CHAPTER XCII

WORD FROM UNCLE SAM

In the pages of Greville there are a number of allusions to the new world of America:

August 10, 1831: . . . In the evening Talleyrand talked of Franklin. I asked him if he was remarkable in conversation; he said he was from his great simplicity and the evident strength of his mind.

It was Lord Holland who said (November 13, 1839) that "there was nothing like real oratory in Parliament before the American War."

September 7, 1834: . . . Once in the House of Lords, on a debate during the American war, he [Lord Chatham] said he hoped the King might be awakened from his slumbers. There was a cry of "Order! order!" "Order, my Lords?" burst out Chatham, "Order? I have not been disorderly, but I *will* be disorderly. I repeat again, I hope that his Majesty may be awakened by such an awful apparition as that which drew King Priam's curtains in the dead of the night and told him of the conflagration of his empire." Holland regretted much that he had never heard Lord North, whom he fancied he should have liked as much as any of his great opponents; his temper, shrewdness, humour, and power of argument were very great. Tommy Townshend, a violent foolish fellow, who was always talking strong language, said in some debate, "Nothing will satisfy me but to have the noble Lord's head; I will have his head." Lord North said, "The honourable gentleman says he will have my head. I bear him no malice in return, for though the honourable gentleman says he will have my head, I can assure him that I would on no account have his."

Lord North could lose an empire but, on the other hand, he could coin a repartee.

Old Thomas Grenville remembered the statesman:

October 26, 1842: . . . He talked much of Lord North, whose speaking he thinks would not be admired now. It was of a singsong, monotonous character. His private secretary used to sit behind him, and take notes of the debate, writing down every point that it was necessary for him to answer, with the name of the speaker from whom it proceeded. When he got up he held this paper in his hand, and spoke from it, sometimes blundering over the sheets in a way Mr. Grenville imitated, and which would certainly be thought very strange now, but he had great good-humour and much drollery. He told me a story of Lord North and his son Frank, afterward Lord Guildford, of whom he was very fond, though he was always in scrapes and in want of money. One day, Frank seemed very much out of spirits, and his father asked him what was the matter. With some hesitation, real or pretended, he at last said, "Why, Father, the truth is, I have no money, and I am so distressed that I have even been obliged to sell that little mare you gave me the other day." To which Lord North replied, "Oh, Frank, you should never have done that; you ought to have recollected the precept of Horace, '*Æquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem.*'"

Lord Harrowby told how a careless phrase embittered a great career:

March, 8, 1829: . . . He talked a great deal of Fox and Pitt, and said that the natural disposition of the former was to arbitrary power and that of the latter to be a reformer, so that circumstances drove each into the course the other was intended for by nature. Lord North's letter to Fox when he dismissed him in 1776 was, "The King has ordered a new commission of the Treasury to be made out, in which I do not see your name." How dear this cost him, and what an influence that note may have had on the affairs of the country and on Fox's subsequent life!

According to Lord Holland, King George III "liked Lord North" but "hated the Duke of Richmond":

September 5, 1834: . . . The Duke of Richmond in 1763 or 1764, after an audience of the King in his closet, told him that "he had said that to him which if he was a subject he should

not scruple to call an untruth." The King never forgave it, and the Duke had had the imprudence to make a young king his enemy for life. This Duke of Richmond, when Lord Lieutenant of Sussex, during the American War, sailed in a yacht through the fleet, when the King was there, with American colours at his masthead.

August 6, 1828: . . . I brought Adair back to town, and he told me a great many things about Burke, and Fox and Fitzpatrick, and all the eminent men at that time with whom he lived when he was young. He said what I have often heard before, that Fitzpatrick was the most agreeable of them all, but Hare the most brilliant.

Fitzpatrick was the friend of Fox who fought in the Royal Army at Brandywine and told his Whig friends at Westminster that the Colonists were winning.

How the visit of the British to the city of Washington affected Marshal Blücher in Paris was explained to Greville by Wellington:

December 10, 1820: . . . When we arrived at Sir Philip Brookes' it rained, and we were obliged to sit in the house, when the Duke talked a great deal about Paris and different things. He told us that Blücher was determined to destroy the Bridge of Jena (built over the Seine near the Trocadero). The Duke spoke to Müffling, the Governor of Paris, and desired him to persuade Blücher to abandon this design. However, Blücher was quite determined. He said the French had destroyed the pillar at Rosbach and other things, and that they merited this retaliation. He also said that the English had burnt Washington, and he did not see why he was not to destroy this bridge. Müffling, however, concerted with the Duke that English sentinels should be placed on the bridge, and if any Prussian soldiers should approach to injure it, these sentinels were not to retire. This they conceived would gain time, as they thought that previous to making any attempt on the bridge Blücher would apply to the Duke to withdraw the English sentinels. This was of no avail. The Prussians arrived, mined the arches, and attempted to blow up the bridge, sentinels and all. Their design, however, was frustrated, and the bridge received no injury. At length Müffling came to the Duke, and said that he was come to propose to

him a compromise, which was that the bridge should be spared and the column in the Place Vendôme should be destroyed instead. "I saw," said the Duke, "that I had got out of the frying pan into the fire. Fortunately at this moment the King of Prussia arrived, and he ordered that no injury should be done to either." On another occasion Blücher announced his intention of levying a contribution of 100 millions on the city of Paris. To this the Duke objected, and said that raising such enormous contributions could only be done by common consent, and must be a matter of general arrangement. Blücher said, "Oh! I do not mean to be the only party who is to levy anything; you may levy as much for yourselves, and, depend upon it, if you do, it will all be paid; there will be no difficulty whatever." The Duke says that the two invasions cost the French 100 millions sterling. The Allies had 1,200,000 men clothed at their expense; the allowance for this was 60 francs a man. The army of occupation was entirely maintained; there were the contributions, the claims amounting to ten millions sterling. Besides this there were towns and villages destroyed and country laid waste.

The Americas were still remote:

November 12, 1829: . . . Moore told several stories which I don't recollect, but this amused us: Some Irish had emigrated to some West Indian colony; the Negroes soon learnt their brogue, and when another shipload of Irish came soon after, the Negroes, as they sailed in, said, "Ah, Paddy, how are you?" "Oh, Christ!" said one of them, "what, y're become black already!"

November 22, 1829: . . . One day in America, near the Falls of Niagara, Moore saw this scene: An Indian whose boat was moored to the shore was making love to the wife of another Indian: the husband came upon them unawares; he jumped into the boat when the other cut the cord, and in an instant it was carried into the middle of the stream, and before he could seize his paddle was already within the rapids. He exerted all his force to extricate himself from the peril, but finding that his efforts were vain, and his canoe was drawn with increasing rapidity toward the Falls, he threw away his paddle, drank off at a draught the contents of a bottle of brandy, tossed the empty bottle into the air, then quietly folded his arms, extended

himself in the boat, and awaited with perfect calmness his inevitable fate. In a few moments he was whirled down the Falls, and disappeared forever.

November 15, 1830: . . . Another story [Henry] Taylor told (we were talking of the Negroes and savages) of a girl [in North America] who had been brought up for the purpose of being eaten on the day her master's son was married or attained a certain age. She was proud of being the *plat* for the occasion, for when she was accosted by a missionary, who wanted to convert her to Christianity and withdraw her from her fate, she said she had no objection to be a Christian, but she must stay to be eaten, that she had been fattened for the purpose and must fulfil her destiny.

Henry Taylor was a high official who managed the West Indies.

There were compliments to oversea efficiency. The Assistant Secretary "who advises, directs, legislates" at the Board of Trade was called Hume. He had "made the business a science," and wrote Greville:

December 12, 1830: . . . I believe he is one of the ablest practical men who have ever served, more like an American statesman than an English official. I am anxious to begin my Trade education under him.

May 17, 1840: . . . Lord Ashburton, . . . told me an anecdote of General Maitland [Sir Thomas], which happened at some place in the West Indies or South America. He had taken some town, and the soldiers were restrained from committing violence on the inhabitants, when a shot was fired from a window, and one of his men killed. They entered the house, went to the room from the window of which the shot had been fired, and found a number of men playing at billiards. They insisted on the culprit being given up, when a man was pointed out as the one who had fired the shot. They all agreed as to the culprit, and he was carried off. Sir Thomas, considering that a severe example was necessary, ordered the man to be tied to the mouth of a cannon, and shot away. He was present, but turned his head away when the signal was given for blowing this wretch's body to atoms. The explosion took place, when to his amazement the man appeared alive, but with his hair literally standing "like quills

upon a fretful porcupine," with terror. In the agony of the moment he had contrived to squeeze himself through the ropes, which were loosely tied, and get on one side of the cannon's mouth, so that the ball missed him. He approached Maitland and said, "You see, General, that it was the will of Heaven my life should be spared; and I solemnly assure you that I am innocent." Maitland would not allow him to be executed after this miraculous escape, and it turned out, upon further enquiry, that he *was* innocent, and it was some other man who had fired the shot.

November 30, 1833: . . . The day before yesterday I met Sydney Smith at dinner at Poodle Byng's, when a conversation occurred which produced a curious coincidence. We were talking of Vaughan, the Minister in America, how dull he appeared, and yet how smart and successful had been *The Siege of Saragossa*, which he published at the time of the Spanish War. Sydney Smith said that the truth was he had not written a word of it, and on being questioned further said that he was himself the author. Vaughan, who was a friend of his, had given him the materials, and he had composed the narrative.

With the development of industry, the Atlantic trade grew in importance.

There happened to be a dispute between the United States and France, arising out of the detention of ships by Napoleon under the Continental system. The claim was settled for 25 million francs and, incidentally, led to the fall of a French ministry. But, although Britain was not directly concerned, she was, in fact, vitally affected:

December 10 and 11, 1835: Our government are in a great alarm lest this dispute between the French and Americans should produce a war, and the way in which we should be affected by it is this: Our immense manufacturing population is dependent upon America for a supply of cotton, and in case of any obstruction to that supply, multitudes would be thrown out of employment, and incalculable distress would follow. They think that the French would blockade the American ports, and then such obstruction would be inevitable. A system like ours, which resembles a vast piece of machinery, no part of which can be disordered without danger to the whole, must be

always liable to interruption or injury from causes over which we have no control.

November 13, 1836: . . . The nervousness in the City about the monetary state, the disappearance of gold, the cessation of orders from America, and the consequent interruption to trade, and dismissal of thousands of workmen who have been thrown out of employment, present a prospect of a disquieting winter. It is remarkable that all accounts agree in stating that so great is the improvidence of the artisans and manufacturing labourers that none of those who have been in the receipt of the highest wages have saved anything against the evil days with which they are menaced.

Latin America was breaking away from the tutelage of Latin Europe. And there arose the question whether the Holy Alliance was to exercise its sway in the New World:

August 9, 1827: . . . From the moment Mr. Canning came into the Cabinet he laboured to accomplish the recognition of the South American Republics, but all the Cabinet were against him except Lord Liverpool, and the King would not hear of it. The King was supported in this opposition by the Duke of Wellington and by Lieven and Esterhazy, whom he used to have with him; and to them he inveighed against Canning for pressing this measure. The Duke of Wellington and those Ambassadors persuaded his Majesty that if he consented it would produce a quarrel between him and his allies, and involve him in inextricable difficulties. Canning, who knew all this, wrote to Mrs. [afterward Lady] Canning in terms of great bitterness, and said if the King did not take care he would not let him see these Ambassadors except in his presence, and added, "I can tell his Majesty that his father would never have acted in such a manner." At length, after a long contest, in the course of which Peel came round to him, he resolved to carry the measure or resign. After a battle in the Cabinet which lasted three hours, and from which he came heated, exhausted, and indignant, he prepared a memorial to the King, and Lord Liverpool another, in which they tendered their resignations, alleging at length their reasons, and this they submitted to the Cabinet the following day. When their colleagues found they were in earnest they unanimously surrendered, and agreed upon a declaration to the

King that they would all resign unless the measure was adopted. This communication was made to his Majesty by the Duke of Wellington, who told him that he found Canning was in earnest, and that the Government could not go on without him, and he must give way. The King accordingly gave way, but with a very ill grace. When he saw Canning he received him very ill, and in a letter to him signifying his assent to the measure he said that it must be his business to have it carried into effect in the best way it would admit of. Canning took fire at the ungracious tone of the letter, and wrote for answer that he feared he was not honoured with that confidence which it was necessary that the King should have in his Ministers, and that his Majesty had better dismiss him at once. The King sent no answer, but a gracious message, assuring him he had mistaken his letter, and desiring he would come to the Cottage, when he received him very well. From that time he grew in favour, for when the King found that none of the evils predicted of this measure had come to pass, and how it raised the reputation of his Minister, he liked it very well, and Canning dexterously gave him all the praise of it, so that he soon fancied it had originated with himself, and became equally satisfied with himself and with Canning.

Of Canning's association with the Monroe Doctrine, Greville tells us nothing. And on Canning's most famous utterance, we merely have this:

London, December 14, 1826: . . . Canning's speech the night before last was most brilliant; much more cheered by the Opposition [the Whigs] than by his own friends. He is thought to have been imprudent, and he gave offence to his colleagues by the concluding sentence of his reply, when he said, "*I* called into existence the new world to redress the balance of the old." The *I* was not relished. Brougham's compliment to Canning was magnificent, and he was loudly cheered by Peel; altogether it was a fine display.

From the diary of a member, present at the scene—quoted in Robert Bell's *Life of Canning*—we may supplement Greville with a line or two:

"The effect was actually terrific. It was as if every man in the

house had been electrified. Tierney, who before that was shifting in his seat, and taking off his hat and putting it on again, and taking large and frequent pinches of snuff, and turning from side to side, till he, I suppose, wore his breeches through, seemed petrified, and sat fixed, and staring with his mouth open for half a minute! Mr. Canning seemed actually to have increased in stature, his attitude was so majestic. I remarked his flourishes were made with his left arm; the effect was new, and beautiful; his chest heaved and expanded, his nostril dilated, a noble pride slightly curled his lip; and age and sickness were dissolved and forgotten in the ardour of youthful genius; all the while a serenity sat on his brow that pointed to deeds of glory. It reminded me, and came up to what I have heard, of the effects of Athenian eloquence."

Alike over foreign policy and home affairs, the attitude of King George IV, expressed in December, 1827, was that "he did not see why he was to be the only gentleman in his dominions who was not to eat his Christmas dinner in quiet, and he was determined he would."

Tom Moore was writing Byron's life and it was Washington Irving who "manages the publication" in America. At Roehampton, Greville found the distinguished literary agent "very agreeable," also "lively and unassuming, rather vulgar, but very good-humoured." He adds that Irving—

November 21, 1829: . . . wants sprightliness and more refined manners. He was in Spain four years, at Madrid, Seville, and Granada. While at the latter place he was lodged in the Alhambra, which is excellently preserved and very beautiful; he gives a deplorable description of the ignorance and backward state of the Spaniards. When he returned to France he was utterly uninformed of what had been passing in Europe while he was in Spain, and he says that he now constantly hears events alluded to of which he knows nothing.

December 21, 1829: At Roehampton from Saturday; Maclane, the American Minister, Washington Irving, Melbourne, Byng, and on Sunday the Lievens to dinner. Maclane a sensible man with very good American manners which are not refined. Even Irving, who has been so many years here, has a bluntness which is very foreign to the tone of good society. Maclane gave me a curious account of Gallatin. He was born at Geneva, and went

over to America early in life, possessed of nothing; there he set up a little huxtering shop in—I forget what state—and fell in love with one of the daughters of a poor woman at whose house he lodged, but he was so destitute that the mother refused him. In this abject condition accident introduced him to the celebrated Patrick Henry, who advised him to abandon trade, and go into the neighbouring state and try to advance himself by his talents. He followed the advice, and soon began to make himself known.

It was in the United States that Napoleons reverted to the normal. Murat, born an innkeeper's son, had married the Emperor's sister, Caroline, but their son, Achille, was living with his wife in Alpha Road, Regent's Park:

February 17, 1831: . . . Went to Lady Dudley Stewart's last night; a party; saw a vulgar-looking fat man with spectacles, and a mincing, rather pretty pink and white woman, his wife. The man was Napoleon's nephew, the woman Washington's granddaughter. What a host of associations, all confused and degraded. He is a son of Murat, the King of Naples, who was said to be "*Le dieu Mars jusqu'à six heures du soir.*" He was heir to a throne, and is now a lawyer in the United States, and his wife, whose name I know not, Sandon told me was Washington's granddaughter. (This must be a mistake, for I think Washington never had any children.)

Henry Reeve states that Mme. Murat was said to be Washington's grandniece—"She was certainly not his granddaughter."

October 7, 1856: . . . He [Clarendon] says the Emperor Napoleon has a great horror of a Muratist movement [in Naples], the Prince Murat, his cousin, being a most worthless blackguard; but his son, who married Berthier's granddaughter and heiress, is a young man full of merit of every sort.

Buckingham, October 25, 1830: . . . Here we have an American of the name of Powell, who was here nineteen years ago, when he was one of the handsomest men that ever was seen, and lived in the society of Devonshire House. Three years of such a life spoilt him, as he confesses, for the nineteen which followed in his native country; and now he is come back with a wife and

five children to see the town he recollects become a thousand times more beautiful, and the friends who have forgotten him equally changed, but as much for the worse as London is for the better; he seems a sensible, good sort of fellow.

The family of Kemble to which Mrs. Siddons belonged was at its zenith:

November 9, 1829: . . . I saw Miss Fanny Kemble for the first time on Friday, and was disappointed. She is short, ill made, with large hands and feet, an expressive countenance, though not handsome, fine eyes, teeth, and hair, not devoid of grace, and with great energy and spirit, her voice good, though she has a little of the drawl of her family. She wants the pathos and tenderness of Miss O'Neill, and she excites no emotion; but she is very young, clever, and may become a very good, perhaps a fine actress. Mrs. Siddons was not so good at her age. She fills the house every night.

February 27, 1830: . . . Charles Kemble talked of his daughter and her success—said she was twenty, and that she had once seen Mrs. Siddons in *Lady Randolph* when she was seven years old. She was so affected in *Mrs. Beverley* that he was obliged to carry her into her dressing room, where she screamed for five minutes; the last scream (when she throws herself on his body) was involuntary, not in the part, and she had not intended it, but could not resist the impulse. She likes Juliet the best of her parts.

February 26, 1830: Intended to go to the House of Lords to hear the debate on Lord Stanhope's motion (state of the nation), but went to see Fanny Kemble in *Mrs. Beverley* instead. She had a very great success—house crowded and plenty of emotion—but she does not touch me, though she did more than in her other parts; however, she is very good and will be much better.

March 16, 1832: . . . Fanny Kemble's new tragedy came out last night with complete success, written when she was seventeen, an odd play for a girl to write. The heroine is tempted like Beatrice in *Measure for Measure*, but with a different result, which result is supposed to take place between the acts.

May 30, 1835: . . . The father and mother both occupied with their daughter's book, which Kemble told me he had "never read till it appeared in print, and was full of sublime things and

vulgarities," and the mother "was divided between admiration and disgust, threw it down six times, and as often picked it up."

At dinner (March 17, 1831), Greville found that Fanny Kemble had a "skin dark and coarse" while "her manner wants ease and repose." But her mother "was a very agreeable woman."

Of Fanny Kemble's later career, we have this, hitherto unpublished:

December 8, 1842: . . . I have been seeing lately a great deal of Mrs. Butler, whose history is a melancholy one, a domestic tragedy without any tragical events. She went to America ten years ago in the high tide of her popularity and when she was making a fortune. There Pierce Butler fell in love with her and she fell in love with him. She gave up her earnings (£6,000) to her father, left the stage, married and settled in America. And now after wasting the best years of her life in something very like solitude near Philadelphia, with two children, whom she is passionately fond of, what is her situation? She has discovered that she has married a weak, dawdling, ignorant, violent tempered man, who is utterly unsuited to her, and she to him, and she is aware that she has outlived his liking, as he has outlived her esteem and respect. With all her prodigious talents, her fine feelings, noble sentiments, and lively imagination, she has no tact, no judgment, no discretion. She has acted like a fool, and he is now become a brute; the consequence is she is supremely and hopelessly wretched. She sees her husband brutal and unkind to her, ruining himself and the children by his lazy, stupid management of his affairs, and she lives in perpetual terror lest their alienation should at last mount to such a height that their living together may become impossible, and that then she shall be separated from her children for whom alone she desires to exist. Among the most prominent causes of their disunion is her violent and undisguised detestation of slavery while he is a great slave proprietor. She has evinced the feeling (laudable enough in itself) without a particle of discretion, and it has given him deep offence. . . .

It was from Fanny's sister Adelaide, that Greville heard other details of a marriage which in 1848 ended in divorce.

One of the Kembles, herself a composer and gifted with a voice, had been married to a son of Sir Richard Arkwright, the cotton spinner:

January 26, 1834: . . . Arkwright told me that it was reported by those who were better informed than himself of his father's circumstances, that he is worth from seven to eight millions. His grandfather began life as a barber, invented some machinery, got a patent, and made a fortune. His son gave him offence by a marriage which he disapproved of, and he quarrelled with him, but gave him a mill. Arkwright, the son, saw nothing of his father for many years, but by industry and ability accumulated great wealth. When Sir Richard served as Sheriff, his son thought it right to go out with the other gentlemen of the county to meet him, and the old gentleman was struck with his handsome equipage, and asked to whom it belonged. Upon being informed, he sought a reconciliation with him, and was astonished to find that his son was as rich as himself. From that time they continued on good terms, and at his death he bequeathed him the bulk of his property.

January 25, 1837: On the 24th, I walked about Paris, dined at the Embassy, and went to Court at night; above fifty English, forty Americans, and several other foreigners were presented. The Palace is very magnificent; the present King has built a new staircase, which makes the suite of rooms continuous, and the whole has been regilt and painted. We were arranged in the throne-room by nations, the English first, and at a quarter before nine the doors of the royal apartment were opened, and the Royal Family came forth. We all stood in a long line (single file) reaching through the two rooms, beginning and ending again at the door of the King's apartment. The King walked down the line attended by Lord Granville, then the Queen with the eldest Princess under her arm, then Madame Adélaïde with the other, and then the Duke of Orleans. Aston attended the Queen, and the attachés the others. They all speak to each individual, and by some strange stretch of invention find something to say.

In the references to negotiations between Great Britain and the United States, there is no suggestion of the larger obligations which are to-day recognized:

September 11, 1842: . . . There is a very general feeling of satisfaction at the termination of the boundary dispute with the Americans (that is in Maine) and it will be impossible for Palmerston, who is ready to find fault with everything the Foreign Office does, to carry public opinion with him in attacking this settlement. He showed his disposition in a conversation he had lately with M. de Bacourt (just come over from America), to whom he said that we had made very important concessions. But Charles Buller, who was with me when M. de Bacourt told me this, said he for one would defend Lord Ashburton's Treaty, let Palmerston say what he would. He never would quarrel with any tolerable arrangement of such a question as that. I heard yesterday a curious thing relating to this matter. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, called on me, and told me that about three months ago they were employed by the Foreign Office in searching for documents relating to the original discussions on the boundary question. . . . While thus occupied, he recollected that there was an old map of North America, which had been lying neglected and tossed about the office for the last twenty-five years, and he determined to examine this map. He did so, and discovered a faint red line drawn all across certain parts of it, together with several pencil lines drawn in parallels to the red line above and below it. It immediately occurred to him that this was the original map supposed to be lost (for it never could be found), which was used for marking and settling the boundary question, and he gave notice to the Foreign Office of what he had discovered. The map was immediately sent for and examined by the Cabinet, who deemed it of such importance that they ordered it to be instantly locked up and that nobody should have access to it. First, however, they sent for the three most eminent and experienced men in this line of business, Arrowsmith and two others, and desired them to examine closely this map and report their opinions, separately, and without concert, upon certain questions which were submitted to them. These related principally to the antiquity of the red and pencil lines, and whether the latter had been made before or after the former. They reported as they were desired to do. They all agreed as to the age of the line, and they proved that the pencil marks had been made subsequently to the red line. I forget the other particulars, but so much importance was

attached to the discovery of this map, which was without doubt the original, that an exact account of its lines and marks was made out for Lord Ashburton, and a messenger despatched to Portsmouth with orders to lay his hands on the first Government steamer he could find, no matter what her destination or purpose, and to go off to America forthwith. As soon afterward as possible the Boundary question was settled, and it is certainly reasonable to suppose that this discovery had an important effect upon the decision.

November 30, 1842: . . . On Sunday morning I called on Lord John Russell, and we had an argument about Lord Ashburton and his treaty, which he abused very roundly. . . . I have a great respect for Lord John, who is very honest and clever, but in this matter he talks great nonsense. Palmerston is much more consistent and takes a clear and broad view of it. He says, "We are all in the right, and the Americans all in the wrong. Never give up anything, insist on having the thing settled in your own way, and if they won't consent, let it remain unsettled."

February 9, 1843: . . . A great sensation has been made here by the publication of the proceedings in the secret session of the Senate at Washington, when the Treaty was ratified. This brought out the evidence of Jared Sparks, who told them of Franklin's letter to Vergennes, and of the existence of the map he had marked, with a boundary line corresponding precisely with our claim. People cry out lustily against Webster for having taken us in, but I do not think with much reason. Lord Ashburton told me it was very fortunate that this map and letter did not turn up in the course of his negotiation, for if they had, there would have been no Treaty at all, and eventually a scramble, a scuffle, and probably a war. Nothing, he said, would ever have induced the Americans to accept our line, and admit our claim; and with this evidence in our favour, it would have been impossible for us to have conceded what we did, or anything like it. *He* never would have done so, and the matter must have remained unsettled; and after all, he said, it was a dispute *de lanâ caprinâ*, for the whole territory we were wrangling about was worth nothing, so that it is just as well the discovery was not made by us. At the same time, our successive governments are much to blame in not having ransacked the archives at Paris, for they could certainly have done for a public object

what Jared Sparks did for a private one, and a little trouble would have put them in possession of whatever that repository contained.

On a grant of money to Maynooth College in Ireland, Sir Robert Peel "made a speeech which has excited universal admiration and applause":

April 22, 1845: . . . He declined noticing any of the attacks on himself, and with much gravity and seriousness urged the necessity of passing the measure; but he alluded to America as if a quarrel was really to be apprehended, and he spoke of the disposition of Ireland in reference to such a contingency in a tone which everybody said was a recognition of the truth of what O'Connell had so recently said in his very clever and ingenious speech at Dublin.

April 25, 1845: . . . The condemnation of Peel's speech last week is general. His colleagues admit the imprudence and unbecomingness of his allusion to Ireland and America. Lyndhurst told Clarendon the paper dropped from his hands when he read it, and he could hardly believe what he read.

Yet Peel's warning that Ireland might stand between Great Britain and the United States was no more than the truth:

May 11, 1834: . . . O'Connell spoke for five hours and a quarter and [Spring] Rice [whose descendant was to be Ambassador at Washington] for six hours; each occupied a night, after the manner of the American orators.

A leader of the Young Ireland party was grandfather to a Mayor of New York:

May 30, 1848: . . . The account of Mitchell's conviction has given great satisfaction here, and compensated for the defeats in the other cases. The good of it is that the Government have proved to the Irish and to the world that they have the means of punishing these enormous offenders, and that they will not be able to pursue their turbulent and factious course with impunity.

August 8, 1848: . . . On arriving in town yesterday found the news of Smith O'Brien's capture, which some think a good thing and some a bad one; some say he is mad, some are for hanging

him, some for transporting, others for letting him go; in short, *quot homines tot sententiæ*. He is a good-for-nothing, conceited, contemptible fellow, who has done a great deal of mischief and deserves to be hung, but it will probably be very difficult to convict him.

* * *

Old and Young Ireland did not always agree:

May 3, 1848: . . . Mitchell, Meagher, and O'Brien were near being killed at Limerick by an O'Connellite mob, and were saved by the interposition of the Queen's troops. Smith O'Brien was severely beaten, and has renounced the country, and says he will retire into private life. Mitchell, who meant to meet the law and the Government face to face, and dared them to the fight, has recourse to every sort of chicanery, and avails himself of all the technical pleas he can find to delay his trial. All these things have drawn both ridicule and contempt on these empty boasters, who began by blustering and swaggering, and who now crouch under the blows that are aimed at them.

It was Peel who admitted American wheat:

London, December 5, 1845: . . . Yesterday the American Mail went off, and it took with it the morning papers, and consequently this article in the *Times*. It was exactly what Aberdeen wanted. As Foreign Secretary his most earnest desire is to get over the Oregon affair as well as he can, and he knows that nothing will have so great an effect in America, nothing tend so materially to the prevalence of pacific counsels, as an announcement that our Corn Laws are going to be repealed.

Between the United States and Britain, diplomacy was conducted in shirt-sleeves:

March 30, 1841: . . . The new President's [Tyler's] inaugural speech, pedantic and ridiculous as it was, had the merit of being temperate; and Webster had already written to Evelyn Denison desiring him not to judge of the real sentiments of America by the trash spoken and the violence exhibited in Congress, or by the mob of New York. John Bull, too, who had begun to put himself into a superfine passion, and to bluster a good deal in the French vein, is getting more tranquil, and begins to see the

propriety of going to work moderately and without insisting on having everything his own way.

August 9, 1852: . . . We [Graham and Greville] then talked of the quarrel with America about the fisheries, which Graham looked upon as very serious being in the hands of such ignorant blunderers as Pakington and Malmesbury, whose precipitancy and imprudence had created the difficulty.

On May 28, 1856, there was a dispute with the United States over Foreign Enlistment, and Crampton, the British Minister at Washington, received his passports. The Danish Minister there wrote that "the clouds will disperse and there will be no serious quarrel." But Greville found things "more and more alarming":

June 1, 1856: . . . Yesterday I met Thackeray, who is just returned from the United States. He thinks there is every probability of the quarrel leading to war, for there is a very hostile spirit, constantly increasing, throughout the States, and an evident desire to quarrel with us. He says he has never met with a single man who is not persuaded that they are entirely in the right and we in the wrong, and they are equally persuaded if war ensues that they will give us a great thrashing; they don't care for the consequences, their riches are immense, and 200,000 men would appear in arms at a moment's notice. Here, however, though there is a great deal of anxiety, there is still a very general belief that war cannot take place on grounds so trifling between two countries which have so great and so equal an interest in remaining at peace with each other. But in a country where the statesmen, if there are any, have so little influence, and where the national policy is subject to the passions and caprices of an ignorant and unreasoning mob, there is no security that good sense and moderation will prevail. . . . It has often been remarked that civil wars are of all wars the most furious, and a war between America and England would have all the characteristics of a civil and an international contest. . . . We have reason to congratulate ourselves that the Russian war is over, for if it had gone on and all our ships had been in the Baltic, and all our soldiers in the Crimea, nothing would have prevented the Americans from seizing the opportunity of our hands being full to bring their dispute with us to a crisis.

November 17, 1857: . . . Then, as if we had not embarrassments enough on our hands, America is going to add to them, for that old rascal Buchanan, who hates England with a mortal antipathy, is going to repudiate the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty upon the pretence that we have not abided by its conditions and he means to propose to the Senate to declare it null and void, which the Senate will do at his bidding. This is a flagrant violation of good faith, and of the obligations by which all civilized nations consider themselves bound, but which the Americans, who in reality are not civilized, make nothing of breaking through.

Buchanan, who represented the United States in London, was later elected President. Greville assures us (November 17, 1857) that he "hates England with a mortal hatred," but, in fact, he did not "repudiate the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty," dealing as it did with "the eventual construction of a passage through the isthmus of Central America.

Amid these amenities, Lord Clarendon:

Newmarket, October 21, 1859: . . . suggested that he should hold out to Buchanan the prospect of a visit from the Prince of Wales, who it seems is going to Canada some time or other. This the Duke mentioned at the Cabinet, where the proposal was highly approved, but when it was broached to the Queen, her Majesty objected to anything being said about the Prince of Wales going to the United States, so it fell to the ground.

As a matter of fact, the future King Edward was excellently received in the United States. And there was no war after all.