacies continued, indeed, to be as extensive and as highly valued as ever, for I find letters written to him in the most affectionate strain, not by the friends of his early youth alone, but by many of the most distinguished men of the day. But his name, if mentioned at all within the precincts of Carlton House, called forth no especial expressions of favour. No titles were bestowed upon him, no pensions nor employments offered. He sank once more into the obscurity of private life, which the honours attached to the dignity of a Privy Councillor were not of a nature to disturb.

I subjoin the following letters, not because the information which they contain is either extensive or important, but because they seem to me to describe, in a very interesting manner, the state of the writer's mind at a season when its vigour is just beginning to decay. They are the productions of a noble spirit conscious of its growing infirmities, yet nowise cast down by the anticipations excited by that consciousness. Mr. Hastings had completed his eighty-third year when the last of them was written.

To DAVID ANDERSON, Esq.

Daylesford House, 6th October, 1814.

My dear Friend,—I seize the early opportunity afforded me of acknowledging with thanks the receipt of your affectionate letter; but I regret at the same time the unpleasant tidings which it conveys of my dear godson's late indisposition. Though past, I regret that it has come. I wish I could impress on the minds of all in whose welfare my own interest is concerned, one concomitant rule of health which I myself acquired late, but which I verily believe to be a better preservative of it than the whole pharmacopeia, namely, to avoid the cold air, when the body is heated with exercise, or more especially, with the sun; and to avoid equally the warm air, and warm nourishment, under the opposite extreme of cold.

I shall expect with an attentive remembrance the introduction of your young friends, Lord Elcho and Mr. Charteris; and we shall be opportunely at home so long after the expected period of their coming to Christ Church, as to afford us a reasonable hope of it. I regret that I knew not before that the former was already a member of the university. I do not know—O yes, you must, that I am myself a member of the university, and adopted under circumstances which

have endeared it to me.

I wish I could have accompanied you in your late tour. Every inch that has fallen within the touch of Walter Scott is to me as consecrated ground. I have been retracing your letter, but with a too cursory, and unsatisfactory, haste to decide, whether that, or some inferior authority, has induced me to hope for another composition from his fertile and wonderful mind.

I write with my watch before me, to measure the time which is allowed me for this letter, having a long





journey to make, to participate in an entertainment made for our late most benevolent guest, the Duke of Gloucester, who did us the honour (a term for which I rather substitute pleasure, from the interest he seemed to take, and manifestly did take in it), made by our good neighbours, Sir Charles and Lady Cockerell. Mrs. Hastings goes with me, but returns. I continue till Saturday by his own desire—almost past the season of such kinds of excursion, being liable to frequent recurrences of what my physicians are shy of calling a paralytic affection, which, without any attendant pain, deprives at the same instant my fingers (of one hand only) of motion and almost of sensation, and my speech of articulation; but seldom lasting more than half an hour.

Sir Charles and Lady Imhoff are returned to England, and we hope for the long interdicted pleasure of seeing both next Tuesday.

I must now conclude—and indeed my pen begins to fail me. I dread the arrival of every post from our valuable friend, Toone.

We have had, and enjoyed, the same delightful weather that has accompanied you in your journey; and to-day, for the first change, it has rained; but I venture to foretell a return of fair weather after a short respite. Mrs. Hastings seems to have anticipated change of weather in its approach; so as to make me almost regret that she is to be my companion in this day's entertainment, though no one can derive more benefit than she does in her health from the cheerful intercourse of society, or contribute more to it. To you and yours we unite in cordial affection, and in prayers for your health and prosperity. Adieu, my dear friend. I am ever, most truly, yours.



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To the same.

Daylesford House, 12th February, 1815.

My dear Friend,-If I had not laid an obligation upon myself to write to you to-day by engaging a frank, I should still leave your letter of the 7th of last month unacknowledged, from the consciousness that my mind wanted those powers of perception which were necessary for the interchange of the most ordinary communications, when instead of pursuing the context, the train of connexion is broken by a perpetual call upon the attention to preserve every word in its place, and to prevent even syllables and letters from encroaching on each other. Such I am, and I think it more kind, and more creditable to tell you so, than to leave the detection of my blunders, but not the cause of them, to your own discovery. I am tempted to mention two inconsistencies in my case, (as they appear to me,) because I cannot help viewing them in the light of physical curiosities. I did once possess the faculty which you give me credit for, of amusing myself, when I could not sleep, by pursuing a train of thoughts, retentively, and unbroken, through a long period of the night. Last night, by way of experiment. I got by heart six lines of Walter Scott, on going to bed, and forgot them, without the power of recovering them, before I had composed myself. But of this enough. Apropos of Walter Scott, I have read him through twice, once with Mrs. Hastings, who is disposed to read him once more, and I am as much pleased with the congeniality of her taste, as with the work itself. I am pleased with the correctness of the versification, the variety of character, its unvaried consistency, the perfect dignity of Robert Bruce, his other appropriate endowments, and the beautiful manner in which he has worked out the completion of his character by incidental traits of it; but, far above all the rest, I am struck with the





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anathema of the monk, and its sublime contrast with the parody of the prophecy of Balaam. I have not seen or heard of my friend and namesake, and have been afraid of noticing his visit to London, lest it should draw him from his better pursuits. I admire in all that he does his uncommon energy of mind. We are at home, and whenever he comes we shall be gladder to see him than any southron of his acquaintance.

I have hardly dared to name to you the name of our friend Toone; but I must. He is released; but his wonderful wife, after yielding to little more than a day of sorrow, has resumed all her wonted domestic employments, "meets all her family at breakfast and dinner, and is now employed in the melancholy office of preparing her son's things for his return to China." It is among my regrets, that you and your dear lady live at such a distance from us. Present, with Mrs. Hastings's affectionate regards to dear Mrs. Anderson, to all your family, mine also, and accept the same, and believe me ever most truly, my dearest friend, yours most affectionately.

It is not quite with my own consent that I yield to Mrs. Hastings's desire to make known to you, that Mrs. Harvey's friends have set on foot a subscription for her relief.

To the same,

Daylesford House, 14th April, 1815.

My dear Friend,—The event which you dreaded in your brother James's family has. I find, since come to pass, and I most sincerely grieve to hear it. For any of the other casualties of life, I should give him credit for the power of bearing them with greater fortitude than any man that I ever knew; but I fear, this will prove a severe trial.

To you, my dear friend, whatever I write must bespeak your kind indulgence by the affection which dic-



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tates it; but the report which I have made of myself has been proved but too true in the necessity which it has imposed upon me to suspend the use of my pen since I began this letter; which I had rendered compulsory by the means which you recommended in the commencement of your last; but I will not again allude to it; nor is it to complain, but to apologize, that I now do. I rejoice that, with the first information of dear Mrs. Anderson's cold and cough, I received the news of her amendment, and that she was so much better since, as to yield to the solicitations of her family, and to participate in their recreations. Pray assure her of the interest which Mrs. Hastings and I never cease to take in her health, and may heaven support and bless her!

I do not like to give an opinion respecting the conduct of health, especially in a delicate frame, except to pro, not to prescribe; but whatever may be said of invitations, of this I am certain, from long and confirmed experience, that crowded dinners, long sitting at table, and, above all, crowded drawing-rooms, are invariably injurious to health; but I confine my observation to the last exclusively, I dare recommend this negative

rule to my godson.

Mistaking your letter in the first hasty perusal of it, and having long wished to recover a paper (to which you allude) upon the subject of a bank for the use of the poor, which I had sent to Mr. Whitbread, I wrote to him for it. His answer, followed by a polite search for it, led to the proof, that it had been intercepted and destroyed in the way, for the sake of the money paid for the carriage; and I am afraid, this will prove one frequent effect of the new India post bill. Your plan is much better than mine, and, I conceive, easy of application. It is much wanted, wherever it can be adopted.



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Have you ever been able to reduce your thoughts to any consistent state upon the subject of the late revolution in France? Two things are presented by it; one of which absolutely does, and the other may, falsify Solomon's declaration,-nothing is, or can happen, new under the sun: for the imagination of man never conceived the invasion of a great empire by a mere adventurer, at the head of 600 men, and succeeding in it without a blow; or that a foreign confederacy should force upon a whole people, against their declared choice, a sovereign ruler, and that ruler the untainted blood of their own hereditary monarchs. The present appearances seem to promise this last result. If it fails, I contemplate its possible failure in one moral cause, from which the opposite conclusion might be, with the best reason of things, deduced. If I can, I will tell you why in another letter. Mrs. Hastings and I are going to London in the middle of the week after next, projected only for a fortnight; but who will answer for its duration?

Mrs. Hastings offers her affectionate regards, as I do mine, to yourself, David, Hastings, and all within your reach of your family. You can have no conception of the real length of this letter. Adieu, my dear friend, yours ever.

To the same.

Daylesford House, 10th September, 1915.

My dear Friend,—Your letter of the 2nd, short as it was, afforded me the most satisfactory intelligence that you could give me, and conveyed in terms the most delightful; that "Mrs. Anderson and your two sons were well, and that you were all enjoying a great deal of happiness." May this blessed state continue to be your lot through many succeeding years, and theirs through as many generations!

For myself I can only say, that I am comparatively much better than I have been for many months past, happy in witnessing the good health, good spirits, and good looks of Mrs. Hastings (though with some alloy of transitory ailment) still unabated; and my own, of each kind, perfect in all points, but memory of the past, and of present recollection.

I do not like the aspect of public affairs, but derive more than adequate compensation from the vast superiority of comparative credit which the French themselves attribute to our countrymen, in the sufferings entailed upon them by the sovereigns and soldiers of the combined armies. I view with the same sensations as you do, the miraculous transformation of the beautiful island of St. Helena, which used to afford us so much enjoyment, converted into a state prison of a deposed emperor. I am sorry for its degradation, and more so to contemplate the British nation in the character of the jailer of Europe, which is established by this, her second appearance in that relation. By what means, in the latent operations of God's providence, the deliverance of Bonaparte from this sequestration is to be effected, I have not the slightest conception.

In the war with Nepaul, I have no fear but of its conclusion in a treaty of peace, which, after our past defeats, would lower the credit of our arms even more than it would raise that of our enemies; besides that it would be an abandonment of the principle to which. in our steady perseverance in it, we owe all our present greatness in India. The war with Ceylon was, I am afraid, unjust in its commencement, now seven or eight years past; but if terms of peace were repeatedly offered to the Rajah (as is asserted) and rejected, the general detestation of his character will justify his punishment, and legalize our conquest; at least, if we pay a due regard to the rights of the ancient inhabitants. The undivided possession of the island must in any case be advantageous, and, let the odium fall where it will, the Company will bear no share of it.



I sincerely sympathized with your brother James, for his late severe loss, but I could not condole with him. had not the heart to touch the sore of affliction, where no human means, and least of all such as I could apply, could avail to allay it. When you see or write to him, I pray you to assure him of my affectionate remembrance.

I have extended this letter far beyond my usual ability, and have just power left for the following recollection. It will be in the memory of my old associates at Chunar, in 1783, that I drew out two march-routes for the two parties that were detached to the attack of the fort of Sutteef-poor. They marched by prescribed stages, and arrived almost at the same instant, at the same point of attack. This will not justify a similar operation of three detachments sent by three undefined lines, through an unknown labyrinth of thickets and rocks, with a plan for their converging in the same point of attack, as was done at, I forget the name of the place. in the first operations against the Goorcallies. It was impossible that the event should have turned out otherwise than it did. Our ill success in this campaign was not owing to the superior skill or courage of our enemies, beyond what we have experienced of those qualities in the natives of India; but to the want of local knowledge of the same species of warfare, and of the means of availing ourselves of the advantage which our nation possesses in its discipline against mere numbers acting without it.

Mrs. Hastings joins me in every sentiment of affection to you, dear Mrs. Anderson, and your excellent sons. We wish also to be kindly remembered to your sister. I am charged by Sir Charles and Lady Imhoff to present to you all the same regards. I am ever, my dear friend, yours.

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CHAPTER XV.

Last days of Mr. Hastings—Rebuilding of Daylesford Church—Illness, Death, and Character.

I HAVE now approached that stage in my narrative beyond which lies little else than the record of events that sadden; -the history of a great mind slowly but surely becoming subject to the universal law of decay, and of a constitution, always feeble, sustaining shock after shock, till it is finally overthrown. Mr. Hastings lived, after the date of the last of the letters introduced into the previous chapter, a space of three years, lacking eighteen days. During the whole of that period he retained the use of his faculties to a very remarkable degree, enjoying the society of his friends, taking a lively interest in their welfare, and occupying himself, as he had previously done, with his farm, with his garden, with his household, with his books, and with his pen. was not the man that he had once been. became too violent an exercise for him, and he laid it aside; he then took his airings in the carriage; and from the entries in his Diary, I find that he paid two separate visits to London; during one of which, by the bye, the following testimonial to a green old age is given. In 1817, he writes



thus:—" March 13. I visited the Marquis of Hastings at Camden Hill Club. My health drunk with marks of the most expressive kindness. Thirty-nine members present." Nor does the exertion appear to have broken him down, for against the following day there is inserted this statement: "I wrote my name at the Dukes of York and Clarence, and made twenty-one visits." But the spirit, in this case, seems to have been willing, when the flesh was weak, for the termination of the memorandum is sufficiently melancholy. "I came home with a cold and cough, which troubled me all night. Commencement of my confinement almost entirely to my bed."

Mr. Hastings's constitution had been delicate from his infancy. Nothing, indeed, except the extreme temperance of his habits could have carried him through a long life of constant exertion. Yet was he subject from first to last to frequent attacks of illness, from which he did not often recover without a good deal of suffering. Still, if we except the fever from which in 1783 he suffered so severely, none of these appear to have been of such a nature as to threaten the extinction of life; but the case was different now. So early as the year 1813, he was seized with a numbness in the right side, which he himself attributed to a paralytic affection, and though he ultimately shook the weakness off, it is probable that it left some traces



of its influence behind. Not that his spirits were ever in the most remote degree weighed down by them. On the contrary, his cheerfulness never left him; and often when others appeared anxious and uneasy on his account, he cheated them of their fears by turning them into ridicule. But I find in his Diary frequent allusions to the circumstance, in terms which seem to indicate something like an expectation, that his death, come when it might, would be sudden. All these, however, indicate a temper composed, tranquil, and sustained by a deep religious feeling; a sentiment which seems to have been with him a portion of his nature; so pure it was, so constantly present, yet so unobtrusive. Moreover, Mr. Hastings never, to the last, permitted the mind to prey upon itself for want of occupation. The parish church of Daylesford, which stood upon his own land, and was frequented, almost exclusively, by his own tenants and dependants, had, through the neglect of former lords of the manor, become grievously dilapidated. He determined to restore it; and making choice of his own architect, and in a great measure supplying his own plans, he began what was to him a labour truly of love, in the month of July, 1816. It afforded him pleasant occupation for three whole months, and pleasant materials for the memory to work upon when they were ended. And as to the rest, literature, and the act of replying to the

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letters of such of his friends as happened to be far off, and delighted to remind him of their existence, filled up many an hour, and seem uniformly to have done so to his own satisfaction. Let the reader judge of the tone of his noble mind, noble even in its decay, by the following specimens of his familiar correspondence.

· To David Anderson, Esq.

Daylesford House, 19th October, 1816.

My dear Friend,-You will have learnt as much as was interesting of this family to the 10th of last month, from your excellent son, my godson, who left us on that day, to enter on the commencement of his travels. I have been much pleased to find both him and his brother engaged in so useful an occupation. I am glad that they have chosen to follow their separate researches, that each may profit by the improvement of the knowledge of which they have already laid the foundation, and of the diversity of their natural talents; and I am not sorry to perceive in Hastings a disposition to seek his train of adventures without the embarrassment of a companion. One requisite, I am sure, they both possess, that they may be safely trusted with the Heaven prosper and protect care of themselves. them!

Hastings has told you, that he found me very busy in the rebuilding of our parish church. I feel a little spice of vanity in relating, that I began the demolition of the old fabric on the 8th of July, and completed the whole of the renewed building on the 14th of September, in exactly sixty days, deducting the intervening Sundays. To this account must be added windows, pavement, and doors; against which I set the cove of a ceiling nearly finished, but not a part of the old



church. This, with the delay of a month for two coats of plaster already laid, and some ornamental additions, will about close the work, so as to admit of divine service being performed in it on Sunday, the 6th of November, just four months from the dilapidation. But I am afraid I must be content with the admission; as the popular objection to the effluvia of new mortar will deprive me of the essential part of my first congregation, and the rector has an object nearer his heart and home in daily expectation of the birth of a child.

I scarcely know what passes in town, and of the best news that I hear, my approbation is much qualified. I rejoice at the additional splendour which the African campaign has bestowed on our naval fame; but grieve at the fruitless expenditure of so much of the best blood of our country. I am pleased at the bountiful legacy which the Bhow Begum has bequeathed to the Company, if it is true that she has done it; but am ashamed of the duplicity of our laws, and the iniquity of our Government, if they ratify the acceptance of it. I am delighted even to enthusiasm, that our military glory has been pitted in a fair trial with our great rival, the nation of France, with our superiority acknowledged and adjudged; but I am grieved to see a suffering people rescued from the most atrocious oppression, and made by their own voluntary surrender an integral part of our own empire, without a record of its achievement, although obtained without one British life lost in the acquisition; and I very much fear, for the sole want of that sanction to its celebrity.

Adieu, my dear friend. Accept from Mrs. Hastings and myself our fervent and united wishes, and most affectionate regards to yourself, to dear Mrs. Anderson, and all your relatives and connexions. I am ever, most truly yours.

To E. B. IMPEY, Esq.

Daylesford House, 19th November, 1816.

My dear Elijah,—I had been long in expectation of a letter from you, and as long in the daily exercise of self-reproach for not having in all that time written to you. Both of us have claims to large allowances, but very different even in the similarity of the causes from which they originate. You suffer only from the temporary depression of those energies which you inherently possess; and wait only the revolutionary change which every constitution, both of body and mind, possesses for their complete reproduction. That mine have passed that period, this laboured, and scarce intelligible, if intelligible, attempt to convey my meaning too plainly demonstrates.

I am beyond measure pleased with your meditated removal to a cottage residence, and assure myself that it will be the means of ameliorating your time, health, and mind, in their united occupations. I received the first intelligence of the sum generally awarded you from your portion of the funds in France, with a distrust that scarce allowed me to rejoice at it, and am happy to receive your confirmation of it, scanty as the amount now appears. I hope the tenant will not find means in the tricks to which our law, pure and sure as it is in comparison with its practice in another part of the united kingdom, to defeat your right of speedy possession; and shall anxiously wait for the news of your confirmed investiture.

In addition to my other disabilities, I am exposed to the lengthened interruptions of visitors, which has been the case since I had proceeded through the greater part of this letter, and have now scarce time to give you, and through you, the commissioned regards of Mrs. Hastings, with my own, to your dear mother and sister; and to tell you that we are all well, myself particularly

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so, notwithstanding the difficulty of keeping the separate powers of my appetite, and its forbearance, in good mutual understanding. I use no exercise, and find that I am in best health without it. I have almost exhausted the sources of amusement which my church for the last five months (nearly) has afforded me, but dwell upon them still, and shall continue to do so by reflection.

I have reprinted a little tract, which you will remember, upon the means of guarding houses from fires, and shall order an impression, amicitiæ gratia, to be sent to you. Pray send me at your next leisure your verses on Halhed's, or rather your composition on his recompositions. Adieu.

My dinner (for I dine alone) is on the table; and you must excuse my correcting the faults of this uninteresting letter. I am, my dear Elijah, ever yours.

Sir Charles and Lady Imhoff desire their kind re-

To David Anderson, Esq.

Daylesford House, 9th December, 1816.

My dear Friend,—I have been gratified beyond measure by a long and interesting letter from your son, my excellent godson. Two requisites for a young traveller he possesses in an eminent degree; an eagerness for the acquisition of those substances of knowledge which travelling can give, and a determination to be pleased. This last qualification indeed he had no need of this species of instruction to bestow; for if it was ever inherent in any human being, it has been his property coeval with the first perception of his reason, and always equally accompanied with the faculty of repaying in full the pleasure he received. Heaven bless, and grant him the continuance of that protection which it has already afforded him! I am happy to hear that



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you were so soon in the expectation of the return of my friend David, and hope you will allow me to share with you in that pleasure, whenever it comes to pass.

You will have known how much I have interested myself in the rebuilding of our parish church, and will be pleased to hear that we had divine service performed in it for the first time yesterday, to as full a congregation as it would hold. I was unexpectedly gratified by an appropriate sermon, with a prefatory prayer, both, in my judgment, of the first merit. This work undertaken from necessity, but attributed by my neighbours to a much more laudable motive, has afforded me five months of constant recreation, both of body and mind; and I verily believe that it has been the means of suspending the decay of both. What has given me most cause for regret is my inability to walk to the distance of the village; and the difference which it has more strongly impressed upon my mind than I ever felt it before, between executing a purpose from the instant of its impulse, and giving orders for many consecutive operations, and waiting for their tardy execution, with an equal chance of its being defeated at last by the coming (I love my neighbours too well to call it intrusion) of a long seated country visit. It just occurs to me to observe, that the kind of amusement to which I have been alluding is the most conformable of any to the last stage of mental infirmity, by engaging the attention upon corporeal objects, (like those of idolatrous worship,) which my day-labourers and I alike comprehend without effort, and like the better for that poor facility.

When you next indulge me with a letter, I shall be obliged to you, if you will let me know whether you are acquainted with Robert Owen, and his establishment of cotton, and the machinery of moral character, at New Lanark; because our fireside has been very much



amused and edified by two small publications bearing his name, and asserting pretensions, which we should have deemed incredible, if he did not appeal to the people of his own institution, and to many of the first characters of both kingdoms for the truth of them.

Mrs. Hastings is variably, but generally well, and joins with me in affectionate regards to Mrs. Anderson and yourself, and kind remembrances to your brother and sister.

I do not think that the late attempt to excite seditious disturbances in London yield, much cause for alarm. It seems to have been, both in design and execution, well calculated to discourage any better concerted purpose, and is therefore so far good.

You will grieve for the loss of our dear friend, General Palmer. I have some time expected it, and long relinquished the hope of seeing him again. These considerations allay, but cannot totally extinguish the regret of the last, I had almost said eternal, separation; for it is not easy to discriminate our sense of that separation from a better expectation suggested by reason, and confirmed by revelation. Adieu, my dear friend. Yours most affectionately.

To E. B. IMPEY, Esq.

Daylesford House, 19th December, 1816

My dear Elijah,—Yesterday was my eighty-fourth birth-day, and I actually had my pen in my hand, prepared to congratulate you on the occasion, perhaps in anticipation of your congratulation, the sentiment of which I know to be always present in your breast, whether obtruded or not into formal expression; but I had suffered other occupations to precede it, and I had neither time, mind, nor strength left for all the employment which I had designed for the subject of my letter, and I therefore adjourned it to this morning.



I could account in a similar manner for not executing the purpose to which I was strongly impelled on the receipt of your poetry on Halhed's luted tea-cups. It was not, however, for want of a due impulse to blazon its worth; for I put it to a test which would have marred nine at least out of ten compositions of accidental merit that had been submitted to it. I read the lines to our family party, prefacing the lecture with the praises due to it, and an assurance that they would lose nothing of the promised admiration, but receive it improved by the prepossession; and they all assured me that it was so. One of the most conspicuous excellencies of your poetry consists, in my attribution of it, in the harmony of its numbers. This I think observable in an uncommon degree on that of the present subject, to which you have given a new beauty of a very different, and certainly very difficult, kind; that is, if I can make my own ideas intelligible, a three-fold metaphor carried on through a collected series of opposite allusions, to the powers of original composition, mechanic skill, and those powers of criticism, all united in their common relation to the reparation of broken china, with the coalition of all with two subjects as opposite as excellence and inanity can make them, our friend Halhed and Vancouvre. A small portion of the same judgment and imagination, well distributed, would go a great way towards the creation of an epic poem.

Mrs. Hastings desires me to inquire how Lady Impey, dear Marian, and yourself are, and when you leave Brighton; with her affectionate regards, and the added, and best wishes of the season to those always extant. I pray you also to present and accept of mine, and by their especial commission, of Sir Charles and

Lady Imhoff's.

I must not conclude my letter without announcing

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the restoration of divine service to the renovated church of Daylesford, under every auspicious circumstance, from which the blessing of God could be inferred on the past work and its consummation. I shall be gratified by the opportunity, whenever you can give it to me, of showing it to you. God bless you, my dear friend, ever yours.

To DAVID ANDERSON, Esq.

Daylesford House, February, 1817.

My dear Friend,-My last letter to you was dated the 10th of December, and your last to me the 8th of the same month. I congratulate you, though late, on David's safe return, and on the best proof which he could produce of the profitable employment of his travels-your attestation of it. Not biassed by a sense of paternal privation, my wishes for the return of my godson will be gratified by a later accomplishment of them. In the mean time, if you can tell me by what direction a letter from me may have a chance of reaching his hands, I should like to avail myself of it to write to him. His delicacy has made him (purposely I know) withhold from me that information. I am particularly pleased with his episodical excursion to Tangiers, as it afforded him a new view of men and manners which he could not have acquired from the information of other adventurers, and which their separation into parts would deprive them of, the aggregate sense produced by their united comprehension. If I live, I will lay claim to the privilege of seeing his

I will not affect to receive unexpectedly your approbation of my little tract. Was it not for the obloquy which Mr. Nash has cast on the name of the Prince Regent, I would solicit his royal highness's patronage of the general design: but the buildings now rearing

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their fine shapes in the very face of Carlton House would make any attempt of that kind a reflection on my own loyalty; and besides my reverence for the principle, the personal attachment which I bear to him is equal to that of the most favoured of his subjects.

I am afraid we have not yet seen the worst of our public distresses. There is an axiom in political economy which will work its own effect with a certain consummation, in defiance of all reasoning and legislation; and it is this: every year adds to the past debt, and to the necessity of its annual augmentation. It is, therefore, in a rapid course of approximation to that point at which the national disbursements shall be equal to the national income; at which it seems demonstrative, that neither will the debt be susceptible of payment, nor the public creditors of the means which the public interest yielded of subsistence, nor the Government of its powers of motion. I suppose we are not far from that period; and whenever we are so near to it as to feel it a subject of general belief, that very belief will render the final ruin unavoidable. This brings us precisely to the point of "your round game at cards," in which we shall be in debt to each other, and having neither money to pay, nor counters to play, break up by mutual necessity and mutual consent.

In a former letter (I believe the last) I mentioned that our literary circle had been much entertained by a book written by Robert Owen of New Lanark. Can

you give me any account of him?

We purpose going to town in a few days; that is, if we can, to be present at the Court on the Queen's birth-day; and, without any reason which I could satisfactorily explain, I think I ought to show myself in town; as at sea in a tempest, I could not keep my cabin, though I did no good, and was in the officers' way.

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We neither of us ever lose you and your dear lady out of our remembrance, and recommend ourselves to yours with every kind regard and good wishes to yourselves, to Miss Anderson, David, and your brother James. I am, my dear friend, most truly and affectionately yours.

To GEORGE NESEITT THOMPSON, Esq.

Daylesford House, 22d February, 1817.

My dear Thompson,—I answer your kind letter today, though a Saturday, because I may not be able to-morrow. My first and best news is, that Mrs. Hastings is free from what I may assuredly call her rheumatic complaint, and I look to the symptoms of her health only as the indications of her probable ability, or not, to perform our journey to town, now meditated for the 1st of March, to give to our friends time to

complete their preparations to receive us.

I shall take my memoir to town and will reprint it, if there is no claim of copyright in my way. My hookseller writes that it is out of print, i.e., forgotten. I intend to apply to the Chairman for leave to take a copy of my original salt minute. This is now become necessary in my own defence; for Sir Thomas Barnard, after desiring me to send him immediately the corrections of his postscript, and receiving them by the returning post, published his own erroneous state of the transaction, just as it stood in the draft which you saw of his intended publication. This conduct surprises me; for in my answer I almost in terms protested against what he had proposed to write, as it represented Mr. Vansittart as the inventor of the design, and hardly left me, or, as he calls it, "my genius," a share in the execution. My words are concise, and I will copy them :--

"The first conception, as well as the essay, on which the first and partial trial of the new mode was made,



was entirely my own. It was not till the commencement of the next season that the entire plan was adopted and carried into action, with all its subordinate parts; and then it was that Mr. H. Vansittart was selected for nomination, if not (as I believe he was) actually nominated by myself, to be placed at the head of the department," &c. I added afterwards:-" It is the only instance, in the course of a government of thirteen years, in which a great and lasting measure of finance was devised by myself, and carried into execution by my own separate and pledged responsibility." I am angry; but I shall cool before I get to town. In the mean time I will suppose some possible mistake to have happened; but it has confirmed me in the resolution to bring the original project, unconnected with its debatable matter, before the public.

I am tempted to acquaint you with a more pleasing, though less interesting discovery. On Tuesday last I ordered Dadge to take out the frame of freestone which closes the east termination of the ventilator of the ceiling, or cove, between the roof and body of the church, in order to see whether the rain had penetrated the slates, or the mildew or dry rot infected the timbers. Dadge entered the passage; found all dry, sound, and clean, and a torrent of air that no candle could have withstood if he had carried one. This was the object that I had most at heart, speculating that every sunshine would rarify and blow out the air within, and every cold blast compress it, so as to keep it in a perpetual state of alternation and refreshment.

I offer you, on trust, Mrs. Hastings's best regards, and am myself, my dear Thompson, ever affectionately.

To DAVID ANDERSON, Esq.

Daylesford House, 17th May, 1817.

My dear Friend,-I hasten to answer your kind



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letter, though this is not a post day; but the earnest solicitude which you express to know the present state of my health demands this return of attention from me; and I am so easily put out of my way, that I cannot answer for my actions beyond the present moment.

I have had a long confinement from sickness, not, I think, of that kind that can be attributed to the habit. The immediate cause was the rupture of an artery with the extraction of a large tooth, and a hæmorrhage which followed it of several hours' duration, though its effect in the final debility produced by it did not manifest itself till the second day after the accident. Since that time I have been rapidly advancing in strength, and am not conscious that my health during the whole process has undergone any derangement. I have made trial of my strength since my return, by two excursions in my garden, and am convinced that I am as stout at least as I was before my departure from home on the 1st of March. We returned to this place on the 8th of this month. I reckon it among the memorable incidents of this period, that on the 13th of March, being the only day that I had been able to attend our club of Indians, every member of it that could did give his attendance, for the assigned purpose of marking their personal regard, to the number of thirty-nine in the company, with every demonstration of it that such an occasion admitted. I can neither describe the manner of it, nor (yet much less) its effects on my sensations. These are the honours after which my soul has aspired; viz., the testimony of those, with whom I have participated in so many modes and degrees, the different relations of society, and implicating the corresponding sentiments of many besides to whom I am personally unknown.

I am ashamed to have occupied so large a portion of



my letter about myself, but the nature of your inquiry naturally led me so near to this digression, that I fell into it before I was aware of the transition. There was a time, and that not very distant, when a flight of this kind, if the close of my letter was protracted to another day, would have cost me the abolition of all that I had previously written; but I can no longer afford to waste time and my scanty means in correction.

It is a great consolation to Mrs. Hastings and myself, that your first intimation of Mrs. Anderson's late illness was accompanied with the assurance of her convalescence, which we hope will be followed, if it has not already attained it, by her perfect restoration, and that you will have the goodness to announce it to us.

I expect much from the continuation of Hastings's travels. I should not say to his father that I should be pleased with his extending them to the full attainment of as much knowledge as may be reasonably hoped from that species of discipline, because I am persuaded that his stamina will acquire enduration from that exercise of them at the same time.

Mrs. Hastings is, I flatter myself, much improved by our visit to London, though she alarmed us much one night by a sudden and violent attack of the pleurisy; but it lasted only a few days, and passed

without any durable consequence.

I unite with my dear Mrs. Hastings in the truest sentiments of friendship for Mrs. Anderson, yourself, your sister, and my friend, who (I am glad to find, or please myself with that construction of the sentence in which you mention him) is become a fixed inmate in the house of his father. Heaven bless you all, my dear friend! Yours most affectionately ever.

Sunday, 18th May. Before the ink was quite dry on the letters of my name, the postman brought me a

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letter from my godson, dated from Naples. I am pleased with the coincidence, and happy to learn that he was well, though I gather that information by inference from the manner in which he speaks of the plan of his subsequent line of progress rather than from direct expression. My blessing attends him.

To E. B. IMPEV, Esq.

Daylesford House, May, 1817.

My dear Elijah,-You have employed me on an ungrateful service, in which I have succeeded accordingly, that is, not at all. Perhaps it was not to be expected, that a spirit employed in the contemplation of the finest feelings of moral and physical reality should descend to seek for their likenesses in a forced application of them to the gross instruments of " love and murder." But the answer made to my reference was in pretty plain terms, that the much superior powers of the English poet were unworthily wasted on a translation of a German original, * of which she had declared her dislike while it retained its first form and composition. As to myself I recognize the melody which distinguishes all your poetry, and forms the best character of this; and there my criticism necessarily stops.

I am sorry for the report of Lord Liverpool's intended resignation; because I always approved of his conduct as a minister, and still more as a Parliamentary orator; and I am glad that this was my opinion of him before it was biassed by any prejudice of my own concern; for I learned at the time, from a noble friend, who might, by suppression only, have let it pass for his own act, that the intention of giving me a seat in the Privy Council arose from his said Lordship's recommendation. I add with pleasure, and as his due

^{*} Theodore Körner's celebrated song of the Sword.

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the name of that friend ;-it was Lord Sidmouth. A peculiar fatality seems to have been attached to my political fortune; that every effort of my own to promote it has invariably failed, and sometimes with discredit; but where it has succeeded, the success has been derived from causes unforescen by myself, like "Malvolio's greatness, thrust upon him." I dare not trust my self-love to enumerate the instances. Though I have feebly answered to your appeal on one critical question, I am strongly tempted to propose one to you, of a very different nature, namely, by what appellation a husband ought to designate his wife in an address to a very superior authority. Is there any decent word in our language that can be substituted for the word, "my wife?" You will guess at the nature of this inquiry, and its allusion.*

I have accomplished a short—a very short—noon's walk, and am delighted with the warmth of it. It ought to be remembered, that we are not yet advanced

beyond the 18th of our poetical May.

Continue at your leisure to write to me, and dispense with regular answers. You can interest on any subject; but your dear mother's health, your sister's health, and your own, will never fail. Present and accept the affectionate remembrances of our family; and be you all blest.

To DAVID ANDERSON, Esq.

Daylesford House, 22d December, 1817.

My dear and respectable Friend,—My dear godson, for whose return, as connected with his personal safety, I have for some time since felt an increasing anxiety proportionate to the increased duration of his absence, is happily returned to the bosom of his family, pos-

This was answered on the high authority of Shakspeare, by quoting the passage where Othello demands from the Venetian Senate "fit exhibition for his wife,"



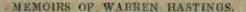
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sessed of health, the well-employed exercise of his intellectual faculties, and an enlargement of his knowledge of mankind. This is the tenth or eleventh day since your letter has apprised me of his arrival without having yet drawn from me the expression of that mutual gratulation which it might have been expected to excite. This instance may serve more than the most minute detail of my way of life, to show of how many impediments, internal and external, it consists, to the correct intercourse of my duties with society. I heartily congratulate you, and dear Mrs. Anderson, on this event, and on the possession of two such sons, to bless and cheer the long, I hope, remainder of your united lives; and not to bless and cheer alone, but to add to the length of them. May the Almighty grant it; and may the approaching festival of this closing year, and the progress of the next, afford an earnest of those that are to come!

Perhaps at some not very remote period of time (for I have not much to spare), some friend coming for a temporary purpose from your son Hastings's neighbourhood to London, may afford him a safe opportunity of entrusting him with the conveyance of his journal for my perusal—for ours, I should say;—in that case I promise as quick a despatch and return of it, by the same, or any other means, that may be enjoined. It will not hurt him to be read by his warmest admirers.

The account which your last letter gives of Mrs. Anderson's health, though concise, encourages our hope that it was in a state of amelioration. Of your own health you say nothing, and I trust from presumptive evidence of not inconsiderable weight that it is at least not bad.

I believe the hand of Government, opportunely lent to the aid of husbandry, might in all seasons prove o





essential benefit to it; but it is at all times so implicated with the superior claims of finance, that these will for ever interfere with the equitable application of the measures professedly advanced for that purpose. My chilleys, which are the only remaining branch of my charge in the farm or garden, furnish me with a good analogical criterion of the productive powers of the land in other more important articles of cultivation. I used to raise them, till the fruit was set, in common frames, and afterwards transplanted them into the open air. The last year my crop totally failed, except a few which were raised in the hot-house, so called, but not heated. This year all my out-door plants failed; those under glass, which were very numerous, have yielded abundantly, but ripened about six weeks of computation later.

I myself am almost as much debarred from the sources of the knowledge of Indian affairs as you describe yourself to be; but from the little that has transpired, so as to come within my reach, I think the Mahrattas no longer possess their ancient constitutional union, which recurred on every recurrence of common danger, though ready to dissolve on its removal, and thus leave them at liberty to adopt the principles of independent policy. But I ground my hopes of an exemption from a near state of warfare, from the operation of a better principle; which I will endeavour to explain, though at the expense of a double postage, because I think that, in the course of my argument, I shall find

you prepossessed with my opinion.

Nobody knows better than you do, how assiduous the people of India are in studying the characters of others with whom they have any concerns, their skill in detecting the talents, weaknesses, designs and propensities of their opponents, and in concealing their own; having less recourse to general policy than to encounter



errors in the conduct opposed to them. The most notorious instance of this practice that I ever knew was that which was observed by Hyder in, I think, his first war with the Government of Fort St. George. Our defence consisted of two unconnected armies, one commanded by an able officer, General Smith; the other by Colonel Wood, one very deficient. Hyder avoided General Smith, and eluded all his attempts to bring him to an action, while he acted on the weak understanding of Colonel Wood by feints and shows of attack, by appearances of forces in different quarters, but never proceeding to a direct attack but when he was sure of his advantage. By this time the character of Lord Hastings must be well known, and duly appreciated. They will know him to be a man of superior talents, steady of purpose, and determined; for these he is. They will therefore have no inducement to commence an unprovoked attack upon him, and much to dread the consequences, if they did. I believe, too, that he has hitherto manifested rather a desire of contracting the limits of our territorial possessions than of enlarging them: they have nothing of course to fear from his ambition; and they who have ambitious designs of their own will wait till they have a shabby Governor-general to cope with. These are my reasons for believing, that we shall have peace in his time. [[hope I am not liable to the sin of parody.] In the mean time I hear that the Court of Directors are pleased with the Marquis. This, too, will be known, and will help to raise his diplomatic interest. You will recollect that I profess to write from conjecture and deduction, not knowledge.

My time, though continued to a second day of writing, is almost at the post hour, and I must hasten to the close of my letter. Mrs. Hastings desires me to say everything that is kind on her behalf, to you, Mr. An-



derson, and your sons, adding to Hastings: "He must let us see his journal." I am sorry to say, that she has not been well since the death of our beloved and lamented princess. In truth it has sickened us all. Sir Charles and Lady Imhoff desire to add their kind remembrances. I, mine, of course, with prayers for your happiness, and all our appropriate wishes of the season. I pray you also to offer my most friendly regards to your brother James. I wish you, when you see Lord Haddington, to assure his Lordship, with my respects. that I receive with more than common pleasure the frequent notices of his remembrance. I am ever, my very dear friend, yours most affectionately.

I have spoken of the last two years of Mr. Hastings's life, as if to describe their tenor in detail would affect the reader with melancholy only; and I have assigned as my reason the fact. that they furnish evidence of little else than the gradual decay of the powers of a great mind, and the breaking up of the frame in which, for fourscore and six years, it had been lodged. I think that I am bound to modify, if I do not retract these assertions. There is nothing to sadden in the contemplation of a noble spirit struggling to the last against the infirmities of the flesh; and preparing to go back, disciplined even by suffering, to Him who gave it. Neither am I justified in drawing conspicuously into view, the evidences, comparatively slight and of rare occurrence, of the havoc which old age was making in its faculties. The following letter to Mr. Impey, written but a few months previous to

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his demise, exhibits Mr. Hastings in a light entirely distinct from that of the dotard. It is worthy of the best days of his manhood; and shows that, when roused by circumstances, the mind could still, despite of the body's weakness, both feel and reason as it used to do a quarter of a century previously.

To E. B. IMPEY, Esq.

Daylesford House, 19th April, 1818.

My dear Elijah,-I will not affect to regret the trouble which I have given you; for I know that you not unreluctantly submitted to it, and I have gained by it both useful and profitable knowledge. You have taught me one truth, not professedly intending it; that the only materials of authentic history are those which have been compiled by writers who have written so long after the events which they relate as to have had no interest in them. I think, I know two exceptions, viz., Coxe's histories of the lives of Lord Orford and Lord Walpole; for both contain copious evidences of the facts which establish them. But even this author allows himself the privilege of exercising his own judgment under so fair a sanction that his opinion may pass for a verification. By your account of Dr. Aikin, he delivers a false or imperfect impression of facts without falsifying the facts themselves, as in an especial instance where, alluding to my reception of Cheyt Sing at Buxar, he negatively says: "of which different accounts have been given." This is candour and impartiality with a vengeance. I cannot pursue the observations of your letter, because there are days in which my sight, and the memory of connected sentences, both together fail me; but I think that an historian that neglects to develop the truth from a well attested



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anecdete, like the following, corroborated by personal character, and the combinations of concurrent acts and declarations, is unfit to be trusted as one. Previous to the day on which the article of Benares was debated, the ministerial members had received instructions to give their votes against it. At an early hour of that morning, Mr. Dundas called on Mr Pitt, awoke him from his sleep, and engaged him in a contest of three hours' duration, which ended in an inversion of the ministerial question; of which it was my chance to be apprised the same morning. The fact has appeared in print, the change of votes is an attestation of it, one member only, Lord Mulgrave, refusing to submit to so base a prostitution of his word. But I must stop; for my mind forsakes me. I thank you for your beneficial exertion; and shall concern myself no more with contemporaneous history.

God bless you, my dear friend. Add my blessing of your dear mother, and the dear Marian, with Mrs.

Hastings's, to mine. Your affectionate.

At the moment when the preceding letter was written, the hand of death had already fallen upon Mr. Hastings. I do not think, from what I find in his Diary, that either to himself, or to the affectionate group which surrounded him, this truth was fully known, yet a comparison between the entry for the 19th of January, and the nature of the disease which ultimately carried him off, leaves no reason to doubt that the case was so. The memorandum in question runs thus:—"I have laboured for near a fortnight, with an inflammation in the roof of my mouth, and an inability to eat

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solids." There is no further notice taken of this malady, except to describe the means which were from time to time applied, for the purpose of removing it; but I cannot discover that they proved efficacious. On the contrary, other infirmities, arising out of it, seem to have grown upon him from day to day; and as they are faithfully set down, though without one word of bitterness or even of complaint, I should scarce do justice to his memory, were I to pass them by. How touching, I had almost said how full of poetry, are the following:—

"May 21st. Heated, and my nerves shaken by walking. This is the third day that I have been affected with the confused sounds, as of distant multitudes.

"22nd. I have been visited by confused and indistinct sensations, as of the sounds of distant multitudes. I date their first perception from the 20th,—at times resembling slow music—but its effect!!!

" 23rd. The same, whether sensible or imaginary,

not distinguishable."

How mysterious this communion of unearthly voices, with the spirit hovering, as it were, on the brink of the great gulf,—how sublime the idea, that they should have spoken to the soul of the righteous man, in the tones 'of low music!'

From the date of this entry, Mr. Hastings continued gradually to sink, though not without frequent efforts of the constitution to rally. I find him, for example, on the 31st, so far improved that he is able to attend divine service in the parish



church; while on the 13th of July he took an airing in the carriage. But the fiat had gone forth which told out the number of his days, and all the care of his friends, and the skill of his physicians, availed not to counteract it. There is something, to my taste, touching, yet sacred in the extreme, in the tone of the great man's Diary, as it is thenceforth kept—a mere record of bodily sufferings,—inscribed too in characters which sufficiently indicate the approach of the moment which should arrest their progress for ever. Take, as a specimen, the following extracts, beginning with that which describes the occurrences of the 13th:—

"I took an airing after dinner in the coach, with Mrs. Hastings. In leaving it I was seized with staggering, I sent for Mr. Haynes, who took from me about seven ounces of blood. The bandage loosening, I lost much more. After the operation I slept a little, and awoke in great and universal agitation, which ceased with the second discharge of blood. I slept well, and awoke as usual, but with additional weakness.

"14th. Mrs. H. wrote an excuse to the Duke of Gloucester, who was engaged to come on Thursday, and sent Robert with the letter.

"15th. Robert returned early with an answer, written after a music meeting at Gloucester. I have passed this day unexpectedly and regretfully well.

"16th. I passed an unquiet night, and arose with my

limbs weak and shaken.

"19th. My health better, but strength much diminished. I dined alone. I sat in the great chair much of the middle of the night, and afterwards in the bed; lay till late.

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"20th. I awoke with my throat much swelled, and a difficulty of swallowing; at breakfast, continued unabated, which I took alone, but without pain, and my appetite the same as it has been, unchanged through all other variations. At night I took ten grains of magnesia, with rhubarb. I cannot recollect the loss of time, but ascribe the past events of this day to weakness.

" 21st. ---"

Alas!! there is no entry on the 21st. The figures stand there on the margin of the leaf, but the leaf itself is a blank. Mr. Hastings's Diary was never afterwards resumed. It is well, perhaps, under these circumstances, that I am still enabled to carry on my story in the words of one who witnessed the sufferings of the illustrious patient, and did his best to lessen them. The following is from Sir Charles Imhoff to Mr. David Anderson, of St. Germain's, and I would not substitute for its unaffected statement of facts, any narrative of my own.

To DAVID ANDERSON, Esq.

Daylesford House, Chipping Norton, 12th August, 1818.

My dear Sir,—I grieve to tell you that our valuable friend Mr. Hastings has been very ill, and is still suffering much by a complaint that has affected the throat, and almost entirely prevented the power of deglutition. This disease has been attended occasionally by fever, and we have been in a state of great uneasiness and suspense; however, I think I may venture to add that I perceive a considerable amendment. He took his breakfast yesterday with some little degree of comfort, and to-day he has repeated the same, with additional ease—therefore I pray that I may have it in



my power to write you more favourable accounts in the course of a few days. Our dear friend talked much of you yesterday, and of Mrs. Anderson, and expressed his joy that your son Hastings was recovered from so severe an indisposition. I beg you to be assured of the pleasure we derive from this circumstance, and we will thank you to remember us kindly to him, as likewise to Mr. David Anderson.

We hope Mrs. Anderson is recovered from her late severe illness; assure her, I pray you, of our kindest remembrance. Accept the best affection of Mr. Hastings, and distribute the best regard to all your circle. I am, my dear Sir, yours faithfully.

C. IMHOFF.

The hopes held out by Sir Charles Imhoff, and greedily welcomed by the gentleman to whom they were offered, were not destined to receive their accomplishment. Mr. Hastings grew perceptibly worse from hour to hour, till in the end all power of deglatition failed him. I cannot describe, with the fidelity of those who witnessed it, the extent of his patience under such a load of suffering, or the gentleness with which he smiled upon the anxious faces that were gathered round his couch, bidding them look up to the God in whom he trusted. But one remarkable trait of the tenderness and undying nature of his love for the wife of his bosom, and his friend and companion through so many years of vicissitudes, it would ill become me to omit. On the 3rd of August, just nineteen days previous to his decease, when the malady 520

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which preyed upon his vitals had attained its height, and the certainty of a speedy deliverance was strong upon him, he dictated the following letter to his old and faithful friend Mr. Toone. The Court of Directors did not feel themselves called upon to attend to the dying request of the most illustrious man whom their service had ever produced, but that is a matter with which I, as his biographer, have no concern. His letter to Mr. Toone ran thus:—

To S. TOONE, Esq.

Daylesford House, 3d August, 1818.

My dearest Friend,-I impose upon myself the last office of communication between you and me, to inform you that a few hours remain which are to separate us from each other for ever, and I was willing to perform it with my own hand; but on a slight trial I have found it beyond my remaining powers, and the hand that writes this is as authentic and equally dear to me as my own. The infliction that must end me is a total privation of the function of deglutition, which is equivalent to the extremity of hunger by the inability to take nourishment. I have called you by the only appellation that language can express, my "yar wooffadar," my profitable friend; for such, with every other quality of friendship, I have ever experienced yours to be in all our mutual intercourse, and my heart has returned it (unprofitably I own) but with equal sentiments of the purest affection. In the approaching hour I feel but one mixed interest, I mean the loss of the annuity which I derive from my benefactors the East India Company, which must cease with my life, and leave the dearest object of all my mortal concerns in a state



of more than comparative indigence. This is not one to which she ought to be reduced, for she has been the virtual means of supporting the powers of life and action by which in so long an interval (I think thirteen years) I was enabled to maintain their affairs in vigour, strength, credit, and respect; and in one instance especially, when she was in the city of Patna, and I in a seat of greater danger, she proved the personal means of guarding one province of their Indian dominion from impending ruin by her own independent fortitude and presence of mind, varying with equal effect as every variation of event called upon her for fresh exertions of it. My own conscience assuredly attests that I myself have not been wanting in my duty to my respectable employers, and I require no further return than the continuance of that reward which they have thought proper equally to confer on my services and sufferings; the latter have been great, but not without their reward from my country. I allude to them only, though I feel them with the deepest gratitude. Whatever causes may have occasionally, and in the midst of contending opinions, partially drawn their benevolence from me, I quit the world and their service, to which I shall conceive myself to the latest moment that I draw my breath still devotedly attached, in the firm belief that in the efficient body of the Court of Directors I leave not an individual ill affected towards me. I do not express my full feelings. I believe them all to be kindly, generously disposed towards me; and to the larger and constituent body, I can only express a hope that, if there are any of a different sentiment, the number is but few, for they have supported me when I thought myself abandoned by all the other powers from whom I ever thought myself entitled to that benefit.

The appeal which I now make I could not deliver without a sense of presumption to the Court of Direc-



tors themselves. I hope I do not carry that presumption too far in approaching them through you, my declared and beloved friend, into whose hands I commit it, without further expression,—indeed I have already exhausted its last powers. My latest prayers shall be offered for their service; for the welfare of my beloved country; and for that also of the land whose interests were so long committed to my partial guardianship, and for which I feel a sentiment in my departing hours not alien from that which is due from every subject to his own. To you, my friend, I close with my grateful thanks for the many proofs I have received of your friendship, and my prayers for every individual of your blessed family. Adieu.

Having read over and signed this letter, Mr. Hastings felt that his business with the world was ended. He turned his attention, therefore, exclusively, as far as extreme bodily suffering would allow, to other and holier concerns; and, surrounded by a group of true and mourning friends, by Mrs. Hastings, Sir Charles and Lady Imhoff, his nephew; Mr. Woodman and Mrs. Woodman, Mrs. Hastings's niece, he received, at the hands of the clergyman of the parish, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. But why continue these details? Let two of those who were present when the event occurred describe how this great and good man gave up the ghost. Of the following letters, one is from the pen of Mrs. Barton, a lady to whom Mr. Hastings had stood godfather, and from whom he never, throughout



many vicissitudes of fortune, withdrew his regard. The other, blistered with the tears which she shed while she was writing, came from Mr. Hastings's beloved daughter-in-law, the present Lady Imhoff. I trust she will pardon me for having put upon record a document which does so much honour to her true and gentle heart.

To DAVID ANDERSON, Esq.

Daylesford, 23d August, 1818.

My dear Sir,—Sir C. Imhoff's letter will have prepared you for the heart-rending intelligence I have now the pain to communicate to you, of the death of the most perfect of human beings (the indulgent friend and parent of my life), our beloved and most dear Mr.

Hastings!

He had been ill nearly six weeks; and from its first approach, his illness bore an alarming aspect, and his sufferings were very great indeed—borne with uncomplaining fortitude, the most touching meekness of temper, and pious resignation to the will of God. But his last moments, we have the consolation to know, were, by the skill and attention of Sir H. Halford, rendered easy; and his pure and gentle spirit quitted its earthly abode yesterday evening at seven, without a struggle or even a sigh.

Sir C. Imhoff would, I am sure, have performed this melancholy task of writing to you, but he is much indisposed, and unable to exert himself; and to me it is a particular and soothing satisfaction to pay respectful attention to the feelings of those who were so dear as you were to the heart and esteem of my ever dear and

beloved Mr. Hastings.

Your last letter was read to him, and he expressed the most affectionate interest in the welfare of you and

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yours. I am, my dear Sir, in the deepest affliction for the dreadful, dreadful loss I have sustained, yours very truly and sincerely,

MARIAN BARTON.

From Lady Imhoff to the same.

Daylesford House, 26th August, 1818.

My dear Sir, -Sir Charles has just received your letter, so full of feeling and anxious inquiries after our adored friend. You will have learnt the sad, sad news from the pen of Mrs. Barton. But to such friends of our blessed saint's, as you and yours ever were. I cannot resist taking up my pen to explain to you why you did not have the most painful tidings either from Imhoff or myself, rather than from a common acquaintance. Mrs. Barton had written the letter before I had gained composure enough for the purpose; and Imhoff was so much indisposed in body, as well as afflicted in mind, that he was confined to his bed. I thank you, my dear Sir, for asking so particularly after me, because, knowing the attachment that my heart and soul bore to that heavenly being, I am sure you would well say, "Where was Lady Imhoff?" Thank heaven! I was for the last month close to his bed and couch side, with his adored hand in mine, and to my lips; and often has he waved it over my head, and said, "God bless you, my dear Charlotte"-which blessings have rooted deep in my sorrowing heart: for as his sad sufferings ended, mine and ours began, to last as long as we have breath. Oh, such sweetness! such kindness! such patience! such affectionate thanks for little kindnesses and attentions, that our hearts ever prompted, was enough to break them before they had finished their duty. I gave the adored and patient sufferer the last thing he took, a mouthful of cold water, and for which he put his blessed hand on mine. for he could not then speak, and in one hour after, his



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pure spirit was taken to heaven, without our knowing exactly when it fled, for it left his beloved, benign countenance without a trace of pain or suffering upon it; and it is still the feast of my eyes (if such an expression can be understood as I feel it), and the exact counterpart of the marble bust in the library. Dearest Mrs. Hastings, and Imhoff, and Mrs. and Miss Barton Not one impatient expression ever were around him. escaped him. Never did he ask or wish for medical advice; he always said, "Surely at my age it is time to go;" and he all along said. "God only can do me good;" and to our anxious hope of his being better, he would say, "My dear, why wish me to live to suffer thus? none of you know what I suffer." It was the vitals that were attacked; and the heat within his throat and left side was, I am convinced, dreadful. Nothing gave him any satisfaction (and that was momentary) but the coldest water in his mouth, for the power of deglutition having long failed, nothing went into the stomach; and when Sir Henry Halford saw this sad, emaciated, patient sufferer, he said, that he had, ever since the attack in the throat, lived on his own substance. He gave us the only consolation in his power, which was, that everything had been done that could be done. One of the latest true pleasures he had, was hearing me read to him your letter to my husband; and in my hearing he blest you all. Our poor dear Mrs. Hastings, deeply as she is, and must long be, affected, bears up as well as we could possibly expect. Oh, my dear Sir, you who knew him, can fee for us in the ever-to-be-deplored, irreparable loss we have had in such a sincere, angelic friend; but God has, I am sure, placed him in the best of his house, where "he has many mansions;" and perhaps he is now our guardian angel, as I told him I hoped he would be, if the Almighty judged fit to rob us of our



treasure in this world. Farewell, my dear Sir; my love to dear Mrs. Anderson, and kindest compliments to Miss Anderson, and kindest regards to your sons. Did poor dear Mrs. Hastings know I was writing, I should be charged with everything kind from her. Always your sincere, faithful, and obliged friend,

CHARLOTTE IMHOFF.

P. S. I fear you will scarcely be able to read what I have with much difficulty seen to write. Imhoff charges me to give his affectionate regards to you and yours.

Thus died, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. the Right Honourable Warren Hastings, of whom it may with truth be affirmed, that, whether we look to his public or his private career,-to the eminent services which he rendered to his country, or to the many graces and virtues which adorned his individual character, -neither his own nor any other age has produced a man more entitled to a nation's gratitude, more deserving of the love and reverence of all who enjoyed the privilege of his familiar acquaintance. Of the public character of that great and good man, I do not think that I am here required to say one word. The unvarnished record of his proceedings is now before the public; and if it fail to establish his claim to be accounted both an upright and a sagacious statesman, everything like panegyric, whether proceeding from me or from others better qualified to speak his praise, must fall pointless to the ground. For Mr. Hastings's merits are not like those of men less



severely tried, to be set forth by an array of generalities however skilfully put together. It would but insult his memory were I to describe him, for example, as brave, patient, persevering, longsighted, and industrious. He was all this, and a great deal more; he belonged to that class, limited in point of numbers, in extent of moral influence on their own and succeeding generations defying all our powers of computation, who win empires or preserve them, in despite of difficulties and discouragements such as men of a grasp of mind less comprehensive by a single hair's-breadth, would have refused to encounter. Mr. Hastings's claim to the admiration of the wise and the good must therefore be judged of by the history of his whole life. It would be worse than idle, were I, at the close of a narrative like the present, to seek, in a few well-turned and laboured sentences, to set them forth

But while I thus express myself, let me not forget to remind the reader that Mr. Hastings was not only great in his public capacity, but good. As the individual appointed to preserve and consolidate the British empire in Asia, he never, indeed, permitted, his energies to slumber. He restored order, in times of peace, to provinces which were in absolute confusion when he received them; and established a system of administration, under which, had it been acted upon perseveringly,

the resources of the country would have been, even in his own day, fully developed. So also when war came, he met it boldly; and in spite of the ceaseless opposition of those with whom it was appointed him to consult, he brought it to a triumphant conclusion. But this is not all. Mr. Hastings, against whom the Commons of England brought the charge, among others, that he cruelly oppressed the natives of India, and laid their country waste, was, by these natives of every rank and class, looked up to as a father; and is still spoken of by their descendants as the greatest benefactor to their race of all whom their European masters ever set over them. I cannot think of referring the reader, while discussing such a subject, to the addresses and testimonials which, during the progress of his trial, poured in upon Mr. Hastings from all parts of India. These are not, indeed, without their value, and might, if they stood alone, be appealed to as affording abundant proof that his humanity was equal to his vigour. But tradition is, in cases of this sort, of much more value than contemporary evidence; and tradition, both local and general, as well in retired villages as at the seat of government, is all in Mr. Hastings's favour. There are three portraits suspended in the town hall of Calcutta, which no native from the interior ever approaches without doing homage to them, and one of these is the likeness of Warren Hastings.

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I believe that they who most delight in comparing illustrious men together have instituted no parallel between Mr. Hastings and any other Governor of British India than Lord Clive. "Lord Clive," it is said, "acquired for England her empire in the East; Mr. Hastings saved it. They were equally instruments adapted to the necessities of the times in which they lived, and equally deserve to be held in grateful remembrance by their country." Far be it from me to detract from the merits, or undervalue the services, of Lord Clive. The former were worthy of all honour, the latter were bravely and perseveringly carried through. Yet as the difficulties of his situation are not for a moment to be compared with those which Mr. Hastings was required to surmount, so I am quite sure that the debt of gratitude due at this hour to the memory of the great statesman is a thousandfold more pressing than that which England owes to her great warrior. For, in the first place, if Clive conquered an empire, he did so in the common course of events. He had a feeble enemy to oppose him, and he carried the might of England in his train. Whereas Mr. Hastings saved the same empire when assailed from without by the most formidable combination that ever threatened its existence, and enlarged its bounds, and consolidated its strength, not only without support from those





under which he acted, but in direct opposition to their wishes. And finally, supposing the merits of the two men to have been equal, how stands the balance of their rewards? Lord Clive returned to England enormously rich; he was raised to the peerage; and, though persecuted for a while by the violence of faction, left his titles and his wealth to his children. Mr. Hastings came back with a fortune barely adequate to place him in the rank of a private gentleman; he was immediately arraigned as a criminal before the highest tribunal in the land, and, after a trial which continued throughout nine whole years, obtained an acquittal, and was reduced to beggary. I need not pursue the subject further. To Lord Clive, in his lifetime, a grateful country offered, in defiance of faction, many palpable marks of its favour. The same country owes to the memory of Mr. Hastings, not only the recompense of valuable services bestowed, but compensation for heavy wrongs inflicted, and never to this hour atoned for.

When we turn again to contemplate the private character of Mr. Hastings, we find it so richly endowed with all that connects man with his Maker; so full of gentleness, patience, long suffering, meekness, temperance; so true, so just, so generous, so placable, that a disposition to paint in detail is restrained by the apprehension, groundless



perhaps, yet not unnatural, lest the language of truth should be mistaken for that of prejudice, or, at all events, of exaggerated panegyric.

I cannot, however, after the full exposure which has been made to me of all Mr. Hastings's habits of thinking and of acting, speak of him in other terms than as the most amiable of his race. His genius, expansive as it was, and adapted to the highest place in the management of empires, seems to me to have been the attribute for which he least deserved the reverence of his fellow men. He was the tenderest and most affectionate of husbands; the kindest of masters; the truest and most disinterested of friends; charitable. giving to the term its just, because its most comprehensive meaning; liberal, high-minded, He had no faults, even of temper, unselfish. for that was calm and serene, and thoroughly disciplined; and to sum up all, his religion was at once deep, sincere, and unobtrusive. I repeat, that I have not been able, by all the researches which I have instituted, to discover in the character of Warren Hastings a single trait which I can venture to denounce as a fault, for his weaknesses, and weaknesses he doubtless had, were all of such a nature as to carry our best sympathies along with them, and enlist more and more our affections on the side of him whose greatness they





shaded, only so far as they brought his amiable and gentle feelings prominently into view.

It is not, however, by dwelling upon topics so general as these, that I can hope to convey to the minds of such as knew him not, any just idea of the sort of place which Mr. Hastings filled in society, after the cares and anxieties of office had ceased to perplex him. Let me rather draw the reader's attention to one or two minute details. for my knowledge of which I am indebted to one of Mr. Hastings's most valued friends, who, being himself a frequent guest at Daylesford, had the best opportunity of judging, and whose modesty alone prevents me from recording his name in connexion with the debt of kindness which I owe him. The following is the substance of much that he was good enough to write for my information, and which, but for a prohibition to the contrary, I should have greatly preferred giving in his own words.

"From the period when my intimacy with Mr. Hastings began," says my correspondent, "that is to say, from 1799 to the date of his lamented death, he resided chiefly in the country, with intermissions occasioned solely by visits to his friends, and now and then a month, or a portion of a month, spent in London. From the latter he never returned without the strongest expressions of predi-





lection for his own delightful home, where all his affections centered. Indeed, Mr. Hastings's tastes were essentially domestic; for though he lived in the constant interchange of a liberal hospitality with a distinguished and admiring neighbourhood, it was among his own guests, at his own table, in his own study, and in the bosom of his own family, that he appeared ever most like himself, and therefore to the greatest advantage." Of his habit of early rising, as well as of the manner in which he was accustomed to comport himself during the progress of the general breakfast, in which he never joined, I have already given an account; yet it was not on such occasions only that he ministered to their comforts, while he laboured to amuse, and to instruct both the guests of a day, and the members of his own household. Mr. Hastings was never at a loss for the most agreeable as well as edifying subjects of conversation; for he was alive at once to all the events that were passing both at home and abroad, and conversant not less with the grave than with the lighter literature of the day. Moreover, his mind, though deeply stored with moral and philosophical thought, was tinctured to a remarkable extent with classical elegance. He made, indeed, no pretensions to scholastic learning, and had so far, during the more active season of his life, lost the habit of pursuing it, that when leisure came he never thought

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seriously of resuming his studies, yet nobody could fail to perceive that at one period he must have been familiar with the best Greek and Latin authors; and that on the model which they offered, his own views of excellence in literary composition were formed. At the same time there was a peculiarity about his taste in these matters, which deserves notice. While Mr. Hastings praised, as they deserved, the authors, both ancient and modern, whom the universal judgment of scholars has placed at the head of their respective departments; his quotations, strange to say, were more frequently taken from Lucan, for example, than from either Homer or Virgil; from Young, than from Shakspeare or Milton. This is curious enough, especially with reference to Young, whose images are invariably as sombre as his train of thought is melancholy. Yet the circumstance may be accounted for, when we bear in mind that sympathy of feeling exercises in such cases a greater influence over our memories, at least, than the dictates of judgment. Let me not, however, be misunderstood. Grave and even sombre thought was not distasteful to Mr. Hastings; indeed his writings prove that he frequently indulged in it. Nevertheless his mind and conversation were both essentially cheerful, without however descending, under any circumstances, to the tolerance of levity. Mr. Hastings, capable, in no ordinary degree, of



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the exercise of wit, was keenly alive to the perception of it in others. He laughed heartily, could trifle with the gayest, and thought it not beneath him to relish a pun; but the most remote approach to ribaldry offended his taste, and never failed of receiving from him an immediate check.

Of the absolute unselfishness of Mr. Hastings's nature the reader is by this time aware. He was the most benevolent of human beings; yet in all his tenderness for the feelings of others,-in all his disregard of his own, he never lost sight of the grand principle of justice, without which benevolence degenerates into weakness. His warmest personal predilections could not hinder him from rebuking in those whom he loved a deviation from integrity, however slight; and these rebukes were invariably given with a gravity of which the most inconsiderate failed not to acknowledge the force. In like manner there was no exertion which he was not ready to make, provided he saw before him the prospect of benefiting a fellow-creature, were it only by raising him in his own esteem, and winning for him the good opinion of others. Over the reputations of his youthful friends in particular, and they were both numerous and sincerely attached, he used to watch with more than parental anxiety; and he never omitted an opportunity of leading them on to increased exertion, by assigning a full measure of praise to exertions that were past. Take the following as a specimen of the delicacy and admirable taste with which he was accustomed to dispense these important favours.

When Mr. E. B. Impey, the son of Sir Elijah, and the elegant author of the Illustrations of German Poetry, was a student of Christ Church, Oxford, Mr. Hastings was accustomed, both for his own sake and for the sake of his father's memory, which he dearly loved, to have the young man very much about him. At the termination of one of these visits he presented the student with a beautiful Persian mare, of which, with the respect for order and nicety which distinguished all his proceedings, he drew up an elaborate pedigree. Mr. Impey rode the gentle creature back to college, and not long afterwards thanked the donor in a Latin epigram of great merit, to which a Sapphic ode was appended. The author of these elegant trifles thought no more about them, till one day the dean, the celebrated Cyril Jackson, came into his garret with some manuscripts in his hands, and, very much to Mr. Impey's astonishment, showed to him his own poems. The verses, it appeared, had been sent by Mr. Hastings to the dean. The dean was charmed with the good taste and scholarship which they displayed, and immediately formed, as in such cases he was apt to do, a cordial friendship for their author. "To



that act of kindness on Mr. Hastings's part," writes Mr. Impey, "I owe in a very great degree my introduction to the notice of the late dean, and the favour and protection of that distinguished man, which, in after life, were on various occasions productive to me of essential benefit."

Another remarkable feature in the character of Mr. Hastings was the dignity with which he abstained from complaining of his own wrongs, far more of giving utterance to harsh or reproachful expressions, while alluding to the individuals who had been chiefly instrumental in producing them. Indeed his own career, and the recompense which it received, were topics of conversation which he never voluntarily introduced. Nevertheless the subject was one on which, when broached by others, he exhibited no disinclination to enter; and he always spoke of it with a degree of dignified reverence, which marked his consciousness, without any display of the merit that was attributed to him. At the same time, when reviewing, as he was sometimes induced to do, the circumstances of his trial-the bitterness and overwhelming talents of his accusers, and the establishment of his own innocence in despite of all, - he was never known to utter a sentence from which the listener would be able to collect that a feeling, in the most remote degree allied to the vindictive, cankered in his

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soul. On the contrary, his indignation would, for the most part, evaporate either in some devout expression of resignation to God's will, or by and bye in an expostulatory copy of verses, or a pointed epigram. It must not, however, be supposed that Mr. Hastings was ever otherwise than alive, either to the extent of his own wrongs or to the demerits of such as had inflicted them. The former he taught himself to bear with magnanimity; the latter he was prompt to forgive: but he could not forget either the one or the other. Nor was forgetfulness in his case to be expected; for Mr. Hastings had to lament not only the active malice of avowed enemies, but the unaccountable tardiness of professing friends to fulfil expectations which they had themselves excited. "I wish," said he, a few days previous to his death, when the subject of the Regent's behaviour at Guildhall chanced to come under discussion, "I wish the Prince, for his own sake, had abstained from making that display of his good intentions. I was a Privy Councillor at the moment; it was not worth while to speak of more, when more, as the event has shown, was not intended."

Another instance of the self-possession which never deserted him, as well as of the dignity which threw its halo over all his proceedings, I am enabled to give on the authority of an eye-witness.



It happened about the year 1810 that Mr. Hastings, being on a visit at Newark Park, the residence of Sir Elijah Impey, received an invitation from the Prince Regent, then at Brighton, to dine with his Royal Highness in the Pavilion. Mr. Hastings went, Sir Elijah and his son bearing him company; and all three were a good deal surprised to find that Mr. Sheridan had been especially brought thither to meet them. The object which the Prince had in view was, doubtless, laudable. He was anxious that between Mr. Hastings and Mr. Sheridan-not the least violent of the violent men who acted as managers during the impeachment-a good understanding should arise, and he brought them together under the idea that, through his personal influence, they might become reconciled. Mr. Sheridan accordingly advanced, at a given signal from his royal host, and in some well-turned sentences delivered himself of an apology, which amounted to this :- "that the part which he had taken in events long gone by must not be regarded as any test of his private opinions, because he was then a public pleader, whose duty it is, under all circumstances, to make good, if he can, the charges which he is commissioned to bring forward." Mr. Hastings retreated one step, looked Mr. Sheridan full in the face, made a low bow, but answered not a word. "Had Mr. Sheridan," said he, after the party returned to Newark

Park, "confessed as much twenty years ago, he might have done me some service." No further intercourse, however, took place between the parties, nor was the subject ever again by Mr. Hastings referred to.

I have spoken elsewhere of Mr. Hastings's skill both in horticulture and farming. I have nothing to add to that statement, except that he transacted business with his bailiff as regularly and with as much care as if the subsistence of himself and his family had depended on the management of his crops. The functionary in question, who is still, I believe, the principal tenant on the estate of Daylesford, was always addressed by him as "Farmer Bowles;" and Farmer Bowles, like the rest of his domestics and dependants, loved Mr. Hastings tenderly. Nor was this all. In the arrangement and decoration of his pleasure grounds, Mr. Hastings played the part not only of a scientific landscape gardener, but of a skilful artisan. The lakes, the waterfalls, the very groups of rockwork which are dispersed about the gardens and shrubberies of Daylesford, owe in some measure their forms to his manual exertions; for besides giving directions, it was his pride to take the lead in carrying out plans which his own ingenuity had devised. It is worthy of remark that the large stones which principally compose these grottoes were brought from a place in the vicinity of Daylesford, where for centuries they had lain, not



without the distinction of having more than one wild legend attached to them. They are mentioned by Nash and other topographical writers as "the grey geese of Addlestrop."

Mr. Hastings's hospitality was on all occasions dispensed on the most liberal and considerate scale. When he first established himself at Daylesford, indeed, it was his custom to entertain not only his friends as often as they chose to visit him, but their horses and servants, without any other limits than the capacity of his stables, which were extensive. By and bye, however, he discovered that, with corn at the height of the war prices, such a practice was incompatible with a narrow income, and not without bitter expressions of regret, of which I find the record in his Diary, he followed the example of his neighbours and broke through it. Still his attention to his guests continued to be of the most gratifying as well as considerate kind. His own room lay contiguous to the large library, which at Daylesford was the place of common resort during the forenoon; and of his anxious care for their convenience, his friends were never long left without the most satisfactory proofs. When the pressure of business compelled him, as it often did, to absent himself for a few hours from the circle, he was sure to look in, from time to time, for the purpose of ascertaining whether any thing were needed which he could supply. And

finally, he always found leisure to join in the outdoor excursions or amusements which might be proposed. He rode or drove, or walked abroad every day, provided the state of the weather would permit; and he never took this exercise without carrying one or more delighted companions along with him.

I do not know how far it may be necessary to add, that Mr. Hastings was exceedingly temperate both in eating and drinking. His table, indeed, was always supplied with the most delicate viands, and in a very graceful manner, for he particularly shone by his urbanity as a host, and the manners of Mrs. Hastings were delightful; but his own diet was simple in the extreme. He was a great water-drinker, and so fastidious in the quality of the beverage, that he would send for it when in London from a considerable distance to the spring which rises near the barracks that adjoin to Kensington Gardens. But I must not continue these details any further. The bent of Mr. Hastings's disposition urged him unceasingly to the practice of benevolence in the most extended sense of the term. The temper of his mind and heart were in every respect noble, and lofty, and pure; and, above all, religion, a sacred and a vital principle, never seems with him to have slumbered; -whether he were occupied in doing good to his fellow creatures, or in conducting, as he regularly did, the morning and evening worship of his household



before the throne of their common Creator. For among others of his remains, I find forms of prayer such as he was in the habit of using in the domestic circle, and I am bound to state that by the simple grandeur of the style, not less than by the purity of the sentiments expressed in them, they do equal honour to his literary taste and to the simplicity and the depth of his devotional feelings.

Mr. Hastings died, as I have already stated, on the 22nd of August, his last moments being strictly in keeping with the calm dignity and self composure which characterized the whole course of his active life. Of the nature of his malady, I have already made mention. It was such as to waste his bodily strength from hour to hour, and to subject his frame to great agony, without producing any debilitating effect upon his mind; and the consequence was that he was himself perfectly aware of the near approach of the crisis long before the most watchful of his kind and watchful attendants observed it. For many days he could receive no nutriment whatever. Water, taken from a particular spring, was indeed the only beverage which he would accept; and he held it in his mouth only till the fever which burned up his throat and pallet had deprived it of its extreme coldness. But even of that, not one drop passed into the stomach; for the organs of deglutition were paralyzed, and any attempt to swallow brought on convulsions. At length, however, nature gave way. "I am going at last, my Charlotte," said he to Lady Imhoff, whose hand was clasped in his, as she sat at the bed-side; "I feel that I am going at last; and, Oh, I am grateful."

"Your voice is strong, dear Mr. Hastings," was her reply; "God will not take you from us yet."

"You do not know what I suffer," was his answer; "God bless you, my children; I leave you to Marian's care, she will bless you when—"

As he said this, he loosened the hold of Lady Imhoff'shand, and, not without a visible effort, drew a cambric pocket handkerchief, which lay on the pillow beside him, over his own face. His weeping attendants neither restrained him, nor formed any augury from the proceeding. Wherefore their grief and horror may be imagined when, finding that he suffered it to lie there some time, they removed the covering, and beheld the features of a corpse. I do not know what the principle may have been which swaved him; whether an anxious desire to save the feelings of his friends, or that he wished to hide from all mortal eyes the last struggle while it was in progress, but however this was, the act of covering up his own face in the very moment of severance between soul and body has about it a character which I can describe as nothing short of sublime. Unless my memory deceive me, there are but three great



men in history of whom a similar anecdote is related—Socrates after he had swallowed the hemlock, Pompey when the assassin's sword was bare, and Julius Cæsar composing himself to death in the Capitol. Doubtless the same lofty sense of self-respect which operated with them, operated with Warren Hastings also. They would not exhibit their weakness, even in death, to any other gaze than that of the Creator.

The funeral of Mr. Hastings, though meant to be strictly private, was attended by all the noblemen and gentlemen who resided in the neighbourhood of Daylesford. It took place on the 9th; and in a grave behind the chancel of the church, which is now railed round, and surmounted by an urn, all that was mortal of one of England's best and greatest sons went to its rest. His monument, likewise, which confronts you as you enter the sacred pile itself, is eminently characteristic both of the modesty and the worth of Mr. Hastings. It is a plain mural tablet of white marble, erected, I believe, at the expense of his widow, with a transcript from the legend of which I bring my labours to a close, not without a deep sense of their inadequacy to do justice to the great importance of my subject. The inscription runs thus:-

MEMOIRS OF WARREN HASTINGS.

In a Vault,

Just beyond the Eastern extremity of this Clearch,
Lies the Body of the Right Honourable Warren Harrings,
Of Daylesford House, in this Parish,
The first Governor-General of the British Territories in India,
A Member of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council,
Lie D. and F.R.S.;

The last public effort of whose eminently virtuous and lengthened life was
the re-erection of this sacred edifice, which he superintended with
singular energy and interest to its completion;
And in which, alas!

The hely rites of Sepulture were very shortly afterwards performed over his Mortal Remains.

He died on the 22d of August, 1818, Aged 85 Years and 8 Months. "Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart to peace."

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THE END.





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