

ance was such as to bear evident marks of insanity—he was closely cropped, wore an old round hat, blue coat, white fustian breeches, and boots splashed all over. His Lordship was taken to the Duke of Portland's Office to be examined; but it being evident he was actuated by some mad project in no shape hostile to the interests of this country, he obtained his discharge. He told the boatmen at Dover, that Turnbull, who robbed the Mint, was a fool, and knew not how to set about getting to France. On their questioning him respecting his name, he replied Camelsford; but they not dreaming of having in their custody a Peer of great fortune, and allied to some of the first families in the kingdom, possessed no other idea from the information, than that they held in their hands a Mr. Camelsford, and were not undeceived in this particular until they arrived at the Secretary of State's Office.

Of a similar strange turn were most of his actions: at one time, when there was a general illumination for the return of peace, no threats could induce him to permit lights to be exhibited in the windows of his apartments in Bond Street; in vain the landlord of the house represented to him that the windows would be broken, his Lordship continued inexorable; and when the mob assailed the house with the usual cry of lights! lights! he ran into the street, followed by his servants, and entered into a sharp contest with the mob, until overpowered by numbers, he was forced to relinquish the field, and next day employ a glazier to repair the damage the windows had sustained.

At the close of the year 1803, his lordship had been engaged in such a variety of disputes, quarrels, and duels, that it became a matter of course to hear of his being engaged in affrays. Constant in his attendance on the amateurs of the boxing art, he was welcomed by them for the beneficence of his purse. His attachment to scenes of

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