

LYNDHURST AND BROUGHAM.

ed. beheaded, and quartered. I was actually obliged to bring in and push a bill through Parliament (against which he petitioned) to sanction the conditional pardon.

If Smith O'Brien was not right, and Lord Campbell not wrong, what need was there of pushing a bill through Parliament? But our author could not conceive it possible for John Campbell to make a mistake.

The memoir of Lord Lyndhurst was begun in 1853. Lord Campbell thus writes:—'Having known him familiarly above half a century, both in public and in private life, I ought to be able to do him justice; and notwithstanding a hankering kindness for him, with all his faults I think I can command sufficient impartiality to save me in this memoir from confounding the distinctions of right and wrong.' He commences by insinuating that Lyndhurst was ashamed of his ancestry, and was annoyed at being called the son of a painter, though by the way he occupied the house his father had lived in. Much parade is made of the fact of young Copley being born in America. The biographer then anticipates a little in order to have a fling at the subject of his memoir, at his friend of fifty years' standing, whom he was meeting day after day. Before coming to Lyndhurst's call to the Bar, we are told that till 'he was tempted to join the Tory ranks by the offer of a seat in Parliament and the near prospect of the office of Chief Justice of Chester, he thought a democratic revolution would be salutary, and he is said to have contemplated without dismay the possible establishment of an Anglican Republic.' This same charge of political corruption is repeated more than once in the biography, and there is no good reason for putting it in Chapter I. Next page there is this remark: 'In after life he asserted that he had never been a Whig, which I can testify to be true. He was a Whig, *and something more*, or in one word a *Jacobin*.' The italics are the author's not ours, and throughout the volume italics are frequently used lest the careless reader should pass by any of the author's charitable suppositions. At page 13 it is stated that Copley, 'although by no means scrupulous about principle, was above any sort of meanness.' After a lengthy account of how Copley ratted and became a Tory for the sake of a seat in Parliament and the promise of promotion, we are informed that 'Upon the first vacancy he was made Solicitor-General, and he regularly became a member of Lord Liverpool's Government. He talked rather uncourtously of his chief and of his colleagues, but he very steadily co-operated with them in all their measures, good or bad.' In order that we may understand what a shameless, hardened, heartless renegade Lord Lyndhurst was, we are treated to the following pretty little story:—

His (Copley's) gait was always erect, his eye sparkling, and his smile proclaiming his readiness for a jest. How different his late from that of

poor Charles Warren, who had been a Whig *and nothing more*. In an evil hour he *rattled*, being made Chief Justice of Chester; but he could not stand the reproachful looks and ironical cheers of his former friends in the House of Commons, and he soon died of a broken heart.

Copley was a very great villain, but he cared not for reproachful looks and ironical cheers. Poor Warren was a villain of a milder type, yet he died of a broken heart. Copley was a familiar friend for above half a century, and Campbell had a hankering kindness for him. Are there many Campbells in the world? If so, let us add this petition to the Litany: 'From the hankering kindness of friends, good Lord deliver us!'

Sir John Copley marries, and this gives the biographer an opportunity for a fling at the private character of the friend of fifty years, for whom he had a hankering kindness.

'There were afterwards jealousies and bickerings between them (Sir John and Lady Copley), which caused much talk and amusement; but they continued together on decent terms till her death in Paris in 1834, an event which he sincerely lamented. He was sitting as Chief Baron in the Court of Exchequer when he received the fatal news. He swallowed a large quantity of laudanum and set off to see her remains. *But his strength of mind soon fitted him for the duties and pleasures of life.*' On this occasion the italics are ours and not the author's, who doubtless omitted to mark the passage, and would have done so if he had revised the sheets. We trust that the full force of the spiteful inuendo will not escape the attention of the reader. Do you think that the political renegade had one redeeming trait? Do you think that, his wife being dead, he was truly sorry for her untimely end? Ah! be not deceived. Lord Campbell was a friend, a familiar friend, a familiar friend for half a century, and he has a hankering kindness for Lyndhurst, therefore he is disposed to be reticent, yet he will be just, so he tells us that the bereaved husband was soon fitted not only for the duties, but also for the *pleasures* of life. Lord Campbell's well known *Act apropos* of certain publications does not make improper insinuations criminal.

Here is an account of Copley's conduct as a judge: 'The gossip of the profession during the short time he was Master of the Rolls was that "he sat as seldom as possible, rose as early as possible, and did as little as possible." His whole energies were now absorbed in political intrigue.' As Lord Chancellor, 'he showed capacity for becoming one of the greatest magistrates who ever filled the marble chair; but, alas! at the same time utter indifference about his future judicial fame—doing as little business as he could without raising a loud clamour against him, shirking difficult questions that came before him in his original jurisdiction, and affirming in almost every appeal—satisfied with himself if he could steer clear of serious blunders, and escape from